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SEPTEMBER
1930

TEN
CENTS

Beginning

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extraordinary romance of an everyday girl — Mary Faith

and McCALL'S CENSUS

the most exciting story of the last ten years

. . . and this little girl went to market

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Oh yes, we always get both kinds of Bon Ami. Mother tells me, Remember, Bonnie, *both* the Powder and Cake. But she doesn't have to, 'cause I get so much fun cleaning with both of them. Mother and I go round the house together, cleaning the white woodwork, windows and mirrors with the Cake; and the bathtub and all the have-to-be-shiny bathroom tiles with the nice, soft Powder. I never get tired with Bon Ami . . . it's so easy.

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every home needs both

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The Saline Method will bring you glowing health—unblemished beauty

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Helen Morgan

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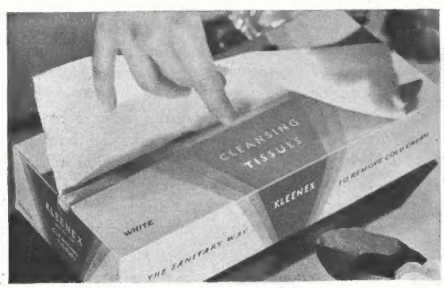

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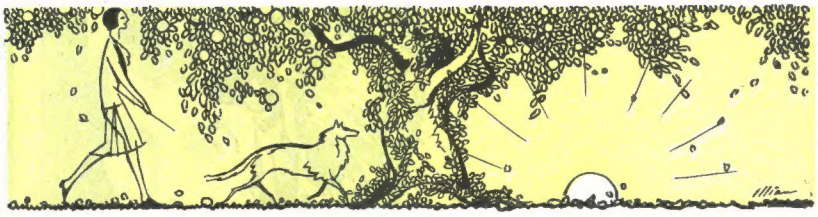
McCALL'S MAGAZINE—September, 1930. Volume LVII. Number 12. $1.00 Per Year, Canadian postage none; foreign postage, 75 cents. Publication Office: McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio. Executive Office: 230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. William B. Warner, President and Treasurer. Francis Hutter, Secretary, John C. Sterling, Vice President.—TRUTH IN ADVERTISING—McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to The McCall Company.—ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION—Send all remittances to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio. All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed. Four weeks' notice required for change of address. Give old address as well as new, preferably clipping name and old address from last copy received.—Copyright, 1930, by The McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as Second-class matter November 27, 1925, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The McCall Company. Printed at Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.



MIRRORS

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Beatrice Burton Morgan

HAVE you ever wandered into a theater when no performance was scheduled; or strolled through the quiet street of a strange city for the first time; or pressed your nose against a shop window full of closed volumes standing in stiff rows—wondering every time what there was beyond? The mystery of the thing that lies behind the curtain, behind the walls, behind the bindings of books, seems to embrace a fascination human minds cannot withstand. So it is with a magazine. Each time our editorial occupation is divulged, someone says: "Oh, tell me about So-and-So!"

It is not enough that printed pages be attractive, meaty. What's behind? Who are these people who make McCall's? Have they gray eyes or blue? Do they play tennis, marry, travel, wear French heels, sing psalms? McCall's readers will know. The drama enacted behind the scenes will be reflected in this column: stories of our authors and artists, glimpses of our future issues, all the editorial tidbits that never before sifted through to the reading audience.

We lift the editorial curtain; readers of McCall's, meet the makers of McCall's!

Meet, first, Beatrice Burton Morgan, author of *Mary Faith*, a young woman who works, falls in love, and remains true to her heart's desire. Beatrice Burton, noted newspaper serialist, wife of an editor, mother of three children, while not

Rita S. Halle

☆

everyday, for she is prettier than most girls, more talented, richly endowed with the capacity to understand thoughts and emotions, like Mary, has worked, loved and been true to her heart's desire. . . . We first saw her five months ago, a tall woman with light brown hair and brown eyes, who came into our office with a smile that included everyone. Five months is a long time in a roomful of clacking typewriters, where authors, famous and striving, parade back and forth every day. But the girls in our office still are whispering of Mrs. Morgan. They call her "the sweet-looking lady who writes about folks like us."

Now let's talk about partners—that closest association of husband and wife—collaborators. It is one of the few remaining romantic phases of a hurry-up, steel and brick, clang and clatter epoch. McCall's has two such pairs on its roster: Lynn and Lois Montross and Paul and Alma Ellerbe. All four write separately, and capably, too—as Lynn Montross' sidesplitting story this month shows—but they have the magic gift, besides, of wielding pens in dual harness.

We asked Lois Montross, when she came to New York from her Vermont home, how she and her husband did it. Lois is small and hazel-eyed, with a tiny button nose and deep dimples.

"Oh, Monty and I always do everything together," she smiled. "We write in the same studio, his desk at one end, mine at the other. We read everything to each other, every five pages. It's lots of fun."

The Ellerbes, too, attest it's fun. Mrs. Ellerbe has been writing all her life (still has a silver dish she bought with the four dollars she received for her first tale), but he once was full of awe for the "race of writers." Later he found writing like other occupations—work and then more work.

Perhaps it is a late date at which to comment on the younger generation. In deference to the advance of years, we omit the capital *Y* and *G*. But cool facts remain: every year there is another batch of young blood on collegiate campuses, and every year adult curiosity runs high about them. Rita Halle, mother of a Wellesley daughter, a Harvard son and a prep school boy, told us the other day: "College people today take life seriously. They are working harder and playing harder than my generation, and aiming straight as a shot at some definite goal." That's why they are willing to help earn the ducats to pay their tuition.

Once upon a time there was Barnum without Bailey. We know that sounds like a cup without a saucer or a hook without an eye, but we have "Uncle Bob" Sherwood's word for it—"Uncle Bob," only living original Barnum clown. He married a minister's daughter about the time Barnum acquired Bailey, and left the ring. "Uncle Bob," who has reminisced to Dorothy Reid, often gives children's parties, at which there always is a "lollipop tree" which literally showers sweetmeats.

Above the stuffed sofa in many old-fashioned homes there used to hang an engraving of a stalwart young man, knapsack on back, affectionately saying farewell to his mother and father. Behind him was a partly-opened kitchen door, gateway to the world, beckoning him out to seek his fortune. The picture was called, if memory serves aright, "Breaking Home Ties." Not only mothers of boys today can gaze at that pictured scene of parting with a wealth of intimate memories knocking at their brains. Mothers of daughters as well know the fear and hope and exaltation surrounding the faring forth of young folks. Since the beginning of this century and before, many women have followed the beacon of potential success across the continent to New York.

For women everywhere who are contemplating packing their figurative knapsacks, Mary Field Parton has gathered her histories of forty-eight women, one from every state, each with a distinctive record of accomplishment. In October the first of these women will be sketched, women who left their cities, villages, and farms, to invade successfully the citadel of fame and fortune. *Your Girl Makes Good* is a startling anthology of America's feminine doers and darers, who have made good.

"Uncle Bob" Sherwood

Our space is up and we have not half started! We wanted to tell you about Helen Christine Bennett's trip to Europe for a thrilling story for next winter. But that's all for this time!

Emily Carter

IN MINIATURE: MRS. CHARLES H. SABIN

Lady Into Tiger

By Dorothy Ducas

Decoration by BERTRAM ZADIG

THEY said, "A beautiful woman in politics!" when Pauline Morton Sabin became a member of the Republican National Committee of New York State.

That was her first public recognition, a tribute spoken with masculine gallantry, admiration and respect. But six years have slid off the calendar since then, and now—breathes there the man so obtuse he would offer that salute to one of this country's leading feminine figures?

She is still beautiful, a fragile, glowing creature, her red hair filmed with silver to give off a golden light, her large dark eyes peering startlingly out of a sunburned oval face: square-cut eyes, they seem, exactly the shape of the square-cut emerald she wears in what was her engagement ring.

But in half a dozen years the wife of Charles Hamilton Sabin, prominent banker, has gone through successive metamorphoses from lady-politician, campaigner, organizer, hostess, interior decorator and executive to crusader, leader of the woman's national movement for prohibition reform. And somehow, when you see her today, her political shell cast off, her energies all directed toward the one goal of temperance in the United States, for which she yearns so passionately, her beauty is part of something else now. It is merged with the poetry of idealistic action.

Pauline Morton, the red-headed girl of Chicago and Washington, the gay young matron, the light-hearted hostess, has disappeared. Once upon a time she had laughed a little at women who were intensely serious about any one job of work, laughed kindly, of course, for she has ready sympathy and gentleness, but laughed because to her life was not that serious. She is serious today about the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, with the intensity of ten serious women.

When Pauline Morton, daughter of Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy under President Roosevelt, was a girl, she was known for her capacity for having a good time. She was fond of sports in a day when most girls did not indulge, although private school pupils like her had opportunities not yet offered to public school girls. Her early interest in tennis, in swimming, even in golf, gave her a supple figure, a walk with a spring in it like that of a young girl, although today she is a grandmother at the age of forty-three.

In Washington, Pauline Morton cut her mental eyeteeth on knotty problems of government, a background of early familiarity with politics accorded few modern women. Pauline was enmeshed in politics, right at her own dinner table. Besides her father, was there not in her family J. Sterling Morton, the Nebraska pioneer who founded Arbor Day and who was Secretary of Agriculture in President Cleveland's Cabinet? Grandfather Morton was as noted a Democrat as Father Morton was a Republican. Even in her girlhood's surroundings there was that diversity of political creed which makes for the truly human attitude. That was why it was no strange thing for the grown girl to leave a high political post to establish a non-partisan or inter-partisan organization. Today, on her board of directors, are prominent Democrats, Republicans, Independents.

Until her second marriage in 1916 Pauline Morton took little active part in politics, however. She was busy raising her two boys, Paul Morton Smith, now a banker, and father of the red-haired grandchild who looks just like "Polly" Sabin, and James Smith, who still is at college.

She was busy, too, studying and practicing interior decoration, the profession which would have absorbed all her time had the crusade not come a-calling. Mrs. Sabin is one of the most talented interior decorators in the country, an authority, in fact, on many phases of decoration.

Her color sense is unfaltering, her knowledge of period furniture amazingly wide. She can go into an antique shop, walk through as if she were making a mere surface survey, then turn to the manager and say: "I'll take that and that and that," having made up her quick mind in which house, which room, and which corner of the room she will place each piece.

The Sabin homes on Sutton Place overlooking the East River, Manhattan Island, on the plantation near Charleston, South Carolina, and out at Shinnecock Hills near Southampton, Long Island, are three of the most beautiful homes in America. General Gourard, one-armed French war hero who was a guest at the Long Island estate, thought the house the very best he had seen in the United States. Two or three years after his visit, when Mrs. Sabin met him again in France, he still remembered and remarked on her two large Sevres vases in the reception hall.

She utilized her artistic abilities in politics in 1920, when she and several other women founded the Women's National Republican Club shortly after the suffrage amendment was passed. That building was Mrs. Sabin's pet project. She gave her professional services for every detail of the decoration.

In the club the energetic and handsome Mrs. Sabin had her first chance to demonstrate her executive gifts on a large scale. When she became president in 1921, there were 300 members. When she gave up the gavel in 1925, there were 3,000. She was known as the best money-raiser and membership-getter in the Republican party in her state. Her proud boast during campaign times was: "Five thousand letters in the mail last night!" That was her kind of work, organizing, behind-the-scenes talking. She never enjoyed speaking in public, which makes her whirlwind lecture trips these days more startlingly sacrificial.

She always carries things through to their logical conclusions. She is an efficient housekeeper; no waste motion, no foolish expenditure of time. But she does find time in her budget for charm. She still makes visits to art galleries with Jimmy, her younger son. She still spends hours in her library reading her favorite poet, Robert Browning. Her clothes invariably are chosen with exquisite taste. She is fond of sports suits, wears purple and blue well, and usually affects pearl lobe earrings. She likes lovely things around her, too. The walls of her office in the Women's Organization headquarters are pale green, harmonizing with salmon pink curtains.

Often she has invited fellow-workers down to Bayberryland, the Long Island home, to talk about issues, campaign methods, progress, while sipping tea out on the velvet green lawn overlooking the blue sea. Work is better done amid beauty, she feels.

How she has worked! Meetings in Buffalo, dinners in Albany, debates in Washington, teas at the Junior League of Troy, conventions in Cleveland, addresses at universities stretched from coast to coast, jotting down notes in trains between lectures—she who used to make up gay doggerels about political opponents in sheer exuberance of spirit, before she became a crusader!—these are the ingredients of her days.

Polly Sabin's friends are commenting on the extraordinary change that has come about in her, noting particularly the way in which she has been able to combine her old debonair light-heartedness and love for beauty with a shrewd, passionate devotion to work, a burning energy that has transformed her personality. And the wonder of it is that Mrs. Sabin has retained the charms of both her selves in merging the new with the old.

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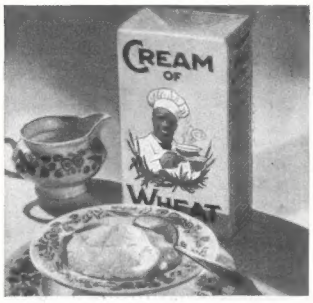

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*Child's Name*_____

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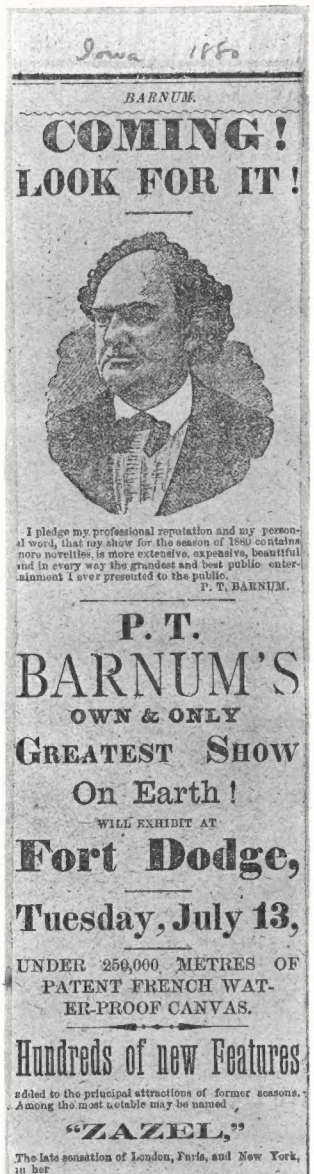
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Excursion trains on all railroads on the day of exhibition at reduced rates.

THE SHOW GOES ON

"Like a circus; if you've seen one, you've seen them all." But in the romantic 80's when "Uncle Bob" Sherwood was a trouper, no two shows were alike. Here is the thrilling story of the wagon days he told to Dorothy C. Reid

AS THE long line of wagons lumbered up the road, a gray cloud appeared in the east. Drivers, frowning, lashed their horses. Sky-gazing heads appeared from the ends of caravans. Voices rang out in warning.

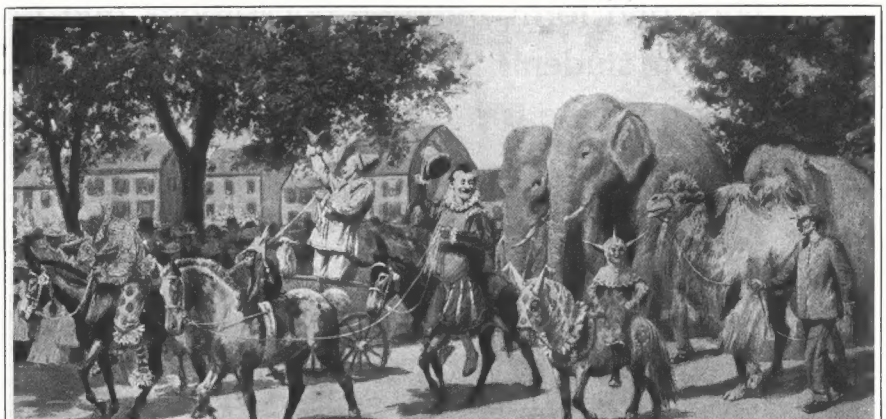
Excitement prevailed. Activity invaded every circus wagon, as hasty coverings were drawn over gilded chariots, perishable fabrics tucked out of view. Why such alarm? A mere soaking was nothing. Delay and discomfort were part of the day's work. But the show, the all important "greatest show on earth," must not be threatened. It had to go on!

Rain, next to a high wind, was the greatest bogey of the wagon days of the circus. It meant "wet tops," small audiences, little money and sometimes, after too long a spell of rain, it meant failure for the wagon show and performers stranded. Rain might even spoil the parade, that triumphant procession all red and gold that heralded the arrival of the circus in each town. There were difficulties enough attending the parade, for even before owners abandoned the historic precedent, it was hard to obtain permits, traffic being too congested to warrant unnecessary tie-ups.

But rain was a tragedy no cheerful sound of calliope nor spine-tingling roar of lion could alleviate. Audiences, looking upon a sunshiny day and breathing the freshness of vegetation after rain, had no conception of what that rain had cost those who were to entertain them.

Usually we could count on pulling out of a town by one o'clock in the morning and making a reasonably comfortable trip to our next pitch, a distance of twelve to twenty miles, depending upon the country. Had it rained for several days, however, there was trouble—and plenty of it.

Wagons mired; roads, never too good, grew worse with the constant churning of animals' feet and wagon wheels; streams that in fair weather could be crossed without mishap were either forded with considerable danger, or were too treacherous to be crossed at the designated point and we drove miles out of our way to find a more advantageous spot. Yet the show went on. Performers, after a wild night of rain and frightful traveling, with no sleep except the few winks snatched between jostlings and disasters, donned their tinsel, tights, and spangles, leaped [*Turn to page 44*]



"Circus Day" from an old print by A. B. Frost

"Sums to be repaid seem small on Wall Street, but on Main Street they are overwhelming"

IT CAN BE DONE

Back and forth, between pocketbook and textbook, half a million students shuttle each year, earning their way as they go. Here is a complete picture of how it can be done

By Rita S. Halle
Author of "Which College?"
Illustrated by GEORGE HOWE

THE young American is a determined animal," said the head of the vocational bureau of one of the big mid-western colleges. "If he wants anything, he does not allow handicaps to stand in the way of his getting it. If he wants a college education, the trifle of his not having the money will not prevent him, probably four or five hundred thousand strong each year, from going to college. According to the silver screen, most college students spend their time scattering indulgent fathers' glittering dollars over the primrose path. As a matter of fact, at least half of the million students in American colleges each year spend their time between the textbook and the pocketbook. They haven't fathers who can afford to be indulgent, and if they want to go to college, they must earn the money to do so.

"And don't be misled by the hero stuff you read about it, into thinking that this is either easy or pleasant. It is much more thrilling to read about than to experience. It means hard work, the sacrifice of many of the social and athletic features that are important to many boys and girls, and a pretty constant application to academic and remunerative pursuits."

Most college administrative officers and vocational heads agree so completely with this, that they feel that unless a student has good health, superior mental ability and a genuine interest in things intellectual for their own sake, he should not attempt it. They say that within reasonable limits it is wholesome. It gives the student a knowledge of the value of money, it gives him contacts with the business world that will be valuable to him when he leaves college; if his work is chosen with an eye to its relation to his vocational plans, it gives him practical experience for the future.

But even the colleges that ordinarily encourage self-help, suggest that a student try to bring enough money to see him through the first term while he is making his adjustments to the new life, forming his friendships and getting a good start at his academic work. They also advise having enough money from reserves, loans or scholarships to take care of at least fifty per cent of the expenses each year.

It is only the unusual student, they say, who can stand up under the strain of largely supporting himself through college, and at the same time get enough out of it to justify the struggle. Even if he can do so, he probably will not be able to make a sufficiently good record to be recommended for a scholarship. And if he does not win a scholarship, he must work harder than ever, thereby injuring his chances of winning a scholarship or a loan later on, an unending circle that may end in his having to give up college altogether.

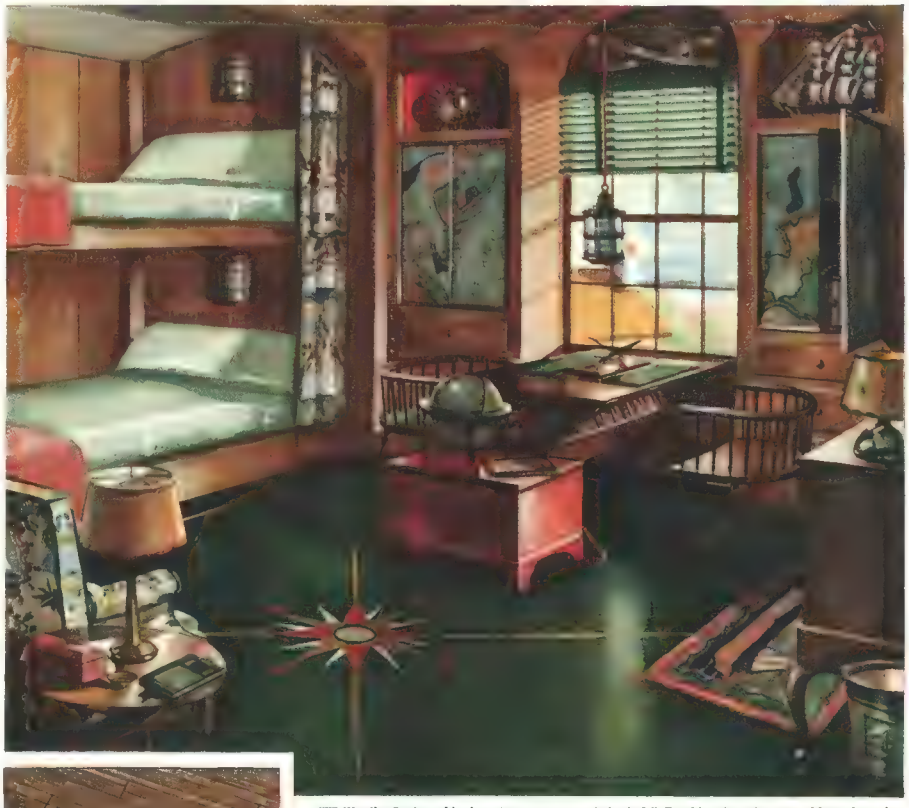
They advise a student, therefore, either to do part-time remunerative work in high school in order to have the necessary money, or to stay out a year in order to make and save it. It is a wise bit of foresight anyway, if a student is going to have to work his way through college, to fit himself for some definite line of work before coming. The vocational directors of many of the colleges say that their greatest difficulty is in placing students who *will* do anything, but who *can* do nothing. There are a great many jobs, of course, of a manual or clerical nature for these students, but there never seems enough of them to go around; nor do they pay much. The boy or girl who is experienced in some one thing, no matter what, is much more likely to get immediate and constant work than the member of a large group of unskilled applicants, and his work will certainly be better paid.

There are students who can do enough work to pay most of their expenses, and can get a great deal out of college besides. But they are exceptions, and their stories throw a roseate hue over the situation that is not justified by the facts and figures. [*Turn to page 64*]

For a PAIR *of* JOLLY SAILORMEN

too young to put to sea

Here's a nautical room with bunks for two and a compass for a floor



"We'll sail to Spain and back again—yet never swab the deck." For this unique Armstrong Floor, planned specially for this room with several colors of plain linoleum, has a spot-proof Accolac-Processed surface. Light waxing and polishing keeps it shick-and-shan.

EIGHT bells and all's well aboard the good ship *Home.* No coaxing now to get lessons done—and not a hint of mutiny when it's high time to turn in.

A very wise captain of this crew of two has planned a really remarkable room. What red-blooded boy wouldn't be won entirely by the double-deck bunks, genuine ship's lanterns, old sea chest, a "wireless" that works—and a floor that makes you want to sail the seven seas.

That floor effect *is* a bit ingenious. But so is the material of which it is made. Armstrong's Linoleum—yes, the same that has served you in your kitchen and bath for years. The same that today is finding its way into every room of many of the country's finer homes.

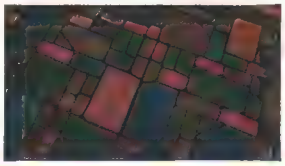
Imagination is the big reason. Imagination in the blending of rich, enduring colors, in the creating of smart, fashion-setting designs. And now, imagination on the part of America's home planners who are discovering in linoleum a welcomed versatility that permits them to fashion their own floors.

Perhaps you'd like to try your hand at floor design the next time you decorate. At least, there's a fascinatingly new story awaiting you if you'll but call at some local linoleum, furniture, or department store. Ask about the new Armstrong Linosets and Linostrips that make it so easy now to plan original floor effects. Learn anew that Armstrong's Linoleum of today is as stylish as the latest Paris fashions, the smartest motor cars.

Plan a surprise room. Why not surprise your family with a really very different room? Hazel Dell Brown, decorator, will help you do it if you write for her latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." It's packed full of novel suggestions that are not hard to carry out. It also brings you a "Decorator's Data Sheet" and an offer of Mrs. Brown's personal assistance. Just send 10 cents to cover mailing. (Canada, 20¢.) Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 333 Lincoln Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Above—Early American Plank Design No. 1.

Below—Armstrong's Embossed No. 5031.



Armstrong's (A) *Product*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

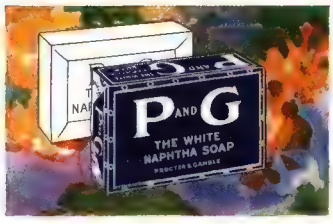
for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · PRINTED · · ARABESQ · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

Early every Monday morning—across the whole country—millions of spotless P AND G washes flap gaily on their lines.

"Out here the water is hard, but P AND G makes wonderful suds—even in cool water!"—Mrs. R. W. S., Idaho.

Why P and G washes more clothes



When you go into your grocer's store, you see great piles of P AND G White Naphtha Soap in his windows—or on his shelves and counters.

Then you learn that this fine, *white* soap is the largest-selling soap—not only in America, but in the world.

And, since you know that P AND G is a white laundry and household soap of unsurpassed quality—giving rich suds and fine results quickly and safely—perhaps you wonder how it can be sold at prices actually lower, weight for weight, than those of other soaps. These big *white* cakes are larger than others—even those selling at higher prices.

Here is the answer: Millions upon millions of cakes of P AND G are sold every month of the year. This fact enables Procter & Gamble, its

Every year more and more women are turning to

"How do you make P AND G so firm and white? It lasts so long—and makes my clothes so clean!"—Mrs. R. M., Massachusetts.

White clothes, fresher colors—with less rubbing. That's why P AND G Naptha is the favorite soap of American women.

than any other soap in the world

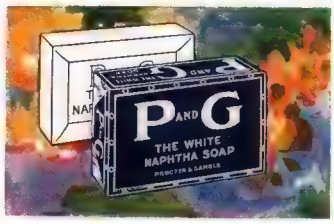
makers, to purchase in enormous quantities the superior ingredients which make it so white, safe and efficient.

Now, as you know from your own shopping experience, large quantities always cost proportionately less than small quantities. Furthermore, you can see that the cost of producing a cake of P AND G White Naphtha becomes less as more and more cakes are made and sold.

This, then, is the reason why P AND G's exceptional quality can be offered to you at such economical prices.

So—if P AND G were not the largest-selling soap, it would cost you much more than it does. It *is* the largest-selling soap because millions of practical women are like *you*—they know that P AND G really is a *better* soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



white soaps – and most of them use P and G

Are your hands your maids-of-all-work?

Mine are – but I don't let them tell housecleaning tales!

The last time our bridge club met, Jane L— started talking about hands. *Her* hands—not bridge hands!

Jane is almost a brand-new bride, so she had to tell us all about her first housecleaning. "My woodwork's spotless," she sighed like a lovely martyr, "but look at my poor red hands! I feel like sitting on them to keep them out of sight."

Jane's not the only woman who talks that way after a housecleaning. I did, too, when I thought I *had* to use a strong soap. Of course, that's the trouble with most of us—we got the idea years ago that hard work needs a harsh soap!

Maybe your problem is like Jane's and mine. You're happy to be taking care of a home and a husband and children—but goodness, you still are a *woman*—you want to have nice-looking hands.

Then won't you try this plan? For a week or two do all your work—yes, even your Monday wash!—with the purest soap and the mildest soap that you know. (Of course, that's Ivory.) And then watch the improvement in your hands!

A cake of Ivory or a box of Ivory Flakes goes right beside every faucet in my house. In the bathroom Ivory is the first thing my baby reaches for. To her, it means the fun of her daily bath. To me, its gentle care of her marvelous skin proves its priceless purity and its value for my own complexion.

But in the kitchen or laundry Ivory does three things for me which no other *one* soap can do. Its rich mild suds clean just as thoroughly as Jane's yellow soap. But they *protect* while they *clean*—why, my painted woodwork and the linoleum and my colored clothes keep as bright looking as new. And—washing dishes or cleaning the bathroom or putting wool blankets through suds is nothing more to my hands than a gentle Ivory bath.

That's why Jane's eyes grew so round when I told her *I* had just finished housecleaning, too.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I always thought you must have a maid—you have such *nice* hands!"

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

Free: A little book on charm. "What kind of care for different complexions? For hands, for hair, for figures? Write for "On the Art of Being Charming." Address Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VM-90, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

September McCALL'S 1930

MARY FAITH

By Beatrice Burton Morgan

Illustrated by JOHN LA GATTA

The living romance of an everyday girl

"I've been walking on air all day"

MARY FAITH was burning her bridges. For three years, almost four, she had been waiting to burn them. Waiting to give up her room at Mrs. Puckett's family hotel in River Street. Waiting to tell Mr. Mark Nesbit, the head of Nesbit's Mercantile Company, that she was planning to give up her position as his private secretary just as soon as he could fill her place. Waiting to let her small world know that she was going to marry Kim Farrell at last.

For three years, almost four, she had been engaged to marry Kim Farrell.

For three years she had worn his modest diamond on the third finger of her left hand, and had spent part of every lunch hour embroidering guest towels and table runners for the home that would be Kim's and hers some day.

"If you don't get married pretty soon," Jean Bartlett, the head stenographer at Nesbit's had said to her less than a week before, "you'll own enough hand embroidered linens to start a shop! I don't believe in these long engagements myself. There should be a law against them . . . Too many girls find themselves disappointed old maids at the end of them instead of blushing brides!"

Mary Faith had not answered her. She had only looked at her with clear, untroubled eyes and smiled. She had no doubts about Kim Farrell. He loved her just as she loved him. And so she was willing to wait for him.

And then late last night, as if to justify her faith in him, Kim had suddenly turned to her in the lamplit dimness of Mrs. Puckett's old-fashioned parlor and asked her when she would marry him.

"Why—in about two weeks, I think," she had answered him as soon as she could get her breath. "You see, I'll have to tell Mr. Nesbit I'm leaving, and it will take me a few days to break his new secretary in to do my work. . . . Kim, to think of us really getting married in two weeks! Why, I never knew anyone could be so happy as I am right this minute!"

Long after, it came back to Mary Faith that he had said nothing about his own happiness that night.

At breakfast she had told Mrs. Puckett that she was going to be married on the first of October.

At noon she had broken the news to Jean Bartlett, who was half expecting to step into her shoes at the office.

It was half-past five in the afternoon now, and Mary Faith was standing at the door of Mr. Mark Nesbit's private office.

She had some letters for him to sign in one hand and the door knob in the other. . . . It was going to be hard to open that door and walk into the office to tell him she was leaving Nesbit's at the end of the month. Mary Faith had not realized that it was going to be so hard.

She had worked for him for four years—one year as a stenographer and three years as his private secretary. The place itself was like home to her. She had come to love the big, shabby offices with their cork-covered floors, their green-shaded lights and their high, narrow windows that faced the west.

The people who worked in them were her friends—all of them, from Jean Bartlett down to Stanley Odeskalki, the office boy. There was not one of them whom she was not going to miss in the new life that lay just ahead of her.

With a keen little sigh she turned the door knob and stepped into Mr. Mark Nesbit's office. He was standing with his back to the room, looking down into the parking space at the side of the building and fidgeting with the window shade.

At the sound of the door closing he swung round and met Mary Faith's eyes. Her deep steady eyes were like Mary Faith herself, somehow. You could not look into them without seeing that you could bank on her always for honesty and goodness.

They were dark blue, fringed with heavy lashes, and they would have given a certain beauty to even a plain woman. But Mary Faith was not plain. Health glowed in her cheeks and lips with a rose-red flame that left the rest of her face to the dusky whiteness of her skin, to the blackness of her brows and lashes. Her dark hair swept up from a widow's peak on her forehead, and her lips, when she smiled, had the tilt of flying wings.

SHE was not smiling now. Serious and silent, moving like a breath, she came across the thick carpet of the office and laid her letters down upon Mr. Nesbit's glass-topped desk.

"I can mail these on my way home, Mr. Nesbit," she said quietly as she stood beside his chair, watching him sign his name to them.

He had nice, clever-looking hands, she thought, watching them move across the papers in front of him. She had always liked his nice, homely face, his dark, quick glance, his firm, pleasant way of giving orders.

She knew that he was a bachelor and that he was only thirty-four years old. She knew too that he was making a tremendous success of the business that had been left to him by his father.

But neither his money nor his attractive bachelorhood had ever had any power to stir Mary Faith. For she had met Kim Farrell just a little while after she began to work at Nesbit's, and since that time there had been only one man in the world for her—Kim.

"Mr. Nesbit," she said, when Mr. Nesbit had laid down his fountain pen and was blotting the last of the letters, "Mr. Nesbit, I want to tell you that I am going to leave at the end of this month."

He turned in his chair and gave her a sharp frowning look.

"Leaving?" he repeated. "Leaving? What do you mean? Don't things suit you here?"

"I'm going to be married on the first of October, Mr. Nesbit."

He went on frowning at her a moment or two longer.

"Married," he said finally in a flat, colorless voice. "I see."

"I'm sure Miss Bartlett can do my work, and I think she'd like to have the position," Mary Faith went on. "If you decide to give it to her I'll be glad to show her everything she'll need to know, before I leave."

She waited for him to answer her; but he said nothing. He sat looking at her with a puzzled, curious look in his eyes.

The room was very still. Outside the half-past five whistles began to blow. An unseen door somewhere in the building banged twice. In the outer office Stanley Odeskalki began to whistle "The Wedding Of The Winds." He had been whistling maddening bits of it all day long.

"I'll be sorry to leave," said Mary Faith with a nervous little catch in her voice. "I've enjoyed working for you, Mr. Nesbit."

Still he said nothing, and there seemed to be nothing more for her to say. She turned to go, and at her sudden movement Mr. Nesbit gave a start.

"We've decided not to be married on the first," Mary Faith said steadily

"Wait a minute," he said "I—I suppose I should have been expecting this. But the fact is that it takes me completely by surprise. Somehow or other, I've never connected you with the idea of getting married and going away."

He got out of his shining mahogany chair, crossed the office and held the door of it open for her as she went out—a thing he never had done for her before in all the time she had worked for him. A thing that no employer ever does for his secretary or for any other person who works for him, as Mary Faith knew very well.

It was as if he had forgotten all at once that she was his employee and was seeing her for the first time as a young and beautiful woman.

Her own little room opened off his office. Her desk stood against the wall that faced his door. She sat down at it and put the letters he had just signed into their envelopes.

WHEN she raised her head from her work a moment later he was still standing in the doorway, looking down at her in that same puzzled, frowning way.

"Did I tell you that I'm sorry you're leaving?" he asked. "I meant to, if I didn't. I'm going to miss you, Miss Fenton—" He seemed to be on the point of saying something else to her; then he changed his mind apparently, for he shook his head and went back into his own office, shutting the door behind him. He was still in it when Mary Faith left a few minutes afterward.

She knew that he would miss her when she left Nesbit's. He would miss her even more than she would miss working for him. For, in addition to her regular work, she did all sorts of little odd jobs for him.

Every year she sent out his Christmas cards. She picked out the presents that he gave to his mother and his two sisters at Christmas and on their birthdays, and wrapped them up for him.

When he was too busy to leave the office at noon, she always sent Stanley Odeskalki out to buy a bottle of milk and a sandwich for him.

She kept at bay all the people he did not want to see; and by some miracle she did it without hurting their feelings.

There was no doubt that Mary Faith had a "way with her" when it came to dealing with people. Almost everybody liked her. She was more than a secretary to Mr. Mark Nesbit. She was the guardian of his comfort and his peace of mind all day long, six days a week, year in and year out . . . Of course, he would miss her.

MRS. Puckett's family hotel in River Street was none of your ordinary boarding houses. It had been a fine old place when Mrs. Puckett bought it twenty years before; and it was still a fine old place. Its walls of red brick were worn smooth by many rains and snows. The bay trees that stood in green tubs on either side of the door were always neatly trimmed. The door was painted white and its brass knob shone like a small sun.

Within there were Oriental rugs faded to soft blues and grays and pinks. There were old mahogany chairs that were the color of port wine. There were bookcases with latticed doors and there was a pair of East Indian vases on the mantelpiece in the parlor.

To the left of the hall was the dining room with its eight little tables, its chintz-covered chairs, and its curtains of ruffled muslin.

Between the curtains in one of the front windows hung a small framed sign which read:

DINING ROOM
OPEN TO
THE PUBLIC

That small sign, with its neat, black lettering on a white background, had been the means of changing the whole course of Mary Faith's life.

For on a certain Sunday night in November four years before, Kim Farrell and his mother had seen it in the window as they passed the house; and they had come in to have their supper there.

That was how it had happened that Mary Faith met him. She had fallen in love with him before he left the house that night, and three months later she had promised to marry him.

THERE was a note from his mother lying on the table in the hall when Mary Faith let herself into Mrs. Puckett's house that night.

She read it on the way upstairs to her room.

Dear Mary Faith:

Kimberley wants me to ask you to have dinner with us tonight. He will stop for you at half-past six.

Amelia K. Farrell

Half past six . . . It was twenty-five minutes past six that very minute! Mary Faith flew up the two flights of stairs that led to the top floor of the narrow three-story house.

Her room was a large one with three windows that looked out across the housetops and chimney-pots to the distant trees of Haltnorth Park three blocks away.

It was filled with things that she had been collecting for more than three years. There was a breakfast set of pink-sprigged china on a table in one corner. On a shelf above the bed was a row of books and above the books hung a Simon etching.

Under the bed, hidden by a valance of dotted Swiss, was a battered steamer trunk filled with the linens she had embroidered. On the writing desk lay a scrapbook half full of household hints and recipes that she was always clipping from newspapers and magazines.

The bottom drawer of the old bureau was filled with the garments that she had bought for her honeymoon. A breakfast coat of creamy silk. A combing jacket of yellow satin with high-heeled mules to match. A little lace cap trimmed with yellow rosebuds. Princess slips and dance sets. Five yards of thick smooth satin of the subtle shade that Mr. John Galsworthy calls "moonlight color." Mary Faith had bought it for her wedding dress almost two years before and it had lain in the bottom of the drawer ever since.

To this room of hers she always returned at the end of the day with a feeling of rest and home-coming.

It was true that she loved Nesbit's and she got a certain pleasure from her work there. But she was the kind of woman whose life never could be filled by an office career. She was the kind who would rather clean cupboards than keep files in order, who would rather run a sewing machine than a typewriter.

To potter around the room, wiping the dust from the set of china, picking the withered leaves from the plants on the window sill, satisfied some home-making, housekeeping instinct in Mary Faith.

But tonight she had no time to potter about. All of her movements were swift and sure. She slipped out of her tweed office dress while she stepped out of her pumps. In five minutes she had washed her face and hands, brushed her hair and buttoned herself into a plain black silk dress that Kim had always liked.

"Even my hair looks happy tonight," she told herself, smiling at her reflection in the mirror.

It was twenty-five minutes to seven when she ran downstairs. The front hall was empty. So was the parlor. The doors of the dining room stood open and through them came the buzz of voices and the clatter of dishes and silver. The boarders — "my great big happy family," as Mrs. Puckett called them sometimes —were at their evening meal.

Five minutes went ticking slowly by. Mary Faith opened the door and looked out. River Street lay empty and silent under its arc lights.

Ten minutes . . . fifteen, and still no Kim. He never was on time for anything or anybody. He often said himself that he had no sense of time.

It was seven minutes past seven when he rang the doorbell.

"Sorry if I'm a bit late," he said when Mary Faith opened the door. "A man came in to see me just as I was leaving the office." He stood there on the porch, unsmiling, with the darkness behind him.

He was an exceptionally good-looking young man, tall and straight and broad-shouldered. He was gray-eyed and ruddily blond. His nose and his cleft chin were almost too well-cut. If there was any weakness in his character it showed itself in his sensitive, sulky-looking mouth.

Outdoors the night was cold and still. The stars looked so big and bright and near that Mary Faith felt that she could stretch out her hand and touch them all if she tried to.

"What a lovely night, Kim," she said as she trotted down the steps beside him, "and what a lovely world . . . Kim, I'm so happy I'm foolish. I've been walking on air all day long. You'll never know how hard it was for me to get down to earth long enough to tell the people at the office that I'm leaving . . . Kim, I just can't *believe* that we're really going to be married in two weeks!"

But she did believe it, of course. For almost four years she had been sustained by an absolute faith in the happiness that she and Kim were going to find in their life together. And now that happiness was almost within their reach . . . It was as close as the large yellow stars that hung just above River Street tonight.

Kim's car, a roadster without a top, stood at the curbstone. He jumped into it and Mary Faith got in after him. There had been a time when he tenderly helped her into the car first, but that had been a long time ago in the first delirious days of their engagement.

"Kim," Mary Faith said as they started off, "what did your mother have to say about our getting married on such short notice?—When I saw her note tonight I began to feel a little bit shaky. You don't suppose she's going to try to talk us out of this, do you?"

Kim didn't answer. In the glow of the dashlight she saw his eyebrows draw together and a muscle in his cheek twitch as his jaw tightened.

AND all at once she sensed that there was some change in him. He was not the Kim who had kissed her goodnight the night before. . . . She looked at him again, trying to penetrate the secret of his difference. There was something sullen and resentful about him tonight.

"Kim, what's the matter? Are you angry with me—" she was beginning when he brought his hand down hard on hers, interrupting her.

"Wait, let me tell you about my mother," he said. "She was awake last night when I got home and I told her that you and I had just about made up our minds to get married on the first—"

"Just *about* made up our minds?" echoed Mary Faith as he stopped. "Why, Kim, we have made up our minds, haven't we? I thought we settled everything last night."

Surely there had been no ifs-an'-ands about their getting married when they had talked it over the night before. Kim had been very clear and definite about their plans then.

They would be married on the first day of October, a Saturday, and leave town in his little roadster for a week's honeymoon "just bumming around the state." Then they would come back to the flat where he and his mother lived and settle down to be Mr. and Mrs. Kimberley Farrell for the rest of their lives.

"Of course, we did settle everything," he said now. "But you asked me what my mother thinks about our getting married, and I'm telling you. She thinks we ought to wait until I'm making more money—enough to give her a flat of her own somewhere. She doesn't want to live with us. She says it'll never work."

In the darkness Mary Faith's face flushed. "She's been saying that for almost four years, Kim," she reminded him. "She knows it will be years before you'll be making enough money to keep up two homes. You're twenty-eight and I'm twenty-four, and we know we care for each other and that we're old enough to marry and settle down. I'm sure we won't mind facing a little poverty together, if we have to. Suppose we do have to pinch pennies? Who cares?"

She bent her head and her lips brushed the sleeve of his coat. "I shall love pinching pennies. I shall be the most stingy wife under the sun—as well as the happiest one," she added.

"Even my hair looks happy tonight"

"You're sure you won't mind having her live with us?" he asked after a minute or two. "I never could stand listening to two women bickering every night when I came home, let me tell you!"

His voice was harsh and his eyes were straight ahead of him on the lamplit road. He took his hand from hers and laid it on the steering wheel.

"Kim, please don't say things like that to me. Haven't I always been nice to your mother?" she asked him. "And you know I won't mind having her living with us. I won't care who lives with us or where we live—so long as you and I are together."

KIM and his mother lived on the ground floor of an old-fashioned apartment in Wilton Street.

Mary Faith always enjoyed her visits there because it was Kim's home; but it was a depressing sort of place.

The living room was crowded with upholstered furniture. All of the chairs had little lace doilies on their backs. A big brown crock filled with pampas grass stood in front of the fireplace. On a shelf above it stood a cupid clock made of silver gilt. The cupid was much too fat, and he smirked.

Over the whole flat hung the smell of dusty carpets, coffee and meals cooked in grease long ago.

Mrs. Farrell was sitting beside the window, reading the evening paper, when Mary Faith and Kim walked into the room at fifteen minutes after seven. She glanced up at the cupid and Mary Faith saw that she had been crying.

"I had dinner ready forty-five minutes ago," she said, getting slowly to her feet. "I made a cheese soufflé. It's ruined by this time, but if you don't care I'm sure I don't. . . . Would you like to put your things in my room, Mary Faith?"

Mary Faith followed her down the dark narrow hall to her bedroom. She took off her hat and coat and smoothed her hair back from her forehead.

Mrs. Farrell stood watching her for a second or two with her reddened eyes. Then she muttered something about the soufflé and went hurrying out of the room. She bumped against the door as she went. She was the awkward kind of stout woman who is always bumping into doors or dropping dishes.

Mary Faith hurried after her.

"Can't I help you with dinner?" she asked. "You know what a treat it is to me to help around a kitchen."

She had always had a mortal longing for a kitchen of her own. A bright new little kitchen, all colored tiles and shiny pans and white dotted curtains.

"You know I learned quite a lot about cooking when I took that course at the Business Woman's Club last winter," she went on, looking round for an apron. "What can I do to help?"

KIM'S mother didn't answer her question. A smile flickered in her plump face for an instant. A tight-lipped smile.

"I guess you didn't learn to keep a soufflé from going to nothing an hour after it was made, did you?" she asked as she pulled a baking dish from the oven of the gas range. "Just look at that thing!"

The soufflé lay flat as a pancake in the bottom of the dish. It was plain to see that all the life and soul had gone out of it.

"It's only fit to be thrown out," she said. "There are eggs in the icebox. How would you like to fry some the way you learned to fry them at your wonderful woman's club last winter? There's dripping in that bowl on the stove and the frying pan's hanging under the sink."

She began to scrape soufflé into a bowl on the drain board.

"This is the sort of thing you'll have to learn to expect when you're married to Kimberley," she said presently. "Meals spoiled because he's not here to eat them on time! Whole dinners put away untouched sometimes because he doesn't show up at all! But I suppose I shouldn't complain, because it's all my fault. I've spoiled him all his life. I've made a rod for my own back!"

There was bitterness in her voice and in her face. Bitterness that narrowed her eyes and drew down the corners of her mouth. And yet it was apparent that she had once been very handsome. There was still a kind of beauty in her straight features and the poise of her head with its bright brown hair.

"What time did he get to your place tonight?" she asked suddenly.

"Around seven."

"Did you ask him where he had been until that time?" Kim's mother was lighting the gas ring under the coffee pot now.

"He said he had been delayed at the office."

"Did you see him last Sunday?" Mrs. Farrell asked next.

"I saw him last Sunday night. He spent the whole evening with me," said Mary Faith, turning to look at her with puzzled eyes. What was Kim's mother getting at anyway, she wondered?

"Well, he was gone all day, Mary Faith. He got up early in the morning and drove the car out of the yard before I was really awake. Why don't you ask him where he was all day and who was with him?—I'm only his mother, of course; but *you* have a right to know what he does with his time."

Mary Faith shook her head.

She had a fine contempt for women who did not trust the men they loved—women like Mrs. Dan Bassett whose husband was shipping clerk at Nesbit's. . . . Dan Bassett never looked twice at any of the girls who worked in the building, but Mrs. Bassett gave him no peace. She was always popping in unexpectedly to see what he was doing and she kept the telephone wires hot on the nights when he worked late.

"I'll be no Mrs. Dan Bassett," thought Mary Faith firmly.

"I wouldn't want Kim to think I didn't trust him, Mrs. Farrell," she said. "And that's just what he would think if I started to cross-question him about things like that. I know he wants to marry me, and that's enough for me."

Mrs. Farrell blew out the match she held and tossed it under the stove where there were a dozen or so burnt matches. It flared up and she set her foot on it.

"He hasn't any business wanting to marry you or any other girl yet!" she said violently. "He owes me a little comfort. Here we are, struggling to get along on what he makes—and lo and behold! he waltzes in and says he's going to get married in two weeks! On what. I'd like to know! On what?" [*Turn to page 36*]

"I forgot all the science you taught me, Professor, and I began wrestling with the big bully"

YOURS WITH A PUNCH

How to be the sort of man that a wife, sister or sweetheart would be proud to claim—in one short story

By Lynn Montross

Illustrated by GEORGE BREHM

Prof. Samson Brawnheart,
Dept. 221 B,
117 Eighth Avenue,
New York City

Dear Prof. Brawnheart:

Just a day or two ago I read your wonderful advertisement—you know, the one where you stand up in the picture with both arms doubled up, and I think your biceps are wonderful. Remember where you said, "What if some big bully would insult YOUR wife, mother, sister or sweetheart? What would you do?" Well, I've been thinking it over and I believe you are right.

You also said to tell all about a person's personal problems and maybe you could solve them, and so I will reveal everything in the hope that you may be of help to me as you have been to so many thousands of others. And please will you send me further details, as described in the enclosed coupon, about your course in the manly art of self-defense in ten lessons?

Nothing ever would have happened if it had not been for that big bully, LeRoy Johnson, insulting my sweetheart and I out to Luna Park, which is often known as the Coney Island of Terre Haute, or the Little Paris of the Wabash. It is a veritable maze of roller-coasters and devil's leaps and crystal palaces, and it surely is a great relaxation after a hard day's work. Every life should have some play as well as toil, which reminds me of the motto above the door in our company rest room—*Muscle, Mind and Morals.*

But as I started to tell you, I was at the park with Bernice Schultz, who is as wonderful a girl as I have ever seen and I think you would agree with me. She is small and brunette, and only last year she was second in the Greater Terre Haute Beauty Contest, thereby winning a trip to Indianapolis. At the same time she is very refined and the kind of girl any man would be proud to claim as wife, sister or sweetheart.

Here I ought to explain that she and I work in the same department store, namely, The Golden Rule. LeRoy Johnson, the big bully, also works there at the notion counter. Bernice sells ladies' gloves, while I am in the dress goods section. Thus you can see that we are part of one great family, as the floor managers have often told us. One night every month we have community singing, with a dance afterward until twelve. Our president, Mr. Goldburg, sometimes comes. These occasions, he says, should be red-letter days; and not long ago Mr. Olen, who has worked for the company forty years, received a medal.

So you would think that LeRoy would be a friend of ours, wouldn't you? Unfortunately, it has proved to be otherwise.

He has always been jealous of Bernice and I, and this night at Luna Park the situation came to a climax. I had made a date with Bernice after work and we ate dinner at the New Canton Chop Suey Parlor, afterward going out to Luna for the dancing. It was in the Crystal Palace Ballroom that to my great amazement, LeRoy stepped up and tapped me on the shoulder while Bernice and I were fox-trotting. [*Turn to page 134*]

McCALL'S

By Helen Christine Bennett

OUT of the maze of the United States Census reports there will emerge this year a new army of facts about the people of this country: their numbers, their ages, how they live and where. Interesting figures—but how do they affect women?

What have women today they did not have in 1920? What are they now they were not a decade ago?

McCall's Magazine delegated Helen Christine Bennett to conduct a special kind of inquiry, enlisting the services of prominent women, research groups, women's clubs. She ferreted out the alterations in the business of living which have made the world for one sex, at least, such a different place from what it was those short ten years ago.—THE EDITOR

THE doorbell rang, a long insistent buzz. Eleanor Matthews wiped her hands and went to the door. A woman stood on the porch. "Good morning," she said. "I'm the census taker."

"Oh," replied Eleanor, "come in." Promptly she answered the questions.

"Occupation?"

"Well I—" Eleanor hesitated. "I've got an occupation," she said stoutly. "I take care of this house and three children—"

"Homemaker," said the census taker.

"What?" queried Eleanor; "you don't mean to say I actually go down as that?"

"Yes, you do," confirmed the census taker. "Women who take care of their homes are this year rated as homemakers. The last census, you know, we were listed as no occupation. Now we have a recognized standing." She rose briskly and as briskly left.

We looked like this ten years ago

ELEANOR watched her enter the next house. Just ten years before she had stood in that same doorway and had watched the census taker down the same path. Ten years had gone. Ten years of life— What did they mean? Then I came up the path and she asked me.

"I feel as if I ought to stop and take stock," she said. "It's stock-taking time for the nation, why not for individuals? What is different for *me* in 1930 than it was in 1920? What have I in life that I did not have then? What has this march of progress done for me and, hardly less important, what have I done for myself? Why don't you find out the answers to some of these questions, for all women? Then write about it. We have achieved one thing, at least. We are recognized as homemakers in this census. But think, just think, of ten years ago! Why—why, I can't think of ten years ago! What did we wear? What did we do? What were we thinking about? How can one get back to 1920?"

We had some trouble in getting back to 1920. I finally had to call upon the library. There, surrounded by piles of women's magazines of 1920, I began to get the viewpoint I had then, a viewpoint presumably shared by most women of 1920. But if Eleanor Matthews and all of you who read this article are to get that viewpoint, you must come back with me.

Let us open this big, popular woman's magazine of 1920. Upon the back cover, in color, a full-page advertisement of a lady, gazing raptly into a pier mirror, so that we have a full view of the rear of her curved body in a long-sleeved and long-drawered union suit with, as we are told, a smoothly-fitting crotch! Did we actually wear those ten years ago? We must have, or no manufacturer would have paid the price of a page ad! Turn the pages, look—warm, bulky flannelette nighties, ad after ad! High, laced shoes, rust-proof corsets—we wore steel then—nothing but long hair badly-groomed, to judge by the art work; bathing suits with skirts and sleeves, worn with stockings; dresses longer than the ones they tried to foist on us last year. No radio ads, no movie ads. Although we had motion pictures in 1920, they could not have been of enough importance to advertise. By our ads shall ye know us.

Let us look a little closer. Here is an article on *What to Wear When One Goes Abroad*. "Take only crêpe underwear. Washable crêpe underwear saves waiting for a dilatory laundress."

We *must* have worn cotton crêpe underwear; these ten years have ushered in the silk era for all of us. I am not facetious, these material differences have a profound significance.

Somewhere between 1920 and 1930 the great wave of national prosperity that took us out of cotton underwear into silk, that put radios and motion pictures into the ads because everybody demanded information on recreation, also set us on the road to culture. I went through the files of five magazines of 1920. Three of them had big circulations and cost little—ten or fifteen cents a copy. Two were class magazines, which sold for thirty-five cents or more and were directed to a well-to-do, cultivated group of people. In 1920 every number of these class magazines contained reviews of plays, books, art and musical events. The cheaper magazines had only an occasional article on such topics. In 1930 every one of the five featured several of the arts in every number. The popular magazines of 1930 are basing their contents on an assumption of cultural interest among millions of people, an interest great enough to demand articles in every issue. In ten years we have advanced from an assumption of art, literature, drama, and music for the few, to an assumption of the arts for all.

WHAT does that mean? As we have stepped out of cotton underwear into silk, we have stepped from a narrow concept of life into a bigger one, where some form of that enlargement of human experience that we call art is essential to us. No one will ever be able to get us back into old style cotton underwear and no one will ever be able to restrict our outlook to the exclusion of the arts; they are forever ours. If you

CENSUS

want to take a peep forward, you will have to vision something entirely new. Of late years some prophets have held before us the warning of the fall of Rome. But in Rome and in all of the countries which have risen and fallen, there was a slave class. Education and culture were restricted to the upper class. No one who goes to the talkies, who hears the radio, which means the entire population, can doubt that culture is going to be for the first time, a thing of the mass. The mass may be going to kindergarten now, but it will not stay there. If you doubt that, examine the films of 1920 and take the ranking of the average; compare the radio programs of five years ago with those of today. In the past ten years we have seen an extension of cultural interest that has no precedent.

Let us get back to our women's magazines. As we read over those 1920 articles there is no escaping the conclusion that we are willing to be much more intimate with one another than we were ten years ago. At that time writers seemed to talk down to us. In 1920 the Dean of a University, writing for a magazine with a circulation of over a million observes:

"To every properly constituted parent, the privilege of the child's society is of inestimable value."

We agree. But why get on stilts to say it? And what is a properly constituted parent—we are not so certain in 1930 as they were in 1920. I venture to say that if that Dean were writing for the same magazine in 1930, he would phrase his sentence:

"To the man or woman who is essentially a parent, the companionship of a child is a priceless possession."

WE HAVE discarded our stilts in talking to each other; we are less concerned with style and the meticulous use of English than with understanding. We have at the same time lost our fear of not being properly constituted. We know that one may be a parent and not the best person in the world to care for the particular child in the case, and we are not ashamed to say so. Judged by the files of 1920, we have become far more honest in the last ten years.

Eleanor Matthews' satisfaction in her census registration as homemaker was felt by the twenty-six million homemakers throughout the country. That "No occupation" listing of the census taker had long been a point of irritation to women who worked hard in their homes. But the past ten years have been the first decade to recognize the homemaker as a professional. It was just seven years ago that the federal government officially placed homemaking on record, estimated as an industry worthy of study, as were mining, agriculture, commerce, and manufacturing. The home, as we have always been told, is the basis of our national welfare, but the home was left to untrained people. This decade has seen a new concept.

IN 1923 the Department of Agriculture created a Bureau of Home Economics, the first official recognition of the fact that problems of the home should be studied scientifically as important to the welfare of the nation. For six years this Bureau, headed by Dr. Louise Stanley and staffed by expert home economists, has done exact work in helping homemakers to a better and more efficient manner of conducting the essentials of their business. In the face of all the claims of manufactured home labor-savers, there was growing an idea of the modern homemaker as a worker who spent about two hours a day at her job and the remainder of her time amusing herself. The bureau of Home Economics set out to study the question of hour service of homemakers. From thousands of women they secured records on a typical week of homemaking. One-sixth spent less than forty-two hours a week on the job, one-half between forty-two and fifty-six hours, and one-third fifty-six hours or more. Industry and business generally have weeks varying from forty-two to forty-eight work hours. "Clearly if the occupation of homemaking is fading away," as many people would have us believe, "it at least has some distance to go."

It is true that vacuum cleaners, electric irons, toasters, grills, sewing-machines, washing-machines, ironing-machines have come into use within the past decade. Electric and gas refrigerators arrived in the past ten years and they are not yet in general use. But the homemaker of the years before the past ten was often a worker on a schedule of twelve to sixteen hours a day! Labor-savers have had their part in bringing her hours down to an average of fifty-one hours a week, in place of an eighty-four to one hundred twelve!

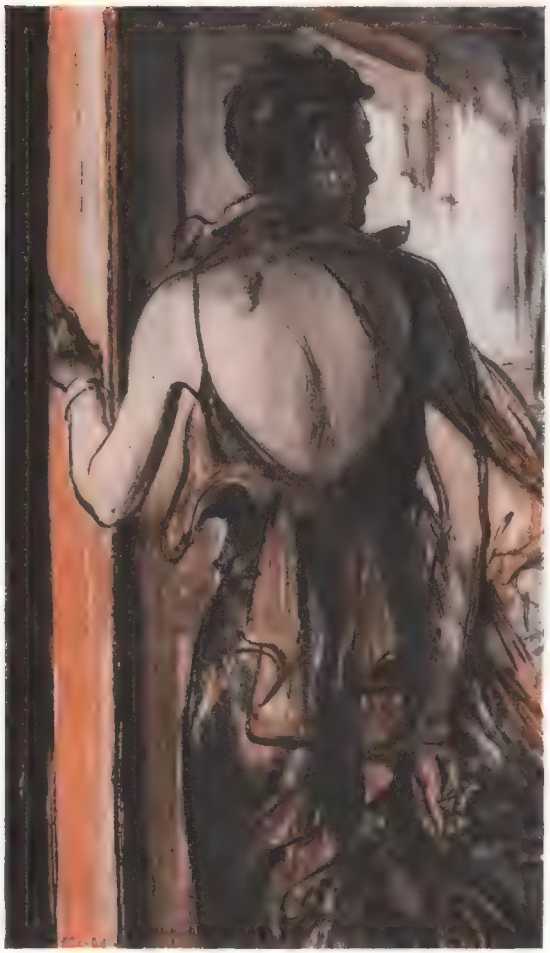
The officially recognized home has been a shrinking home for the past ten years. Houses are smaller, apartments have fewer rooms. The post-war housing shortage, the high cost of building, and the difficulty of obtaining house help sent families into steadily diminishing quarters. We now see well-to-do folks in cities complacently living in almost tenement fashion, with living rooms as bedrooms, children sleeping on couches and forced to study in rooms occupied by adults and their friends; young girls going out because of the lack of space in which to entertain their boy friends. No one as yet has made any official study of the relation of space within the home and the well-being of the family; conditions would seem to warrant such a study. What does a family need in space content for its progress, its spiritual well-being? In a land of divorce and constant worry about the younger generation the space factor is worth consideration.

The second official recognition of the importance of the home comes through President Hoover. Before he came to the presidency, Mr. Hoover was President of Better Homes in America, a national [*Turn to page 46*]

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt

DINNER FOR THREE

Attended by two



By Rayner Seelig

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

"It's not that I don't like business women in business; it's that I don't like them anywhere else," he boasted. And so this romance of a business girl began.

INSIDE there was the ship's concert; outside the storm. Claudia Faulkner and Philip Scott preferred the discord of the elements to the more civilized discord below. They stood at the after-turning of the promenade, leaning on the rail, watching the stern sink into roaring valleys of foam and rise upon vertiginous heights. High up a single light swayed against the bleak sky, and a bitter wind swept the deck, turning Claudia's cropped head into a mass of disordered curls.

Philip Scott's cigarette burned crookedly. He let it go and they saw the pinpoint of light whirled forward by the gale until it vanished below.

"Tomorrow," said Philip, without enthusiasm, "we'll be home." Claudia nodded. He had only put into words what both of them were thinking: that tomorrow the exquisite isolation of the sea voyage would come to an end.

Philip was recalling the night he had first met the Faulkners: a handsome, gray-haired woman; and Odette, with the chill perfection of her mother's features blurred into something submissive and captivating; and Claudia, a Hellenic bronze with a profile clear as the figures on the Portland vase, candid eyes under black, autocratic brows, a mouth like the cups of red lacquer from which the Japanese drink Saki: a notable trio.

They had reminded Philip of roses in a vase, the mother delicate pink, Odette chaste white, Claudia scarlet. His mind had drawn him at once to the tenderness of the white, his emotions to the vitality of the scarlet. In Odette he discerned a very epitome of ultra-feminine charm; now gay, now wistful, her upturned blue eyes and clasped hands seemed to incarnate woman's most secret appeal for protection. Claudia, on the other hand, had an air of saying: "Don't trouble to help me! I'm independent! I can care for myself!"

Philip Scott resented that as bitterly as his own grandfather would have; like his grandfather he endorsed the theory that woman's place was in the home, her function an accompaniment, *pianissimo*, to the solo performance of the dominant male. The decorative passivity of Odette Faulkner was exactly what he imagined his ideal, and it was with resentment verging on anger that he discovered that, of the two sisters, it was Claudia who really attracted him. The effect of Claudia was like the impact of a hammer upon a bell; and just as one silences the clamor of a bell by placing a wedge between the clapper and the cup, so Philip attempted to stifle his response by erecting between himself and Claudia the barrier of intellectual censure.

When Claudia first told Philip that she was in business, he was prepared to pass it off as a joke. Claudia, the exotic, the vital, buyer for a department store? Fantastic! It was Mrs. Faulkner, with her well-bred air of petted prettiness, who convinced him by saying, "Oh yes, it's a rare privilege to have Claud with us for two weeks. She was in Paris buying, and took advantage of her vacation to join us at Cannes. At home we're grateful if we see her once a month."

That was adding insult to injury. Later he could not resist a direct attack; if women would not keep themselves in place it was up to the men to do it for them.

"If you weren't so confoundedly handsome," Claudia observed frankly, "you'd be insupportable. Why do women always overlook narrow minds when they're placed above broad shoulders? You're really just a witch-burner in modern clothes!"

"And you?" Philip's heavy brows lifted mockingly; "a vestal vowed to the fruitless flower of bigger and better business, eh?"

"I shouldn't exactly call it fruitless; it feeds me, and clothes me as well!"

Philip's appraising glance brought the color to her cheeks. "It certainly clothes you charmingly," he said. "Still . . . "

"I love my job and I'm good at it," Claudia flared. "No girl's ever been prouder of her first baby than I am of having a department all my own. It means everything to me!"

"Everything? That's rather a pity." He saw Claudia's long lashes flicker; the dark flush of her cheeks filled him with a curious mixture of pity and pleasure. "Shocking!" he added lightly. "At an age when you ought to be absorbed by parties and a prospective husband."

"Oh . . . I leave that to Odette." The lashes lifted and for an instant their glances crossed like swords . . . "She's the man's lady of the family."

"And you? . . . "

She had, she told Philip, gone through Vassar without any prearranged plans, but when she graduated she had dreaded allowing her life to develop into what she called a perpetual Christmas holiday. There were openings for college girls in department stores, and she had spent a year in various branches, first comparative shopping, then writing advertising copy, then as an assistant stylist in the special order department. She knew something, she said, about designing clothes, and a great deal more about wearing them.

"That's evident," Philip put in, but she went on as though she hadn't heard— "Presently I discovered I could sell, too."

THEN, working with an especially wealthy and difficult customer, she had suddenly been inspired. "Ideas," she smiled, "are born and not made." The regular departments, it seemed, coped easily with the cheaper trade, producing in mass for the competition, due mainly to personal attention, of the specialty shops. Claudia's idea was to start a department called "the shop within the shop," where individual service would be given; where each woman would find not only the dress and coat she sought, but all the accessories for her costume: hats, shoes, bags, stockings, even jewelry. She took the suggestion to the president of the firm, Mr. Rafael Fachsheimer, a business acquaintance of her father.

"I didn't mind using influence to get my idea across," she told Philip. "I'd have pulled any number of strings. I'm very feminine in at least one way—I'm perfectly unscrupulous when it comes to getting what I want."

"And of course you got what you wanted from Mr. . . . ah, . . . Fachsheimer?"

"He saw the possibilities of my plan at once. But I think," she smiled, "he mistrusted *a*, my youth, and *b*, the fact that I was a woman. However, he compromised. He let me go abroad with our buyer, make some purchases of my own. When I got home I sent out letters, I made Mother and Odette bring in as many of their friends as possible; I worked like a wily old diplomat trying to install a new government. And six months ago I got my way, Philip. 'The shop within the shop' is a reality now. Oh, it's my baby, my ewe lamb, the apple of my eye. And I defy you to prove to my boss that there's a man alive who can handle it better than I do, or as well!"

"My dear Claudia," Philip sighed, "I've never questioned the efficiency of women. I'm in business myself; I've had reason to admire their work. Many of them are quite as capable as men, and most of them willing to work at least five times as hard. They make first-rate executives."

"Well then?"

"I merely maintain that it spoils them. When a woman forms the habit of commanding all day, she's

Philip passed by, arm in arm with Odette. Claudia turned, went to her cabin and tore into bits the unfortunate radiogram

unlikely to reverse the order at night; and very few men care for domineering women. My point is not that I don't like business women in business; it's that I don't like them anywhere else," Philip asserted.

Tomorrow their exquisite isolation would end

"When a woman gives her time, her energy, her ambition to a career," he persisted, "she hasn't much left for her man. *Ergo*—the more she cares about her office the less she cares about her home."

"Oh! That's not true!" Claudia was outraged. "If she can run her office efficiently, it follows that she'll run her home efficiently too."

"Efficiency!" jeered Philip. "Who the devil wants to marry a machine? A man who can afford a wife can afford a vacuum cleaner and an electric dishwasher. They'll do quite as much for him as your efficient business-woman-wife. A chap wants a woman who *is* a woman. Now look at Odette . . . "

"You look at her," snapped Claudia; "I'm going to read a book." And she strode off, leaving Philip torn between indignation and the conviction that he'd made a great fool of himself.

He did, however, look at Odette, and dance, and laugh, and play with Odette, and he succeeded in defeating his inclinations until this last night on board. Then he chanced to wander outside, and there, looking small in a voluminous fur cloak, and disconsolate on the windswept, deserted deck, he found Claudia, and justified his fears by shifting the blame to destiny.

As they stood side by side at the rail he could feel the pressure of her shoulder, and glancing sidewise and downward he noted her profile, perfect as a paragraph in which recondite words were used with balance and economy. Claudia had not moved, but she had lowered her eyelids; in the darkness Philip sensed a receptive tension like the hush of a garden before a burst of rain. Abruptly he perceived the folly of his position. He had been muffling the sound of the bell, but now he knew that he wanted it to ring, clearly and sweetly, for him alone. He put his arm around Claudia and felt her yielding, curiously gentle. "Claudia? . . ." he whispered.

She slipped a cold hand out of her fur sleeve to caress his cheek. "Dear Phil . . . my dear, my dear . . . "

"I adore you, Claudia. Do you love me a little?"

"You know I do. You knew it the moment you looked at me, didn't you Phil? I'm such a fool about hiding my emotions . . . "

He held her close, but there was a trace of bitterness in his voice. "I thought you only cared about your job," he said.

She replied in a shaken whisper, "You mustn't resent it so. It's part of me, Phil; if you care about me, you'll try to take me as I am; you won't try to make me live up to an impossible ideal . . . "

He scarcely heard her; the week of repression had accumulated like water before a floodgate that was now wide open; the note of warning passed unremarked. He heard himself repeating her name over and over, "Claudia . . . Claudia . . . "

THE door of the port corridor was flung back, throwing across the deck and their two figures a bright, oblique bar of light. A measure of music broke like spray in the rush of air.

"Ah—*vous voici, Mademoiselle.*" A steward in immaculate uniform came toward them, holding an envelope. *"On vous a cherché partout."*

"Thank you," she said, and tore open the envelope. "Excuse, Phil?" She read, made a grimace, crumpled the message in her hand. With a pang Philip realized how little he knew of her life, how many invisible cords bound her to the unknown.

"From your office?" He spoke with unconcealed exasperation. "More business, I suppose?"

Claudia hesitated, avoiding the direct hostility of his eyes. At length; "I'm sorry, Philip. There are some cables I must send off at once." [*Turn to page 57*]

He had outgrown her—made her the victim of his bid for fame. And never was the age-old game of give and take played more understandingly than by the woman who loved

THE EGOIST

"Still in the violets, lazily dreaming—"

AS HE lay at ease drinking his second cup of tea—the cup with which he took his cigarette— he listened with a deepening frown to the hurrying footsteps beyond his door. Up and down the passage, into the dining room, back to the kitchen, click-clack on the bare boards, rustle-scurry over the rugs—good heavens, why couldn't Joan *walk?* Was there anything on this annoying earth more utterly annoying than a woman who ran about the house? There. She had shut the kitchen door, was starting his breakfast. That would hold her for a while.

"Still in the violets, lazily dreaming—" He murmured the lovely words half aloud, his thoughts reverting to last evening spent in the studio of a fellow-artist. It had been a Noyes evening; Deirdre Molloy had read some of the lighter of the lyrics. Deirdre. He could see her now, lying on the heaped divan, the firelight touching the white curve of her cheek, striking a blue gleam from her dense black hair, shining in her great eyes and on the big marquise ring that looked so heavy for the fragile hand holding the green volume.

The ideal woman, that "young Diana" of the poem. Lazy, large-limbed, deep-breasted, "one white side through the violets gleaming—" With a sigh he stubbed out the cigarette, dropped it into his cup and got out of bed.

The small room, fresh with its chintz and well-rubbed mahogany, was pleasantly warm now. His questing feet found the comfortable slippers in place at the bedside, his dressing gown hung within arm's reach. He wrapped himself in the gown, glanced with an artist's appreciation at the veiled yellow sunlight gilding the wall, and went out along the passage to the bathroom. It was going to be a fine day; he would take Joan out to Richmond Park this afternoon to see if the maytrees were budding.

In the bathroom he found things as he expected to find them—shining tub, clean towels, bath-mat neatly spread, window opened from the top sufficiently to allow the steam from Joan's bath to escape without unduly chilling the air. He had explained to Joan long ago just how he wanted this done; had had a little trouble with her about it in the early days. He shaved while the tub was filling and then plunged in. As the grateful warmth flooded his being his mind reverted again to the poem that so haunted him.

"Still in the violets—"

"Piers!" A light rap sounded on the door.

"Well?" His tone was not encouraging.

"Piers, I've a lovely haddock. Would you like it? Grilled?"

A lovely haddock. How exactly like Joan! Violets and white breasts—*haddock!*

"What else is there?"

"Eggs and bacon," Joan answered, after a moment's hesitation. "I thought you'd like the haddock."

"I'd *like* bacon," he said, patiently.

"Why—of course. And eggs?"

"If I may." He spoke with a sort of deadly courtesy and a quick color rose in the face of the girl on the other side of the door.

"A mood," she thought, "oh dear—"

He heard the kitchen door close and, relaxing again in the warm water, he tried to recapture his dream. In vain; Joan had shattered it as she invariably did. Sighing, he fished about for the soap, picked up his sponge.

Joan stood in the kitchen beside the table. She was small and slender, with soft brown hair, brown eyes and a sensitive, generous mouth. She had long, clever-looking hands, and the shape of her head bespoke intelligence and imagination. She moved from table to stove, from stove to dresser with nervous precision. Piers liked his bacon crisped but not hard, his egg well set but still soft and the white must be cut away. Piers not only could not eat his egg, he could not eat any breakfast at all if he saw more than the merest rim about the golden yolk. One eye on the clock, one ear upon her husband's movements, she hurried to and fro, into the dining room with grapefruit and marmalade, back again in haste to save the milk from boiling over. Her heels clicked on the kitchen linoleum—a maddening sound.

"Can't you *walk?*" he cried wrathfully from the bedroom. But Joan couldn't walk because breakfast must be on the table as Piers emerged; not before, not afterward.

Brushed and trim he came into the dining room. Joan, very sweet and fresh, was in her place behind the coffee pot. As he drank his second cup of excellent coffee he smiled at her.

"What are you doing this morning?"

"It's laundry day. And marketing for Sunday. Would you like lamb tomorrow, Piers? The Molloys are coming for supper. There would be plenty, cold, with salad and hot soup—"

"Always the complete housewife," he countered, with a smile that was not quite pleasant. If only Joan could speak, could think, of something beyond her own four walls!

"Will you be home for lunch?" she asked, disregarding his remark.

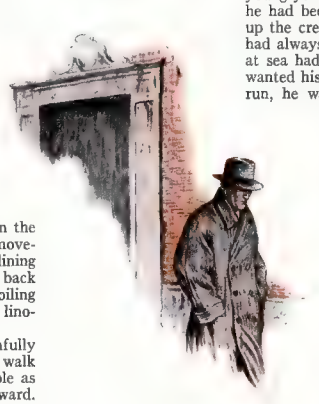
"Yes. And we'll go to Richmond Park this afternoon and see if spring is hiding there somewhere. Would you like that?"

"I'd love it." She looked up gratefully. "If you don't mind, Piers, I'll clear away now. I've a good deal to do."

"Damn!" said Piers, inwardly. He rose from his place, found his hat, cast a quick, critical eye over it, kissed his wife forgivingly and went off to his studio.

Joan, left alone, gathered up the dishes with the same nervous, precise movements and washed them. Then she made two beds, swept the rugs, dusted the furniture, went over the window sills and baseboards with a damp cloth. She did this latter very carefully, for Piers had a way of running his finger along some unsuspected dusty surface and holding it up to her with a look that would strike through Joan's heart like a hot needle.

HE was hard to live up to, was Piers. It was, she sometimes thought, like trying to be wife to two separate men. Piers was an artist, now—a sculptor of whom wonderful things were being said, but he hadn't always been a sculptor. He had been bred to the navy, had spent all his young years in that service. After the war he had been invalided out and had taken up the creative work which he loved and had always wanted to do, but those years at sea had left their mark upon him. He wanted his home run as his ship had been run, he wanted prompt meals, speckless order, he wanted his silver and brass—there was a great deal of silver and brass in the flat—to shine as the brasses and steel on his ship had shone. And when he didn't find these things as he wished them, he was not very pleasant to live with.



Well—Joan could manage all that; he had got her pretty well trained now, though at first there had been some royal battles, for Joan had been a little apt to let things go. She, too, had a touch of the artist in her; she'd been writing short

By Anne Duffield

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT

stories before she married Piers, though of course she hadn't had time to keep it up much, afterward. She was innately dainty, but there was a careless strain in her; she had not worried much, at first, about being very prompt or breaking dishes occasionally. She hadn't realized that such matters were of very great importance. She did now, however; she had been easy to train.

But the trouble was, this fastidiousness—this old-maidishness—was only one side of Piers. There was the artist side, the popular man of the world side. He wanted his house run on oiled wheels, but he did not want to hear about it. And somehow, perhaps because she was so nervous, because she dreaded being scolded, because she had really never quite grown up, Joan seemed to have become obsessed with the house. She would answer—she knew that she did—some remark of his about art, or politics, or literature, with some totally irrelevant comment upon tomorrow's dinner. She couldn't seem to rise above it, it submerged her.

TODAY'S shopping was heavy. There was lunch, the only week day lunch that Piers took at home, and dinner and all tomorrow, Sunday's food. A leg of lamb, a steak, cold gelatin for Piers' vegetables, tins of soup, lettuce, fruit, meringues from the pastry shop, eggs, butter, cream. She carried the parcels home herself, making two trips, struggling up the steep stairs to the flat with a basket dragging on one arm and packages in the other. She always carried her marketing home because she had no maid and one never could be sure as to when it might be delivered.

She was breathless when she finally tumbled the last of the things on the kitchen table. Now to wash the lettuce, make salad, get all ready against Piers' return. He came in promptly, hungry, pleased to find everything ready, as of course he had known it would be. When they had finished their lunch and the dishes were neatly piled beside the sink, they set off on the top of a bus for Richmond Park. It was one of those ethereal days that come to England in the early spring, the trees just sprayed with a green mist, the sky a veiled blue. In the park the little maytrees showed pink and white against the great brown oaks, the turf was damp and springy, the pushing bracken scented all the air.

They came in by Robin Hood gate and set off at a round pace. Piers, who could not afford golf and disliked tennis, looked to these Saturday walks for fitness. Joan dragged a little at the first hill and he took her arm.

"Come along, old lady. Mustn't get slack." He had a horror of slackness. "Don't puff like a little grampus, Joan."

Joan struggled to keep up as, it suddenly seemed to her, she had been struggling to keep up with Piers for all the five years of their marriage. To keep well and strong, because Piers hated illness. To keep fresh and dainty in the midst of stove and dish water and mops and oily rags. To keep gay and cheerful in the face of Piers' moods. She realized that, if you marry a genius—and everyone said that Piers was showing signs of genius—you must expect moods. And Piers' moods were famous, they were a part of his fascinating personality. His friends, all those hundreds of new, clever friends which he had made since he began to be an artist, accepted them; nay, actually gloried in them, took a pride in them. But, of course, reflected Joan, opening her mouth because that seemed to be the only way that she could breathe without puffing and annoying Piers, those friends of his did not have to live with him.

They were all very fond of Piers, these friends, and he of them. He called them his "own people" and entertained them very often at his flat. Joan liked this; she was naturally sociable and hospitable. But it made a good deal for her to do. They were not very well off and all the money they had to spare went in these pleasant hospitalities. There was always a good meal at their flat, bright fires, heaps of flowers. But with all this, they couldn't afford a servant as well and Joan, spending her days in planning, devising, hurrying, had become indeed, as Piers called her, the complete housewife.

He had been, of late, increasingly conscious of disappointment in Joan. He had expected, marrying this talented girl, to find a mental companion. He had found, instead, a housefrau. She was a dear, of course, but hang it all, a man wanted a woman with a soul above her kitchen. Joan could talk, in these days, only of household affairs. When he spoke of other things, of the thousand and one interesting happenings in this vivid world, she answered vaguely and sooner or later referred to tomorrow's joint or the next day's fish. To be sure, if the joint or the fish were not what Piers wanted, Joan was treated to a sudden blasting disfavor that made her night a thing of sleepless, tearful hours; but that, of course, was not Piers' affair. He knew nothing of all that.

They struck westward today, when they had gained the second hill in the park, and went into the heavenly calm of a copse. Under their feet lay the soft dead leaves of last year, pierced here and there by some adventurous new growth. Although still invisible under the leaves, you knew that the whole floor of that enchanted place was carpeted with violets. Piers, his mood softened, his gray eyes alight, his very soul expanding in the influence of that sweet place, quoted softly the verse that still rang in his head.

"Still in the violets—"

"Piers," Joan put her hand upon his arm, "I've got a Christmas pudding left. Suppose I have it, tomorrow, with Devonshire cream. You know, honestly, I don't think Terry and Sheila feed themselves properly."

"Oh, my God!" cried Piers; and who can blame him?

AT EIGHT o'clock on the following evening came Terry and Sheila Molloy and Deirdre, Terry's wonderful sister, already famous as a playwright. Joan stood in her drawing-room while [*Turn to page 108*]

"Diana," he said, softly. And Deirdre, understanding the allusion, smiled her slow, seductive smile

"Get the Woman"—this command summons Sergeant Carlyle to the land of broken trails beyond the world of men

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

By Nell Shipman

SPEAK to me, Neeka! Forgive me, dear. You can't know what it means to lose your man in such a way. Let me come back some day when all this is forgotten. Neeka, darling—" as her body stiffened, her eyes sought some distant goal. "Will you—will you marry me?" "No, m'sieu," she said, "I do not ever want to see you again. For all time will my name be hand' down wit' laughter as the girl who try to give herself to a policeman an' is refuse. I would not marry wit' you or any man," she added. "I hate all men. Tonight I go where I hope I never see any human-beast." And before Carlyle could speak, *Neeka LaRonde*, child of the forests, was gone; lightly, eerily, like some wraith of the woods she disappeared into the timber, *Giekie*, her great, gray malamute, following.

Robert Carlyle, divinely fair English sergeant in the Canadian Mounted Police, after months in the frozen wilds, had brought his criminal quarry into Neepawa. There he met Neeka, was fascinated by her dark, glowing beauty, made love to her—and to him, freely, she gave her heart. He had flung it away as though it were a trivial thing. After all, as *Mrs. McDonald*, wife of the Factor at the trading post, reminded her countryman, what good could come of making love to a half-breed? So they had quarreled and, thirsting for vengeance, hurt of pride, Neeka released Carlyle's prisoner, the desperado, *Randall*. And it was to atone for this act Neeka had offered to go with Carlyle—anywhere—on his own terms. But Giekie, by killing the fugitive as he made a dash for liberty, saved the unhappy man from the hangman's noose and Carlyle from dishonor and disgrace.

Daisy Dell, whose fluffy gold and white prettiness had been the toast of the dance halls in the far North, Daisy, the girl Neeka had found, all but dead, in a snowdrift and had befriended, was shamelessly glad to be left alone with *Miscou*, Neeka's half-brother. For Daisy must find a way to capture the treasure she knew lay hidden in a little cabin miles beyond the reach of man. And Miscou would be useful in guiding her there. With the soft wiles of a coquette, Daisy insnared the darkly silent Indian. She was like an angel, his Snowbird! And she had promised to marry him!

When the calendar of the moon told Neeka it was July, she came again to Neepawa, Giekie at her heels. And on that very day Daisy and Miscou, standing before good *Father Bonheur*, took their marriage vows. *Jules Cartier*, the trapper, Neeka's old enemy, was among the guests, of course; it was he who first spied the wild little figure in the doorway. "The los' is found!" he cried.

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFMAN

"The lam' hav' come back to the fold! Welcome home, Mees La-Ronde!" Neeka's happiness over Miscou's alliance with Daisy was unbounded; the Snowbird was to be her real sister then! Suddenly her radiance dimmed; blind *Kippewa,* the musher, whom Daisy had shot and abandoned on the trail, was an uninvited wedding guest—a death head at the feast! And deliberately he told her how her father died, revealed to her Daisy's duplicity. In the midst of the revelry, Daisy was found, lifeless, choked to death by the spangled scarf that such a short time before had draped Neeka's lovely shoulders. Only one thing was clear in the confusion: "Neeka killed Daisy—Neeka strangled the Snowbird with the golden scarf!"

Yelling, Neeka brandished her rifle at the slinking pack. "You like to fight these wolf, Giekie? But you are afraid—for me?"

Part IV

SERGEANT CARLYLE pulled the chilly rim of his blanket more closely about his face, squinting one eye at the gray drizzle of dawn. Another day of dogged hunt awaited him, another cold night under the stars. He scowled at his camp—gray embers of last night's fire, a dirty frying pan, a tilted "billy" half-filled with slush and black tea leaves; his pack slung in the tree above his head, safe from marauding trade rats; his boots inside his blanket, to keep them warm, and his rifle beside him upon the spruce-tip bed.

"One hell of a life!" he commented, crawling stiffly out and yawning.

A glum survey of his breakfast supplies almost decided him against eating. In his pack was a chunk of rancid bacon, a fistful of crumbly, greenish, sourdough bread, a muslin bag containing a frozen mixture supposed to represent mashed potatoes, a mere pinch of tea and a pint of uncooked beans. He would have to hunt today or go hungry.

Dolefully, he dumped the remnant of last night's tea and carried the billy to a nearby stream. The water ran inky-black, churned to a dirty white in the riffles and racing madly between snowbanks, which, at intervals, sloughed off with a weary hiss, adding their quota to the spring flood in the valley below. As the man dipped his tin bucket into the mill race and combed a fragment of wood, three brown leaves and a strand of moss from the scummy surface, his eyes fell upon a pair of trout lying upon the bank. "Bear fishing," he thought, and looked for tracks in the snow; but upon inspecting the fish more carefully, he laughed, for no bruin, scooping his dinner from the stream, was ever known to scale and clean his catch! Nor did he generally leave it neatly laid out upon moss.

This was the gift of a human being and the Sergeant forgot his hunger. He made a rapid survey of the surrounding territory, his eyes glued to the snow and to the moist, muddy earth where it showed in the cleared patches. But there was nothing, not even a bent branch or an indented spot in the moss or pine needles to show the pressure of a foot.

Carlyle lit his fire and cooked the trout. They were delicious and the warm food inspired him to further, unrewarded search for the tracks of his benefactor and to thoughtful conjecture regarding it. This morning's fish were not the first he had mysteriously received. There had been other gifts, quail and rabbits, and all had been left at night and with nary a track to show from whence the nocturnal visitor came nor where he departed. Upon several occasions Carlyle had forced himself to lie awake, feigning sleep and watching from beneath his blanket; but on these wakeful nights, nothing came to disturb his camp except an occasional bear, waking, now, from hibernation, or the wolves who nervously circled his vicinity.

He decided, at length, that since it left neither track of hoof, nor trace of foot, his [*Turn to page 80*]

WHAT'S GOING ON IN

A. Hamilton Gibbs, author of "Chances"—and Mrs. Gibbs

Charlie Chaplin lifts his hat to Virginia Cherrill in "City Lights"

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH VIOLA PARADISE

Fair And Cooler

CHANCES, by A. Hamilton Gibbs, is as refreshing as the first cool breath of autumn, not only because it holds you from start to finish, not only for its excellent writing and character drawings, but because, in addition, it introduces you to a group of unusually likable, worthwhile and interesting persons. It is the story of two brothers—Tom, brilliant, thoughtful, reserved; and Jack, equally brilliant, but impetuous, plunging eagerly into new experiences, always ready for change and adventure. The book carries these two through a delightful childhood in a French school, through their young-manhood in England, and through the war. Their great misfortune is that they fall in love with the same girl. At this crisis, neither steps back for the other, and their struggle is all the more fraught with interest and drama because theirs has been a relationship of unusual beauty and loyalty. Rich in sentiment, but unmarred by sentimentality, *Chances* is a moving and satisfying book.

Books about rebel youth are legion, but Pearl S. Buck's *East Wind: West Wind* is unique. For here emancipated youth rebels not only against the older generation, but against conservative youth as well. An upper class Chinese student returns from his education in America to marry the girl to whom he has been betrothed since infancy, and whom he has never seen. He has no love for, nor interest in, his beautiful bride with bound feet; and all her elaborate education in the ceremonies, deportment and feminine arts, is worse than wasted, for he sees her only as the ignorant devotee of ancient superstitions. In despair at her failure to win a husband's love, she consents at last to unbind her feet, and through this beginning to defy conventions, his interest is aroused.

Around the unusual romance of these two, other characters live and breathe—not mere types, as so often happens in books with exotic settings, but individuals: the stern, withdrawn, tyrant mother; the lascivious father; the beautiful Fourth Lady, who loses favor when her baby is born; the rebellious brother and his foreign wife. You will enjoy the story for its own sake, but the book pays an extra dividend in knowledge, for at its end you have learned more about upper class home life than a dozen travel books could give you. [*Turn to page 51*]

Dr. Lynn Harold Hough

IN THE PULPIT

St. Augustine: The First Modern Man

BY DR. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

DR. HOUGH is minister of the American Church in Montreal, where he has had a distinguished pastorate which he is resigning to become Professor of Preaching in Drew University in September. As former President of Northwestern University, as the author of more than thirty books, he is as well known in England as in America. His two latest volumes, *Evangelical Humanism* and *Imperial Dreams,* are rich contributions to the spiritual thought of the day.

No one is better fitted to interpret the meaning of the fifteen-hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Augustine, which will be observed throughout the Christian Church in August. In the geography of the Christian world St. Augustine is like Mt. Fujiyama in Japan, visible from everywhere. Indeed, he shaped the thought of the Church for a thousand years, "an inexhaustible personality, the first modern man." It is characteristic of Dr. Hough to seize upon the significant fact that St. Augustine was the mighty prophet of the undivided Church.

"Essentially St. Augustine was the mind of the Christian Church as it faced the world. [*Turn to page 60*]

MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Machine-Made

THE quality of acting in talking pictures is improving at a gratifying rate, but scant progress is being made in the direction or in story construction—a state of affairs which indicates that conditions in Hollywood are just what they were in the old days.

The early talkers were in the nature of experiments, and while crude and awkward in form, they displayed evidences of an enforced originality. New people and new methods in the movie industry inevitably produced some new ideas.

Now, however, the old laws of standardization are once more in force. The impulse toward experimentation has been crushed beneath the grinding wheels of the Hollywood mills. Pictures are being turned out as Ford cars are turned out, and before long it will be almost impossible to distinguish one from another. Every so often, of course, there will be a notable exception; but it will instantly be overwhelmed by the legions of its imitators. A George Arliss, for example, may achieve distinguished success in a picture like *Disraeli,* and then appear in so many faint copies of *Disraeli* that the public will grow tired of him, just as it grew tired of Adolph Menjou, Charles Ray, Mary Miles Minter, Thomas Meighan, Constance Talmadge and all other over-worked stars.

One promising young actress has lately been saved from untimely obscurity by a startling performance in what, for her, was an entirely new type of rôle. Nancy Carroll was just beginning to be dully monotonous as a cute little madcap, when she was assigned the leading part in *The Devil's Holiday,* under the direction of Edmund Goulding. She appeared in this as a hard, cold, heartless gold-digger who set out to gain a fortune by betraying an innocent country boy, succeeded completely in her evil schemes, and then was sorry. It was a difficult characterization, one which might easily have been overstressed in one way or another; that Miss Carroll maintained exactly the right adjustment at all times is proof that she is an unusually smart and skillful actress, far above the "type" category into which, before *The Devil's Holiday,* she was being thrust.

That word "type" is one of the curses of the cinema, as it is of the stage. An actor or actress who is formally identified as a "type" is immediately doomed. Such an undeserved fate is now descending on Will Rogers. For his first picture, *They Had to See Paris,* he was cast as an American tourist. In his second picture, *So This Is London,* he was again cast as an [*Turn to page 90*]

THE WORLD THIS MONTH

ON THE STAGE

BY HEYWOOD BROUN

Drama And The Death House

AT THE end of the opening act of *The Last Mile*, I turned to my host, who had kindly procured two seats in the first row, and asked him if it wouldn't be possible for us to change them for a pair at the back of the house.

"But," he objected, "you'll lose some of the effect from there."

"That's exactly the idea," I explained. "I want to get less effect. Another act like that one and ten or twelve ushers will have to carry me out. My blood pressure isn't what it used to be."

As a matter of fact, for all their excitement and poignancy, the second and third acts do not quite match up to the opening scene of *The Last Mile*. Such a development could hardly be expected, for the first act is the most gripping dramatic interlude which I know in the modern theater. It is played to the hilt and written with a simplicity which makes the illusion complete and binding. Of course, I knew that I was in for a nerve-racking evening and I tried to steel myself against it by holding the thought, "After all, it's only a play. I don't need to get worked up so much. This lad whose trouser leg they are slitting isn't really going to the electric chair. He's only an actor. He goes through this same ordeal eight times a week and is none the worse for it."

The rationalization failed to work. Maybe James Bell as No. 7 does manage to live along as usual in spite of the part he plays. There must be in him some saving force of detachment or he could hardly last out a single performance, let alone a long run. But such detachment was not for me. This was life. The thing was actually happening. I sweated with horror and agony as if in the literal presence of a scene in the death house.

Once as a young reporter, the order of the city editor came that I was to go to Sing Sing to witness an electrocution. It is, of course, the tradition of the newspaper craft that one does what he is told. He asks no more questions than a soldier in the Light Brigade. But I was false to custom. I begged off. Such a horrid spectacle was beyond my endurance. Looking back on it all, no regrets remain for that sedition. Having seen *The Last Mile*, I know that it would have been too much. Nevertheless, I am still in doubt as to whether the reality could possibly have transcended the artistic counterfeit.

Something of release from tension comes in Mr. John Wexley's play from the moment the prison break begins. As soon as blank cartridge shots began to patter round the stage and the sound of off-stage machine guns was heard in the theater, one spectator sat back a little more calmly. It is a dramatic and engrossing play right up to the end. The word melodrama should not be loosely applied, for melodrama, in any strict sense, seeks to create just one emotion—that of excitement. There is plenty of excitement in the closing scenes of *The Last Mile*, but it is not stressed to the exclusion of pity. These are not mere frantic puppets, but breathing men. The play belongs within that [*Turn to page 116*]

From "The Last Mile"—a true tragedy

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

America Goes Visiting

WE SENT another Ambassador of Good Will to Europe last spring. This time, however, it was something considerably more bulky than one lanky, likable boy and an aëroplane; it was a delegation numbering more than a hundred men, accompanied by their wives, children, and a few truckloads of trunks and instrument cases. For the directors of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, justly proud of their great orchestra and its conductor, Arturo Toscanini, decided to give Europe a chance to hear what America had to offer in the way of symphony concerts.

The excursion was not a unique one. Just ten years ago Walter Damrosch, backed by the generosity of Harry Harkness Flagler, took the New York Symphony Orchestra on a tour of the Allied countries. The fact that the Damrosch tour had been a successful one was no guarantee, however, that the Philharmonic trip would not be disastrous. For the New York Symphony played before audiences that hoped it would be good, and were delighted when it was good. The Philharmonic-Symphony was seeking the critical ear of a Europe that has no passionate love for Uncle Sam, and is prone to discuss his shortcomings less in sorrow than in anger. In short, so far as concerned the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, the music critics of Europe were all "from Missouri."

The tour, which lasted only a little over a month, was an intensive one. During last May and early June, the orchestra followed an itinerary that included Paris, Milan, Florence, Rome, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, and London. Mr. Toscanini's programs were impressive in their catholicity of taste, and, to one observer, a bit amusing in their painstaking tactfulness. Thus, for the concerts in Italy there were pieces by Respighi, Pizzetti, and Tommasini; for France there were works by Ravel and Debussy; for London there were Elgar's *Enigma* variations and Eugene Goossens' *Concertino*. For Germany—but Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner are not tact; they are what symphony orchestras live upon.

Indeed, about the only kind of music that the New York Philharmonic-Symphony [*Turn to page 131*]

Another Ambassador of Good Will to Europe—the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra which went on tour last spring

LAST RESORT

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by C. D. WILLIAMS

ONCE again eager youth, personified in the exquisite person of Mary Rutledge, leaps in response to the wild, reckless courage of Eddie Ware, romantic leader of the world of unwritten laws. Can love bind her to this man who charms her repeatedly into danger? Or will her admiration for loyal Dave Glenn one day grow into an enduring love?

EVEN the bored habitués of the Palm Beach Casino were interested in Eddie Ware. The plain black bathing suit displayed his lithe, athletic figure to best advantage. His shoulders were broad, his waist slim, his legs muscular and tapering. He carried himself like an athlete and his handsome face wore a habitual—and decidedly engaging—smile

He had the manner and features of a gentleman, and the thin wisp of mustache which decorated his upper lip seemed very much in the picture. He mounted now to the high diving platform and flipped cleanly through the air, cleaving the water with a minimum of splash. Spectators could see his slender body swimming under water with strong, steady strokes. He came up laughing beside the girl in the green bathing suit.

Quite obviously Lois Martin was older than he, but she carried her thirty years gracefully and actually appeared youthful in the midst of this studied splendor and cultivated boredom.

She was of medium height, attractively blonde and unquestionably fascinated by the young man. She knew that she was four years his senior, but there were times when his store of worldly wisdom and coldly cynical manner made her feel like a child. He knew Europe as well as she did, and New York even better. He impressed her as a young man of impeccable antecedents and comfortable financial position. The luxurious background of exotic Palm Beach, with its lush display of wealth, fitted him perfectly and Lois Martin felt that here at last was a man who sought her because he liked her and not because she was fabulously wealthy.

Hotel regulars and members of the exclusive cottage colony had noticed them during the past week. In the first place Eddie Ware was the devil-may-care type of young man never to remain long unnoticed; and in the second place Lois Martin was known wherever society was wont to congregate in search of diversion and climate. They knew her at Cannes and San Remo, at Le Touquet and San Sebastian, at Havana and Agua Caliente. But in spite of that she had few friends, and most of those were women. It was told of her that before her twenty-fifth birthday she had been poor and not sought after by men. In her twenty-fifth year had come sudden miraculous wealth, and with it a great and justifiable skepticism. Men flocked about her then, but she despised and distrusted them. She was too sensible to believe that they were attracted by anything except her money . . . . and she was too frankly romantic to respond to any such courtship.

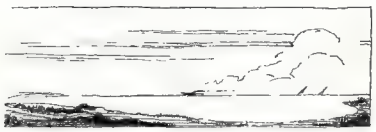
Eddie Ware had been different. She had met him casually and accidentally. For the first two days of their acquaintance he hadn't even known her name. Even yet she doubted whether he knew, or cared, that she possessed a most amazing independent fortune and no relatives with whom to share it.

They left the pool and plunged into the surf where they jested about the voracious undertow. It was good to feel his powerful hands on her arm, to see the boyish, laughing light in his eyes when the current sought to drag her away from him. Then they raced along the beach and returned to the Casino to dress. That afternoon they drove in her roadster, and eleven o'clock found them at the Colony Club; he superbly masculine in the impressive simplicity of dinner dress; she, almost beautiful in an evening gown of white. She carried an evening bag—a pretty thing of white, embroidered with tiny beads. In that bag were jewels worth more than a quarter of a million dollars!

"I dropped over to say goodbye," announced Eddie abruptly. "I'm leaving for New York immediately"

THE train roared southward along the east coast of Florida. On either side of the track were endless miles of palms and palmettos; tiny farms and a few larger and richer ones; occasional small towns eagerly advertising their virtues. Far off to the left the ocean boomed, but only now and then did the passengers obtain a glimpse of it. The weather, however, was perfect.

A trifle more than twenty-four hours previously Dave Glenn had left New York in a blinding snowstorm which, so the newspapers informed him, had been succeeded by zero weather. Here, only part way down the Florida peninsula, the mercury rested at 76 and the sun rode triumphantly in a heaven of unflecked blue.



In a compartment sat Dave Glenn and a young lady. Occasionally he glanced at her out of the corners of his eyes, and the picture she presented filled him with enthusiasm.

Mary Rutledge was a tiny, exquisite thing with great brown eyes and a maddening way of using them. She seemed like a child, unversed in the way of the world; yet there was little knowledge of life which had not already been pounded into her pretty head. One might have thought her to be a girl just out of finishing school, and therefore would have been dumbfounded to learn that she was the sister of one of the greatest criminals known to international police annals, and the sweetheart of the crook who had followed in his footsteps.

By the same token, the keenest observer could never have identified Dave Glenn as a detective. He was better than six feet in height, unmistakably young and impressively fine looking in a quiet, unobtrusive way. He talked little, but his voice was always fraught with interest. His eyes were eloquent.

THOSE same eyes had dwelt now upon the girl with silent and amused inquiry. She made an impulsive little gesture and turned from the window.

"We could ride all day and you'd never ask a question, would you, Dave?"

"We-e-ell, I don't know about that. I fancied you would talk when you thought the proper time had come."

"It has come now. I wired you to meet me in Florida because I was in trouble and because sooner or later you would be involved in it."

"I see. . . . And since you joined me in Jacksonville I have done nothing but reflect how very, very pretty you are."

She looked up at him from under shadowy lashes. "You pay a compliment awkwardly, Dave, but delightfully."

"You mean then that you believe me?"

"I happen to believe everything about you!" She made the statement with charming boldness. "It's because you're so genuine that I like you."

Dave Glenn gave a wistful smile. "Even a crumb, Mary. . . ."

"You mustn't take it that way, Dave," she cried impulsively. "You don't realize how much I *do* like you."

"How much?"

"I don't know. . . ." Her voice was suddenly very small and she turned her face away. "There are times, Dave, when I want to be with you, and only you."

"And there are other times, very frequently, when you forget all about me: is that it?"

"You know that isn't so. Oh! don't you see, Dave, I'm trying to be honest with myself; with you; with —with—"

"—Eddie Ware?"

"Yes. With Eddie. But it isn't easy to be honest with him because he isn't honest with himself."

"I can't blame you for being fond of him, Mary. He has a charm which no woman could be expected to resist. I'm mighty fond of Eddie."

For a fleeting instant she let her fingers touch the hand of the detective.

"I know you are, Dave. And that's what I want to discuss with you." She hesitated briefly. "When did you last hear of or from Eddie Ware?"

His face was inscrutable. "Not for some time."

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"He's at Palm Beach."

Glenn smiled. "A great many attractive young men are at Palm Beach."

"Vacationing. Certainly. But Eddie isn't doing that. He's working."

"At what?"

"Oh, the usual thing! Did you ever hear of Lois Martin?"

"Certainly. Lois Martin is the girl who inherited about ten million dollars five or six years ago. The story is that since men never courted her before she became wealthy, she hates them all now and shuns their company. Suspicious of them. She has no family and few friends. Travels all over the world alone, and, since my company insures her jewelry, I happen to know that she has the reputation of treating her gems very carelessly. There is a rumor that she carries a quarter million dollars worth of jewels around in her handbag."

"Exactly. And therefore, Dave, would it interest you to know that Eddie has been dancing attendance on Miss Martin for the past week at Palm Beach?"

The smile vanished from the lips of the detective. "So that's why you sent for me?"

"Surely. When Eddie Ware gets in the vicinity of loose wealth, trouble is inevitable. Once he steals from her, it will be too late. Somebody else will arrest him and then he will face a term in the penitentiary."

"And that would break your heart, wouldn't it?"

"I don't know!" She turned fiercely. "You know how things are with us, Dave. My brother was his best friend. They were both natural criminals—and my brother was killed. He left me all his friends, including Eddie Ware. Until you came along, they were my *only* friends. I knew the jargon and philosophy of criminals from young girlhood. For a long time I believed I was in love with Eddie, particularly when I was so lonely after the police killed Tommy. I loved him, but I hated the dishonesty. Now . . . well, all I can say, Dave, is that I must try to save him from his own weakness."

Lois repressed a shriek, then asked coldly, "You want our money?"

"And so you have enlisted my aid? Why, Mary?" Dave asked, after a moment's silence.

"First, because you and Eddie are friends, as nearly friends as detective and criminal can be. Second, because —because. . . ."

"Because you happen to know that I care for you, and would do for you anything in my power: is that it?"

She met his eyes bravely. "Yes, that is it."

He spoke with magnificent simplicity. "Here I am."

FOR an instant she was quiet: then she flashed him a breath-taking smile.

"Here you are! How like you to say something like that, Dave Glenn. How like you to forget yourself in the effort to make things easier for me. And how unlike Eddie."

"Eddie loves you very deeply, Mary."

"Certainly, in his way and within the limitations of his nature. But his is a selfish, exacting love. Yours is different. It's queer. . . . I can't analyze exactly. . . . But you seem always to take care of me—or to try. With Eddie, I feel that I am the protector."

"And you like that feeling, don't you?"

"In a way . . . yes. If he were only straight and honest; if I weren't continually afraid that he was in trouble . . . perhaps then I'd be able to know whether my feeling for him is—well, whether it is merely the maternal instinct."

[*Turn to page 67*]

Beguiling and aloof—bewitching and dangerous—The Black Opal moves softly behind a veil of mystery in the second installment of

MOON OF DELIGHT

WHAT'S this?" *Umberto,* burglar, pickpocket, born by the New Orleans docks, peered with bulging eyes into the exquisitely carved chest before him—the chest smuggled under the cover of night from the "Dolores"—reached with trembling hands for a lamp, abject terror seizing him. A girl's pale face, its soft oval shining out from under tumbled blue-black hair, defined itself in the gloom—then her lovely body, suave under a jeweled slip. Suddenly she sprang from the chest, storm-black eyes staring at the ruffian.

It was *Jason Divitt,* prince of the underworld, gambler, thief, masquerading his dark maneuvers under the manners of a dancing master, who cross-questioned the girl, given into his power by Umberto. "Your name?" "*Juanita Basara,* señor." "And you have run away from home—a stowaway on the 'Dolores'? You will need money while in New Orleans. Shall I appeal to your friends in Vera Cruz, the Argentine?" With a cry, the captive flew to the door, but Umberto was before her. "It's no use, señorita. You cannot escape."

And so, bartering her freedom for silence, Juanita Basara became the mysterious veiled beauty of the *Vieux Carré.* From *Molly Divitt's* discarded tray, nightly, dressed in tantalizing oriental costume, Juanita silently offered cigarettes and nosegays to the guests crowding Divitt's roulette parlors. There it was that *Kirk Stanard* saw her first, Kirk, whose grandmother, *Mrs. Belaise,* ancient leader of old New Orleans society, divided her affections among Kirk, her jewels and roulette. But Juanita did not respond to Kirk's evident interest in her, nor to the advances of *Adrian Fouché,* young man about town, and *Dave Ledbetter,* millionaire—that is, not until one night when in Kirk's party at Divitt's there appeared a man she had known. *He must not see her!* As a ruse, she brushed a kiss on Ledbetter's cheek and dashed from the room. Juanita did not breathe again until the dwarf, *Gabreau,* Divitt's page, came to her, bringing a note from Ledbetter and word that the man she feared had departed.

Part II

WHEN Gabreau went back to the parlors, Molly called him to the cage and inquired about Juanita. Tonight Divitt seemed to be definitely avoiding her. Molly was troubled by this, linking it in some way with Juanita's indisposition and his subsequent interview with Ledbetter and Fouché. The interview had been a smiling affair, one which Divitt had

By Margaret Bell Houston

Illustrated by PRUETT CARTER *and* W. C. HOOPLE

seemed at once to explain and to make light. Then Ledbetter had written a note, and Gabreau had gone out with it. Gabreau explained now, and Molly was relieved. The incident had nothing to do, she saw, with Divitt's avoidance of her.

"Let me go!" she commanded breathlessly. "Pig, hideous pig!" Ledbetter, from sheer astonishment, released her as if she had burned him

Molly watched Gabreau take his station between the two front windows. Often he stood there, but tonight, as the crowd about the card tables thinned, his eye traveled continually to Divitt, as if awaiting some signal.

The evening wore on. Few were left in the room besides the group at the roulette wheel. Kirk Stanard leaned over Mrs. Belaise, apparently saying that they must leave. Mrs. Belaise shook her head, laid another coin on the wheel. Molly saw Divitt look at Gabreau.

Gabreau came slowly from his station against the wall. Slowly he passed along the group at the roulette wheel, very slowly behind Mrs. Belaise's chair. Molly, watching, saw Mrs. Belaise's painted shawl brushed to the floor. Kirk Stanard bent to pick it up, but Gabreau had paused and now placed it about the lady's shoulders, placed it carefully, as if in apology for having brushed it from the chair. Then he went on, a prowling sort of goblin tonight, and took his station against the wall.

Kirk Stanard had persuaded Mrs. Belaise to leave. As she rose, something glittering slipped down her white dress to the floor. She stood protesting while Kirk folded the painted shawl more closely about her and led her out, followed by Ledbetter and Fouché, the bright thing that had slipped down her dress lying in the dark under the roulette table.

Divitt bowed them out, returning to the deserted wheel, where Gabreau was putting things to rights. When they came away, the bright thing that had been under the table was gone.

The last players were leaving. Divitt and Gabreau began to clear the tables. Molly had lingered long after her time for leaving. Divitt glanced at her where she stood like a little bright-eyed bird, watching from her cage. "Get to bed, kid," he said gently. "It's late."

She came out, closing and locking the gilded door. As she passed him, she touched his sleeve, a little unspoken "good night" to which he responded with a nod.

Molly had reached the door of her room when the gate bell rang. In the dark of the court she watched Gabreau answer it, pulling down the slide as was his custom. Kirk Stanard entered, hurried past Gabreau into the parlors where Divitt was putting out the lights.

"Mrs. Belaise has lost something," he said. "I'd like to see if it's here."

Divitt switched on the lights. "She was nowhere but the roulette wheel," he remarked, and drew back the cover. He and Kirk looked underneath.

"It was her necklace," Kirk said then. "She didn't miss it till she got home."

"You looked in the car, of course?" Divitt asked.

"Of course, and through the hall at home."

"And down her bodice?" Divitt asked delicately.

Kirk nodded. "We've looked in every plausible place—hurriedly, of course. She knows she had it on while she was playing. She remembers fingering it."

"She probably loosened it then. I'll have Gabreau look on the sidewalk. Wait till I get my flash."

Kirk and Gabreau went out on the sidewalk, Divitt going first with his flash. They returned presently, Divitt offering his condolences. "I dislike such things to happen here," he said. "You will advertise, of course?"

"I shall try to get it in tonight," Kirk answered, and was gone.

Molly opened her door, stood for an instant in the dark, then switched on the light. She gathered up her hat and coat, and placed them in the armoire. Then she sat down on the bed's edge, rumpling the spread.

"It's a hell of a place to bring a baby to," she said.

AT NOON next day Divitt sent for Juanita to come to his office. Divitt's office was directly over the room that he shared with Molly. A door had been cut in the wall that separated it from the Hotel Tijon, making it accessible to either place. No denizen of the house invaded the upper balcony where it passed Divitt's office, so Juanita walked there for the first time.

"You are a marchioness? I'd like something solid in a shaky business in case anyone should look you up"

Here alone Molly's hand was not visible. Uncarpeted floor, dust, shabby desk and chairs. Divitt brisked about the office like a little ant in his native hill. He rose as Juanita entered, motioned her to a chair.

In the dress of black silk with buttons at wrist and belt, her hair knotted smoothly, she was a different person from the young woman he had seen that first night, tumbled and distraught, yet beautiful withal. Divitt had watched lassitude come upon the girl, had realized that something had snapped somewhere, some tight resisting string. He had thought that in this relaxed state she would confide in someone—in Molly, certainly—knew that her silence was due to the gravity of her secret. The knowledge satisfied him for the moment.

Juanita had been an asset, greater than he had foreseen. She had magnetism, enhanced by mystery. Molly's idea of the veil had been a good one. Its protection had given Juanita courage, and the allurement of such a dress, coupled with Molly's cleverly planted explanation of it, had advertised both Juanita and the place. Dave Ledbetter had unquestionably come solely to see her, also the distinguished Mexican.

BUT Juanita must not be so touchy about the veil. She had left the group last night simply because Fouché had joked about snatching it off. The rumor of this touchiness would get about, destroying whatever charm she derived from her attire. Veiled prudery is about as mysterious as tin-foiled chewing gum. Divitt had been a little astonished, however, at the cleverness with which Juanita had escaped from the contretemps of last night—that kiss she had left upon Ledbetter's jaw. He would have thought she was developing an unsuspected coquetry, had she not gone ill to her room and failed to return.

He would not have Ledbetter or anyone else snatching off her veil. The parlors should preserve at least the decorum of a Mardi Gras parade in which every mask is respected. And so he had made that remark to Ledbetter about Turkish ladies and modesty. "You have lived in Turkey, sir, and know how modest Turkish ladies can be where their faces are concerned." So much for prudery.

Divitt took a newspaper from his desk, handed it to Juanita. "Will you read what I have marked, señorita?"

Juanita's eye ran down the page.

"LOST: Sapphire necklace. Seven large stones. Platinum links. Liberal reward. Kirk Stanard."

Juanita read and waited. Divitt tossed the paper on his desk.

"I wonder, señorita," he said, "if I can trust you to return that necklace."

She looked at him. "Return it?"

"It was lost here—last night. Under the roulette table. I should like you to return it, refusing the reward."

It was incredible—both commands.

"You'd enjoy doing that, wouldn't you?" Divitt asked.

She hesitated. "If that is all," she said.

Divitt smiled. "You are suspicious, señorita. Have you never heard that there is honor among thieves?"

"I am not a thief."

"I trust you are not implying that you will fail to deal honorably with us in this matter. I should have to be certain before I sent you on this first errand of liberty."

Juanita mastered the impulse to reply that she was not his *mozo* to be sent on any of his errands, mastered also the suspicion that this was a trap—as last night's encounter might also have been a trap after all. The boat for Vera Cruz—had he really taken it? Would he perhaps be at the Stanard home when she returned the necklace? She could see no motive for treachery on Divitt's part. Neither could she see any motive for his sending her on this errand of liberty, as he called it.

As for dealing honorably, there was no other way to deal. What would she do with freedom if she had it? Where would she go? Certainly not to the place she had called home. She had no longer the desire even to mail the letter she had begun. What could that letter have done but compromise the one who received it? . . . No, Divitt might send her anywhere with perfect safety. She asked only that he should not send her into a trap . . . . Could it be—she looked at him—could it actually be that some sense of pity for her prisoned state had come to him? Was he perhaps sending her for her own sake?

"Try me, señor," she said. "I shall, of course, wear my veil?"

"That's just what you won't," Divitt answered. "Did you think we were going to send you out in your Fatima regalia? In that case we'd wait for Mardi Gras. No, señorita, you'll wear what any lady would wear. I can't tell you just what. Molly will look after that. But no veils."

"I may go at night?"

"You will go at four this afternoon. But you will travel in a closed car and you may pull down the shades if you like. Does it never occur to you, señorita, that New Orleans is a long way from the Argentine? And on this occasion you will not be Juanita Basara, as you have said to me you are, but, let us say, Señorita Ysabel Flores of Spain—Seville, to be exact, stopping at the Hotel Tijon. I have time, I think, to have some cards engraved for you."

Divitt leaned back, regarding Juanita thoughtfully. "It happens, Señorita Flores, that as your car turned out of Rondeau into Royal last night—or let us say, very early this morning—you saw something shining on the sidewalk, and bidding your chauffeur pick it up, discovered that it was a necklace of value. This morning, looking in the paper for some clue to its ownership, you found this advertisement. You would not intrust it to any other hands for delivery. The reward? Surely they are not speaking of rewards to Señorita Flores of Seville!"

A NOTE of smiling mockery had crept into Divitt's voice. Yet Divitt was not smiling. He sat watching Juanita, his little ant-like face quite grave, his orders apparently well thought out.

"It is deception," said Juanita in a low voice.

Divitt smiled now. "I presume the Fatima costume is not," he remarked. "Nor the name you pass under here. Never mind, señorita," as if she might protest. "What you desire and require is a veil. The spangled scarf is a veil, and the name Basara, perhaps. So also the name Ysabel Flores, and her mythical personality, which you are at liberty to make as delightful as you please. There are few diversions that I can give you, my social position in New Orleans not furnishing the ideal background for a lady of your gifts. Yet diversions and contacts, of the type to which you are obviously accustomed, are what you must have, or you will lose those gifts. Our veiled lady will cease to lure.

"One thing, however, it will be well for you to remember, and that is that your arrest will not occur as the result of some casual discovery. It will come only should the police be tipped off as to the rest of us, or should I, for any reason, turn you over to the authorities. This errand of trust is simple, and the best I can do for you. There is no danger in it for you, unless, of course, you care to inject some."

It was not necessary to tell him that she would go. Divitt had already turned to his desk.

Molly came at three o'clock, bringing some dresses from which Juanita might choose. Molly looked a little tired, but she prattled bravely, holding the dresses up one at a time for Juanita's inspection.

"This chestnut crêpe with the embroidery on the pockets—those are mulberries— [*Turn to page 118*]

The great family soup —"a meal in itself!"

Your choice:

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

All's well with our people,
They're happy and strong,
With Campbell's to help them
Live sturdy and long!

This soup might almost be described as America's favorite home luncheon, for it enjoys such enormous popularity as the noonday meal.

This is the time of day when you most appreciate every aid to shorten your work in the kitchen and at the same time supply your table with food of the most tempting, satisfying quality. How grateful you are for Campbell's Vegetable Soup—already cooked—on your table in next to no time.

Think of it! 15 different vegetables, the choicest that grow. Invigorating broth. Strength-giving cereals. Fresh herbs and delightful seasonings. All in one soup! Every spoonful heavily laden with vegetables—whole, diced or in puree. And it's simply delicious! 12 cents a can.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

"Chipso suds stay suds" Mrs. J. D., Boston

"No hard rubbing with these rich suds" Mrs. W. H., Cleveland

"Chipso suds hold up better – in tub or machine" Mrs. G. B., St. Louis

"These thin Chipso flakes make wonderful bubbly, rich suds that practically soak my clothes clean." Mrs. R. S., Cambridge, Mass.

THE other day I got a letter which seemed to tell the whole Chipso secret in three short sentences. "Chipso gives suds like no other soap I ever tried before," wrote a new user, Mrs. J. W., of Fall River, Massachusetts. "Chipso suds last so long! I've concluded that's why I needn't rub and boil any more to get cleaner, whiter clothes . . ."

Now, Mrs. J. W. can't possibly know the scientific reason why Chipso is so much more active than other soaps. But woman-like, she puts her finger right on the *practical* reason—"Chipso suds last so long."

There are many other soaps—we've all tried them one time or another—which give a nice-looking suds and look as though they were going to do a lot of work. But—when the clothes go in, the suds thin out. When this happens, Mrs. J. W. knows, and you know, and I know, that we're going to get less help than we expected. The soap isn't *rich* enough.

But Chipso's lasting suds are another story. Here are suds you can't wear out. They last and *last*. They begin at once to loosen dirt and remove dirt, and they keep on working quickly and safely, in their active, sudsy way, until it's time to rinse.

Even now that I have my washing machine I soak my clothes first in Chipso suds for about 20 minutes (I always did it before a tub-washing and saved practically all rubbing). Now, I do my soaking right in the machine before I start the motor. I find that I run my washer only about half as long . . . and there are no stubborn dirt spots left to go over by hand.

Chipso goes farther

Chipso is a wonderful saving of work and time—and really, money, too. I've found that the 25¢ box easily does five washings for me. And careful as I am with the pennies these days, I know I can't find a thriftier soap.

But, in the end, it comes down to this! Chipso goes far because it is such a *rich* soap.

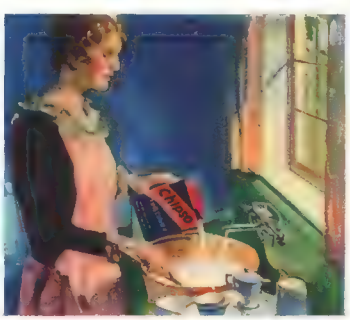
Ruth Turner

And for a speedy 1, 2, 3 dishwashing . . .

new Chipso Granules – *ready-prepared for dishes*

These new Chipso Granules—have you tried them? They're a new form of Chipso which Procter & Gamble have made especially for dishes . . . Chipso Granules have a startling new feature—they're *ready-prepared.* They're rich Chipso suds in *steam-dried form*—and they certainly make a quick 1, 2, 3 job of dishwashing.

1. You merely add hot water to a little Chipso Granules and ease your dishes into the richest dishwashing suds you ever saw.
2. A moment's soaking melts grease and stickiness.
3. A hot rinse—and you're through. No wiping unless you wish!



Chipso Granules save time so economically too! They'll do all your dishwashing for a month for 25¢. Every woman who has spoken to me about them simply glows with enthusiasm. *R. T.*

Important! Chipso–Now in 2 Forms–*Flakes* and *Granules*

Rice, white or brown; samp; hominy; macaroni; spaghetti; and noodles in endless variety, make ordinary dinners seem different

AS A CHANGE FROM POTATOES

By Sarah Field Splint

Director, McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management

WE OFTEN hear men say: "Dinner isn't dinner without potatoes." Perhaps at that moment their wives are sighing, "Oh, dear, I *wish* we needn't have potatoes today. I'm so tired of cooking them in the old ways."

So this month I'm going to be the old family friend who sides with everybody, and tell you how to serve potatoes and yet *not* serve them. You have only to demonstrate to your men folk that certain foods like hominy, rice, spaghetti, and macaroni taste just as good and are just as satisfying as potatoes, and the trick is done. Indeed, they'll probably be quite proud, when guests come, to have food on *their* table which isn't exactly like everybody else's.

The following recipes and menu suggestions have been worked out in our kitchen by our own staff.

Buttered Samp

1 cup samp
4 cups water
1 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons butter
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Soak samp over night. Drain. Add salt to the water and bring to boiling point. Pour samp slowly into the boiling water and boil for 15 minutes, stirring to prevent sticking. Put in double boiler, cover and cook until tender—about 2 hours. If the water becomes absorbed, add more boiling water. Drain, add butter and pepper and mix well. Serve with roast pork and string beans, or with broiled fish.

Emergency Noodles

½ lb. fine noodles
1 large onion, chopped fine
4 tablespoons melted fat
Grated cheese

Cook noodles in boiling salted water until tender—about 10 minutes. Drain well. Fry onion in fat until a delicate brown. Pour over noodles and sprinkle generously with grated cheese (Parmesan, Swiss, or American). Mix thoroughly. Serve with broiled steak, and watercress and tomato salad.

Rice Crown

Wash 1½ cups brown rice thoroughly by putting in a sieve and letting water run over it. Have ready a deep kettle of boiling salted water and pour rice in slowly, keeping the water boiling. Boil rapidly until tender—about 25 minutes. Drain and shake lightly. Pack into a greased ring mold. Unmold and fill center with creamed or buttered peas. Serve with duck and apple sauce.

Noodle Ring

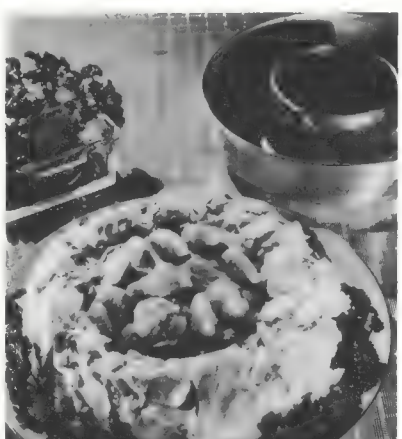
2 cups noodles, broken in pieces
1½ cups milk
1 cup fine bread crumbs
2 tablespoons shortening
1 pimiento
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 eggs

Cook noodles in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with cold water. Scald milk and add bread crumbs, shortening, pimiento (cut in strips), parsley, salt, and pepper. Beat eggs slightly and combine with milk mixture. Butter a ring mold *very* thoroughly. Put drained noodles in the mold first, then pour over the liquid. Place mold in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 45 minutes or until a pointed knife inserted in mixture comes out clean. Unmold while hot on serving plate. Fill center with creamed or curried shrimps. (Creamed chicken—fresh or canned; or any left-over meat such as boiled ham, beefsteak, and lamb; or vegetables like Spanish okra, carrots and peas, spinach with egg sauce, and sautéed mushrooms, may be served in this ring.)

Onion Shortcake

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons shortening
½ to ⅔ cup milk
2½ cups onion, sliced thin
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup top milk

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Cut in shortening with knife or pastry blender, or rub in with fingers until mealy. Add milk slowly and mix to a soft dough. Flatten in a greased square pan to about ¼ inch thickness. Melt butter, add onion and salt and cook until a delicate brown. Cool and spread over the baking powder dough. Beat egg, add milk and pour over the onions. Bake in a quick oven (425° F.) 15 to 20 minutes—until slightly browned on top. Cut in squares and serve with roast beef and spinach or with fried chicken.



Shrimps, or left-over meat, fill a noodle ring

Rice Croquettes

2 cups cooked rice
¾ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons milk
1 egg, beaten
½ cup grated cheese
Few grains cayenne
1 egg
1 cup dry bread crumbs

Mix rice, salt, and milk together. Add beaten egg, cheese, and cayenne. Shape into small rolls. Beat egg and add 2 tablespoons milk. Dip croquettes in egg and roll in crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat (375° to 390° F.) until a delicate brown. Serve with roast lamb and currant jelly.

Fried Hominy

1 cup hominy
4 cups boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup dried crumbs
1 egg

Pour hominy slowly into the boiling salted water. Boil 5 minutes. Cook over boiling water 1 hour. Pour into greased mold or loaf pan. Cool. Slice in ½ inch slices. Dip in bread crumbs, then in beaten egg diluted with 2 tablespoons water, then again in crumbs. Fry in a small amount of shortening until golden brown on both sides. Serve hot. This is delicious with Virginia ham and creamed cauliflower.

Spaghetti Supreme

3 tablespoons shortening
1 large onion, chopped fine
1 clove garlic, chopped
1 bay leaf
¼ lb. mushrooms
1 teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
2 cups canned tomatoes
½ lb. spaghetti
Grated Parmesan cheese

Melt fat, add onion, garlic, bay leaf, and mushrooms, cut in small pieces. Cook until brown. Add salt, pepper, and tomatoes and cook 15 minutes. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender. Drain well. Put on platter, pour sauce over and sprinkle thickly with the grated cheese. Serve with roast chicken, and a lettuce and cucumber salad with a sharp dressing. (This is a good meatless main dish.)

Macaroni Cutlets

2 tablespoons shortening
4 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
2 cups milk
1 cup grated American cheese
½ lb. macaroni
Dry bread crumbs
1 egg

Melt shortening, add flour, salt, and pepper and mix well. Add milk gradually and bring slowly to boiling point, stirring constantly. [*Turn to page 128*]

MARY FAITH

[*Continued from page 16*]

"On his salary," Mary Faith replied, breaking eggs into the sizzling pan. "Sixty dollars a week is plenty of money for three people to live on comfortably. You and I can do every bit of the work around in this flat. We won't even send the laundry out—"

"I don't know why he wants to get married anyway," Kim's mother went on, paying no attention to her.

"Everybody wants to get married sooner or later, I suppose," Mary Faith spoke as gently as she could.

"*You* want to, you mean!" Mrs. Farrell turned on her suddenly, her plump face full of color. "Kimberley doesn't want to get married. He knows he isn't making enough money to keep up two homes and he knows I won't be happy when he brings you here to mine. Besides that, he's running around—"

She stopped talking as Kim pushed the door open and stepped into the kitchen. He had changed his coat for a brown velveteen smoking jacket and a pipe was gripped between his teeth.

"What's all the row about?" he asked mildly. "And how about a little chow for a hungry man instead of all this talk?"

His mother took a pitcher of cream from the top of the icebox and thrust it into Mary Faith's hands.

"Put that on the table. I'll watch the eggs, Mary Faith. And pour the water. The pitcher's on the sideboard."

Mary Faith carried the pitcher into the dining room, where a drop light with a yellow glass shade hung over the table. She set it down on a German silver tray that was flanked by a cutglass vinegar cruet and a bottle of meat sauce.

Suddenly there was a crash and a loud scream from the kitchen. After that there was a second of dead silence. And then Kim's voice calling her: "Mary Faith! Come here—hurry!"

Somehow his mother had managed to knock the coffee pot off the stove while she was taking the fried eggs from the pan. Streams of pale brown liquid were running down her arms and the front of her gray silk dress when Mary Faith opened the kitchen door.

The coffee pot lay on its side on the floor.

"My arms—oh, my poor arms," she was sobbing hysterically. "Oh, my arms—" she began to moan, rolling her large head from side to side.

Kim was trying to roll her sleeves back from her wrists.

"She's scalded herself," he said, "with that red hot stuff—"

"It wasn't red hot, thank goodness!" Mary Faith broke in. "She had set it on the fire just two minutes ago. It couldn't have been very hot. I was afraid she'd burned herself with the grease out of that pan. That *would* have been terrible. . . . I'll get some baking soda. There's nothing like it for burns."

She flung open the door of the untidy little cupboard above the sink. When she found the soda and swung around with the little blue box in her hands, Mrs. Farrell was trying to push Kim away from her.

"No, you don't have to do anything for me!" she was telling him, her voice shrill and shaken with sobs. "You heard what *she* said—that coffee wasn't hot. And you believe *her!* You think I screamed for nothing, I suppose, both of you!"

She flattened both her hands against his chest and freed herself from him.

"I want you to let me alone!" she cried, pushing past him on her way to the kitchen door.

SHE stopped there an instant, looking back at him with streaming eyes.

"This is the way things will always be now in this place—her word against mine! I tell you I won't stand it. I won't stay here! I'll go down to Lucy's and live there—" her words were lost in a storm of loud sobs.

She slammed the door of the kitchen as she went out. Then after a half minute they heard the door of her bedroom slam.

Her face scarlet, Mary Faith bent over and picked up the coffee pot.

"Kim, you can feel it yourself," she said, holding it out to him. "It's warm, that's all. But I'm sorry I said anything about it. Only I was glad she wasn't badly burned. . . . Do you think it would help matters if I went into her room and apologized to her?"

Kim shook his blond head impatiently. "Better let her alone," he replied shortly.

"Kim, when we're married and I'm living here, things like this won't happen. I won't let them happen. I'll make your mother like me."

Kim gave a worried laugh.

"You'll have your troubles," he said and then he added: "She'd be just like this with any girl I wanted to marry. It isn't you she dislikes . . . She just doesn't want me to get married."

Mary Faith knew that what he said was true.

Kim's mother had divorced his father when Kim was a little boy. With her alimony she had brought him up and educated him for the law. He had always been, and still was, her whole life.

OLD ARIZONA IS DEAD

The West that felt the tread of covered wagons, that rang with the shots of desperadoes and echoed the songs of drifting cowboys has passed.

Today there is a new West, more glamorous, more dangerous even than the old. Out of the adventures of modern Arizona has come

THE DUDE RANGER

the most distinctly new novel of the West ever written.

By

ZANE GREY

in the OCTOBER McCALL'S

When Kim was twenty-four his father died and the alimony stopped. But by that time he had a position in the law offices of McIntrae and Westover in the City Bank Building downtown and was earning enough money to keep himself and his mother.

He was still with McIntrae and Westover and he was making twice the salary that he had made when he started to work for them.

His mother was very proud of him. She didn't want to give him up.

"Isn't it a funny thing that when two women love a man they almost always hate each other?" Mary Faith asked now, her hands on Kim's shoulders. "Not that I hate your mother. I could love her, because she's your mother, if she'd let me. . . . But she hates me, doesn't she?"

FOR answer he shrugged his shoulders. Then he turned away, emptied his tobacco into the sink strainer and dropped his pipe into his jacket pocket.

"My appetite's gone," he announced sullenly, "but I'll take you somewhere for a bite if you're hungry. There's the barbecue over on Fifth Street and the tea room down at the corner. Where do you want to go?"

"I don't want to eat if you don't." Mary Faith said quietly, shaking her head. "Please get my hat and coat —they're in your mother's room, Kim—and I'll go home. You stay here with her."

"No. I'll take you home."

They finally wound up, the two of them, by going back to Mrs. Puckett's and having their dinner there.

It was eight o'clock by the time they got there and the dining room was almost empty. It seemed very cozy and peaceful with a coal fire burning in the grate and the hum of voices coming in to them from the parlor on the other side of the hall.

"Mary Faith, I've been thinking over something that you said a while ago," Kim remarked over the pot roast and browned potatoes that Agnes, the red-headed waitress, set before him.

He frowned down at his plate as he spoke. "You said that two women who care for the same man usually hate each other. . . . Well, I think there's a lot of truth in that. There's a girl at the office—just a kid, really—I've driven her home in my car once or twice —and tonight—"

Mary Faith laid down her fork. Her eyes, steady and brilliant, searched his face.

"And tonight you drove her home," she said. "That's why you were late, wasn't it?"

Kim nodded, helping himself generously to red currant jelly.

"She lives out this way," he explained. "Well, anyway, I told her that I was thinking about getting married and—gosh, but I certainly was surprised at the way she took it—" He stopped again, struggling to find words for what he was trying to tell her.

"I can imagine how she took it," Mary Faith said with the peculiar second-sight of the woman who is in love. "She probably told you that she cared for you, herself, and hated the girl you were going to marry . . ."

"That was just about it," he admitted. "But I didn't know until tonight that she felt that way about me. I swear I didn't."

"Did you spend last Sunday with her, Kim?"

He was silent for a minute. And when he finally did open his lips to answer Mary Faith stopped him.

"No. Never mind. Don't tell me any more about her, Kim," she said. "It makes me unhappy to hear about her. I'm going to forget her."

She was *not* going to be like Mrs. Dan Bassett, she reminded herself for the second time that night. She wasn't going to start now to be jealous and suspicious . . . If Kim didn't care for her he surely would not have asked her to marry him on the first of October, would he? He must have known this girl who worked in his office a long time.

"Women will always make a great fuss over you, Kim. It's your fatal beauty," she chaffed him, smiling across the table into his eyes. "I've just made up my mind not to pay any attention to them. I'm going to be a good wife, but I absolutely refuse to be a jealous one."

At nine o'clock she sent him home to his mother.

"She's sure to be feeling blue and down-hearted," she told him when he had finished his coffee and was hunting through his pockets for a cigarette, "and it will cheer her up to have you come home early. After all, Kim, it must be hard for a woman to give up her only son—and that's what she thinks she's doing."

She walked with him out to his little roadster.

The yellow leaves on the trees beside the lamp post hung as motionless as if they were painted on a screen.

The stars were still very bright and large. But somehow they seemed farther away than they had two hours before . . . .

"What a night for a drive!" Kim said. "Gosh, what a night!"

Mary Faith did not answer him. She only half heard him.

She stood looking at the little car . . . How many times had he driven that girl home in it, Mary Faith wondered. How many times had she sat there beside him in the shabby leather seat?

"Goodnight, Kim. I must go in. It's cold out here," she said dully.

He put his arms around her. At his contact all the vague little doubts that had been in her mind a second before left it. The familiar odor of his tweed coat, his cigarettes and the shaving soap he used brought back a hundred comforting memories to her . . . This was Kim who had loved her for years and was going to marry her on the first of October. On the Saturday after next.

She drew his face down to hers and he kissed her. Then he got into his car.

"Goodnight," he said.

"Goodnight, Kim."

Then, as she was turning to go up the steps of the house, he called her back to him.

"Mary Faith, how do you really feel about this first of October business now that you've had a chance to think it over?" he asked bluntly. "With my mother feeling about it the way she does . . . Well, I just wonder if it wouldn't be better if we put off getting married for a while? What do you think?"

For a few seconds Mary Faith couldn't think or feel or speak. She was, as she told herself afterward, "knocked silly."

"Why, it's all up to you, Kim," she found her voice at last. "You know that whatever you decide—is all right with me."

"Well, then, let's put it off for a while." His voice was filled with his relief. "Goodnight, old lady."

Mary Faith stood on the curbstone and watched his car disappear down the street, her misery in her eyes.

MRS. PUCKETT was standing in the hall when she went back into the house. She had a large japanned tray in her hands. On it was a pitcher and some little glass cups.

"Now, don't tell me that Mr. Farrell's gone home so early!" she cried in a full rich voice that somehow matched her full plump body. [*Turn to page 38*]

"Beauty is Romance" says Mrs. BIDDLE STEWART

"Beauty is romance, and romance is youth! To cherish youth, to live for beauty is the sure way to make your heart's desire come true. A radiant young girl, a beautiful woman is a magnet for romance," says Mrs. Biddle Stewart.

CHARMING young favorite of society in New York and Philadelphia, Mrs. Biddle Stewart is so romantic that her friends call her the "Fairy Princess." Tall and slender, with the lithe grace of a willow, she has the idyllic beauty of youth.

You notice her exquisite complexion the moment you look at her . . . its enchanting ivory pallor in vivid contrast with the cherry of her lips.

"A fresh, clear, youthful skin," she says, "is essential to beauty," and it is true.

Of course she uses Pond's! For, as she says, "Pond's provides the best and easiest method of home care.

"There is the delicious Cold Cream for cleansing," she adds, "to keep the skin flower-fresh and satin-smooth . . . the dainty Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream immaculately . . . the bracing Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and bestow a lovely natural color . . . and the exquisite Vanishing Cream for powder base—a true hand-maiden of romance," says Mrs. Stewart with her winsome smile, "for it keeps one's nose from ever looking shiny—and one's hands always velvet-white."

Yes, a lovely skin is the ensign of romance, and to catch and hold the springtime of her beauty is every woman's duty toward her happiness. That is why Pond's Method is such a success—because of the amazing efficacy of its four simple steps:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent.

Third—dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—never fail to cleanse immaculately with the Cold Cream and wipe away with Cleansing Tissues.

Distinguished and lovely women use Pond's four delightful preparations to keep the skin always at its best . . . Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing . . . Cleansing Tissues to wipe away the cream . . . Skin Freshener to banish oiliness . . . Vanishing Cream for exquisite powder base.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

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MARY FAITH

[*Continued from page 36*]

"Oh, that's too bad! I had this sweet cider in the house, and I thought we'd all drink to the two of you before he left. Well, we can drink to your happiness, anyway, Mary Faith."

Not knowing what else to do, Mary Faith followed her into the cheerful parlor.

Mr. McClintock and the two Brock girls, who "made their home" with Mrs. Puckett, were sitting on the wide sofa in front of the fire. Mrs. Puckett always spoke of her boarders as people who "make their home with me." She was very genteel.

Her house was a real home, however, to Mary Faith, who had come there seven years before with her widowed mother. And Mrs. Puckett had been a real friend right from the beginning.

It was in the beginning that Mary Faith had been in need of a friend. For a month after their coming to the tall red brick house her mother had died of pneumonia, and there had been no one but Mrs. Puckett to comfort Mary Faith and lend her money to pay for her course at the Spencerian Business College downtown.

She was a woman of big, whole-souled virtues and small, absurd faults. And she was a gossip and busy-body of the first water.

"Well, here's our little lady!" she cried, setting her tray down upon a marble-topped table in the middle of the room. "But her young man has fled without stopping to wait for our congratulations!"

"Mrs. Puckett has been telling us some wonderful news about you and Mr. Farrell, Miss Fenton," said Allie, who was the elder of the two Brock girls.

"Yes, indeedy!" It was old Mr. McClintock who spoke up next. "We hear that this bad girl of ours is going to get married and desert us all!" His mild, watery eyes smiled at Mary Faith through the thin haze of his cigar smoke.

"I've been telling these dear good people that you're going to leave us in less than two weeks, Mary Faith." Mrs. Puckett began to pour the cider into little cups as she talked. "The first of October—that's the date, isn't it?"

It was not the date. There was no longer any date for the wedding, and Mary Faith did her best to say so with a cheerful, natural air.

"We've decided not to be married on the first," she said, and there was not a quiver in her voice. "Kim—Mr. Farrell—found out today that he can't get away from the office just now."

She wondered if any of them believed her. She was pretty sure that not a one of them did. She caught Lily Brock giving her a narrow, calculating look as she took a cup of cider from Mrs. Puckett's tray.

They all lifted their cups in their hands. Mr. McClintock, as toastmaster, cleared his throat.

"We had intended to drink to the long life and happiness of you two young people, Miss Fenton," he said to Mary Faith in his courteous, old-fashioned way. "The bridegroom-to-be isn't here, but let us drink the toast just as if he were! The wedding is postponed, but that means we shall keep our girl here with us a little longer."

Mary Faith faced them all with a wide smile that did not hide the unhappiness in her eyes.

"Drink your cider, Mary Faith," Mrs. Puckett said, when she herself had had three cups of it. "It's very refreshing."

Mary Faith tried to drink it. It tasted bitter . . . Life itself had a bitter taste to her that night.

"Tomorrow," she thought, when she was lying in bed an hour later. "Tomorrow I'll have to go through all this again at the office; explaining everything to everybody."

TOMORROW dawned cold and gray with raindrops that looked like tears running down the window panes in her room. The trees in Haltnorth Park were hidden in a mist, and Mary Faith bathed and dressed by electric light.

There was a light burning in the lower hall, too, she saw as she came down the stairs at eight o'clock.

A man was sitting just inside the curtained door of the parlor. At the sound of her light, hurrying steps he got up and came out into the hall.

It was Kim. Before he reached her he began to speak.

"I want to talk to you, Mary Faith," he said quickly. "Is there any place where we can be alone?"

Beyond him in the parlor Mary Faith could see Mr. McClintock sitting beside the fire. Agnes was standing in the door of the dining room.

"There's no place here," she said, looking up at him, a faint, puzzled frown between her eyes. "Is your car outside? We could drive downtown together."

"We'll drive over to the Park for a minute," said Kim. "I'm not going straight downtown this morning. I have to stop off and see a man on the way down."

Haltnorth Park on that gray autumn morning was deserted and full of the sad sound of rain dripping from the trees and bushes. Kim stopped his roadster near the little lake where swans swam lazily all through the long drowsy days of summer.

"I don't know just how I'm going to tell you what I've got to tell you, Mary Faith," he began, turning off the engine of the car. "I swear I don't—"

He looked at her. Mary Faith looked back at him, never helping with a word.

"Last night after I left you," he said slowly, "I didn't go straight home. I meant to, and then I got to thinking about Janet. I got to thinking about her and I drove around to see her."

He paused and Mary Faith asked him a question. "Is 'Janet' the girl you've been driving home from work lately? The one you told me about last night?"

He said she was, his eyes on the surface of the little lake. Suddenly he turned in his seat.

"Oh, I may as well tell you the whole thing and get it over with!" he said roughly. "That girl's been around the office for months. I've taken her out to lunch a dozen times, I suppose, and I've driven her home three or four times a week for the last month . . . I thought she was a cute little kid. But I didn't know I was falling for her. I didn't know how much I cared about her until yesterday, when I told her about you and me."

Mary Faith gave him a straight and steady look. "Until she told you how much she cared for *you*," she said. "Kim, what are you trying to tell me? That you're giving me up? Is that it?"

Why, he couldn't give her up! . . . They had been in love with each other for almost four years. Month by month they had waited for the time to come when they could be married. Night before last they had actually decided on the date for their wedding . . . People didn't stick to each other like that if they didn't love each other for keeps!

"Why, Kim, you couldn't stop—liking me—after all these years," she said, putting her hands up to her aching throat. "You can't care for that girl the way you do for me, Kim. You haven't known her long enough . . . Why, think, just two nights ago you told me we'd be married on the first! And now this—Kim, I couldn't live if you threw me down now. That may sound silly to you, but it's the truth."

He sagged lower in his seat, shrugging his shoulders.

"You're making this awfully hard for me, Mary Faith," he said, his forehead a maze of petulant lines. "You don't think I *enjoy* sitting here telling you that we're through with each other, do you?"

"Through with each other?" repeated Mary Faith. And then she said it again, "Through with each other."

She sat still, taking it in for a minute or two.

"Well!" she said at last, as if she finally realized just what had happened to her. "Well, that's that, isn't it?" She opened the door of the car with wet cold fingers and stepped out upon the brown, soggy grass.

As she closed it Kim reached suddenly for her hands.

"Aren't you going to say goodbye to me, Mary Faith?"

She couldn't say a word. There was a great lump of tears in her throat. She shook her head and walked away across the grass.

"Mary Faith—"

She turned at the sound of his voice. He was getting out of the car. He had something more to say to her. His eyebrows were drawn up in a question.

"How about your engagement ring, Mary Faith?" he asked in an embarrassed voice. His face was flaming under its tan. "You won't want to wear it now, will you? I promised her I'd get it from you. She had an idea you might make trouble about all this. I told her you wouldn't. I told her that you were wonderful and that you'd understand—"

"Come here and take your ring!" Mary Faith cut in upon him.

He came across the wet grass and took it out of her fingers. He tried to smile but he looked like a whipped dog.

IT WAS half-past nine when Mary Faith walked into the office that morning. She went at once into Mr. Mark Nesbit's office without stopping to knock.

He was sitting at his desk, doing nothing. His letters lay in a neat stack before him. She saw that they had not been opened. She had always opened his letters for him.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said, and then: "May I speak to you a moment?"

He nodded.

"Mr. Nesbit, yesterday afternoon I told you I was going to leave you at the end of the month . . . I'd like to stay on if it's all right with you. I've changed my plans."

He glanced up at her.

"You mean that you're not going to be married in two weeks?" he asked sharply. So sharply that it did not occur to her at the time that this was anything but a businesslike question.

"I'm not going to be married at all," she answered quietly. "I've broken my engagement."

"I see." He got up and stood beside the desk, his hands in his pockets. "Everything here goes on just as it usually does, then . . . Well, that's fine, Mary Faith."

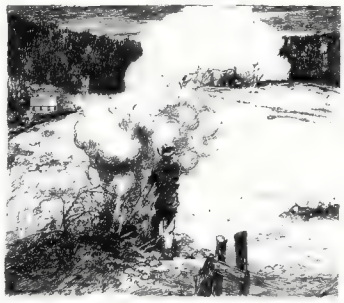
He never had called her Mary Faith before.

Everything had always been perfectly businesslike and matter-of-fact between them. She had done his work and he had paid her her salary. They had always been "Miss Fenton" and "Mr. Nesbit" to each other.

"Please send Miss Bartlett in," he said as Mary Faith turned to go out of his office. "I spoke to her just now about taking your position when you left . . . I'll tell her you're staying on. That will save you any embarrassment."

All day long as she went back and forth in the office she could feel the curious eyes of Jean and Miss Saxe and Miss Kelly upon her. She knew that they were all wondering just what had happened between herself and Kim.

[*Turn to page 41*]



BACK FARM

By Robert Hillyer

In solemn pause the forest waits
The signal to return;
Within our rotting garden gates
The weeds of Autumn burn.

Father to son we hold our field
Against the siege of tares,
Knowing our weaker sons would yield
The land no longer theirs;

Knowing how wind and sun and rain
Would fling their green stampedes
Where we who harvested the grain
Lie buried under weeds.

Freshness . . . fragrance of the just-opened churn

THE new-churned fragrance of this butter tells you how fresh it is. Sweet and delicate of flavor it comes to you—from the dairy lands where it's made. It is churned in immaculate creameries. Then delivered all over the country in fast refrigerator cars . . . *Creamery Fresh!* The same efficient organization protects the quality of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter *all the way* to your dealer. That's why you can buy it with such perfect confidence—*anywhere, always.* Try a package today. Your neighborhood dealer can supply you.

Swift's Premium Quality seal identifies a complete line of foods of superior merit. It is your guide to products of unvarying excellence.

You'll find Swift's Brookfield Eggs as dependable, as superior in quality as Swift's Brookfield Butter and Cheese. They are fine, large eggs, selected with great care.

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS

BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

Is he still the man you married?

PERHAPS it's hard to see any *striking* change in him. His voice may still have the old cheery ring; his step the same old energy.

But watch him in his off moments. Do you notice a little too much droop in his shoulders? Is he inclined to be just a little irritable when the soup isn't quite so hot as it might be . . . when the children are just a trifle too exuberant . . . or when he can't find the evening paper?

Nothing to be alarmed about, of course. Yet all too often, these little signs are nature's warnings. Perhaps they tell of lunches gobbled down on the rush . . . of hectic, heedless business days . . . of the healthful, outdoor exercise he *doesn't* get!

Is it any wonder that nature slows down in her work of elimination . . . that waste material accumulates to interfere with the proper functioning of his entire system? Is it any wonder that he finally joins the ranks of those countless men whom irregular habits handicap?

Here's a beneficial *food he'll actually enjoy!*

What he requires is a *daily* ration of bran — for bran-bulk is nature's *own* laxative—gentle, normal and effective.

And Post's Bran Flakes is a cereal that *any* man will eat, day after day, eagerly and with relish!

They are so crisply delicious—these fairy-thin toasted flakes. A shower of "golden" goodness in milk or cream to gladden the 8 a.m. eye!

And how temptingly they blend with fruits and berries! How gloriously good they are, baked into fluffy, flavorful muffins!

Give him this gentle help toward health—every day

See how soon you'll notice that he feels and acts much better. See if he doesn't soon enjoy life with a new vigor—a new zest. Wouldn't you like to bring back into being the old smile, the old energy, the old companionship of the man you married? Is tomorrow too soon to begin?

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

"Now you'll like bran"

A PRODUCT OF
GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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MARY FAITH

[*Continued from page 38*]

At half-past three Mr. Nesbit left the building to go to a bank directors' meeting. He did not get back to the office until six o'clock.

"I'm sorry to keep you like this," he said, putting his head in at the door of Mary Faith's small room. "Do you mind staying a little late? I'd like to get my desk cleared tonight."

"I'll be glad to stay," said Mary Faith, and she meant it.

His words were like a reprieve to her. All day she had been dreading the evening meal in the River Street house with the Brock girls watching her with their X-ray eyes.

It was half-past seven by the time she had finished the last of Mr. Nesbit's letters and had locked her desk for the night. She was getting into her raincoat when he opened the door of her room once more.

"It's raining," he said. "I'm going to drive you home."

The dining room windows were dark when they drove up before Mrs. Puckett's. Mary Faith let herself quietly into the house, hoping that she would meet no one on her way upstairs. But as she closed the front door Mrs. Puckett called out to her from the parlor.

"Mary Faith!—Didn't I just see you drive up in a gray closed car?"

"Yes." Mary Faith came down the hall and stood between the ruby velvet curtains that hung in the doorway of the parlor. "That was Mr. Nesbit's car. He brought me home tonight, Mrs. Puckett."

He never had driven her home before, and Mrs. Puckett knew it.

"Oh—ho!" she said. "So that's it! So that's why we aren't getting married in two weeks! So that's why we've changed our plans! We have a new beau!"

If that was the way things looked to her it was a blessing, said Mary Faith to herself. And in her heart she thanked Mr. Nesbit for driving her home.

Her room was unbearable to her that night, filled as it was with things that reminded her of Kim. The books they had read together. The pink-sprigged dishes and the etching that she had bought long ago. The scrapbook of recipes and household hints. His picture in a leather frame on her desk. His picture.

Once during the night she woke up. In the darkness everything came rushing back to her—all the unhappiness of the past twenty-four hours.

For one black moment she knew she was sick of herself, of her life, of everything . . . . Then the merciful weariness of utter exhaustion came over her again and she slept until morning.

SEPTEMBER was blown away on a gale that stripped most of the branches in Haltnorth Park and tore loose one of the green shutters outside Mary Faith's bedroom windows.

Halloween came, and there were little pasteboard Jack-o'-lanterns on the tables in Mrs. Puckett's dining room.

Thanksgiving Day brought the first snow and filled the house with the rich odor of sage dressing and roast turkey.

Mary Faith went to church, alone. The words of the beautiful service for Thanksgiving kept coming back into her mind all that long, lonely holiday: "He healeth those that are broken in heart. He giveth medicine to heal their sickness."

They seemed to have been written just for her. For time, the medicine that heals those that are "broken in heart," was healing her. Her first anguish over losing Kim had settled down now to a dull and steady ache.

Slowly, slowly, she was learning how to live her life without Kim.

A LITTLE after nine on the first morning in December, Mary Faith stepped into Mr. Nesbit's office and found it empty. This was unusual; for Mr. Nesbit was a person of punctual and orderly habits.

At eleven o'clock he telephoned from his house in Blue Valley, thirty miles away.

"I've hurt my ankle, Mary Faith," he told her. "The doctor says I'll be laid up here for a couple of weeks. So I'm going to have to ask you to bring my mail out to me. Better bring along your typewriter and anything else you need. Loft is on his way in to town to get you. Anything you want to ask me about?"

"No, Mr. Nesbit," answered Mary Faith, who always signed routine checks and orders when he was not at the office.

Fifteen minutes later Loftus, his colored chauffeur, came walking into her little room with an umbrella hooked over his wrist. He carried her typewriter down to the plum-colored limousine that stood waiting in the street and held his umbrella over her carefully as she crossed the icy sidewalk.

"Dis is sure bad weather for drivin'," he said to her as the car found its way through the traffic of the streets. "I never knowed Mr. Mark to have an accident until dis mornin'."

"What happened to him, Loftus?"

"He tipped over in his car—de little gray one," the man explained. "I seen him drive out de garage and pretty soon I heard a horn tootin' out by de gate. It kep' on tootin' and pretty soon I goes to see what's wrong out dere. And dere's Mr. Mark's car throwed over in de ditch and him settin' on top of it. He made de curve too quick, he say."

The Blue Valley road was like a frozen river and Loftus drove over it slowly and cautiously. It was almost one o'clock when he turned into a gravel driveway that ran along between high hedges of evergreen.

At the end of it stood a long low house of field stone. Lights twinkled in several of the first-story windows and smoke rose from its chimneys, giving promise of warmth and brightness within.

The car stopped and Loftus opened the door for Mary Faith.

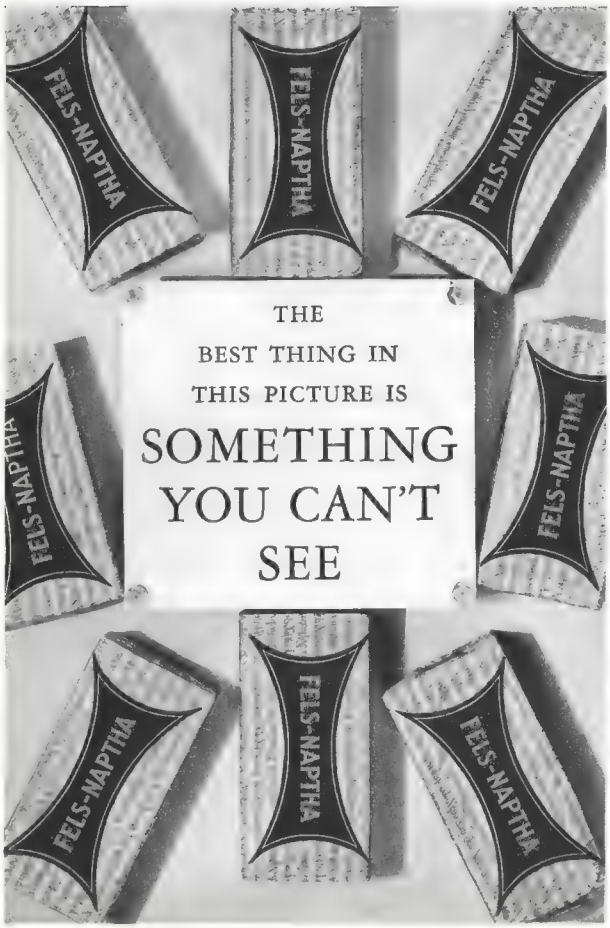
"Here we is, Miss Fenton!" he said. "I got you here jus' in time for lunch."

Within, the Nesbit house fulfilled its outward promise of warmth and comfort and beauty. A wood fire, crumbling to pink embers, glowed in the fireplace in the long, white-paneled hall. On the mantel shelf stood a jar of roses that made Mary Faith think of Haltnorth Park in June, and the carpet under her feet was springy and soft like gray-green moss.

"Mr. Mark says for Miss Fenton to come right upstairs to his study, please ma'am," said the colored houseman who had opened the door to her and taken her typewriter from Loftus.

He led the way up the stairs and Mary Faith followed him.

[*Continued in* OCTOBER McCALL'S]



And that something, dear reader, is *extra* help—the *extra* help of soap and naptha, instead of soap alone.

Naptha, you know, is an unusual dirt-loosener. You get plenty of it in Fels-Naptha. It is combined with golden soap by a special process that keeps it always on the job. That's why you can smell naptha in Fels-Naptha from the second you take off the wrapper until the generous bar is down to its last thin sliver.

And that's why Fels-Naptha is a real soap bargain for washday. It brings you not more bars, but more help—the *extra* help of good golden soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. Side by side, this capable team pitches into your washing tasks and lightens the work for you. Together, they seek out the dirt, coax it loose, and wash it away. Your clothes come beautifully clean — sweetly, fragrantly, thoroughly clean—without hard rubbing.

And Fels-Naptha asks no favors. It's always willing to work *your* way. All soaps do their best in hot water—Fels-Naptha included. But unlike many other soaps, Fels-Naptha also does a quick, thorough job in lukewarm or even cool water. So boil or soak your clothes, as you please. Use machine or tub. Fels-Naptha works so speedily, you don't have your hands in water long—a big help in keeping them nice.

Try Fels-Naptha for household cleaning, too. Get it at your grocer's. For convenience, get the ten-bar carton. You'll soon discover that the best thing about Fels-Naptha is the *extra* help it gives you.

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

© 1930, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. McC.-9-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to help cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely — print name and address

Chintz cushions harmonize with the yellow-to-green coloring of the scenic wallpaper

INSIDE YOUR FRONT DOOR

By Margery Taylor

For a tiny entrance, this arrangement is ideal

CLOSE your eyes for a moment and pay a flying visit to the first five or six entrance halls that flash into your mind. What do you notice about them: Beauty? Friendliness? An atmosphere of sunshine and hominess? Or an air of formality, or of clutter that fills you with discomfort?

Anything is possible, and it's not a hall's fault if it's unattractive. To us homemakers belongs the blame.

Let's see what can be done for a hall that wears an uninviting look. First of all, the right choice of wall finish or paper, and the selection of a harmonious color scheme and floor covering will bring about startling changes in a hall's atmosphere—even in its apparent size and shape.

Since the furnishings of most halls have to be rather meager on account of limited space, the real burden of decoration falls on the background: walls and woodwork *must* be right. Luckily, we have wall paper for our ally—to supply refreshing color and charmingly-patterned surfaces. It should be in keeping with the spirit of the house and have a well-executed design which gives an illusion of space. Allover scenic patterns are interesting in a Colonial house, with or without a plain wainscoting below.

The Georgian house has its own possibilities. Scenic panels are delightful, as is an eggshell white paper with formal shell motif very similar to the design so familiar on lowboys, highboys, and other Georgian pieces. Another paper has a yellow ground and graceful stripes of intertwining flowers and leaves; simple diagonal papers, too, are always lovely. Again, a very unique effect was obtained in an English country house by using geographical maps of the locality, which weekend guests loved to study.

If, instead of papering, you decide to paint the walls of your hall, choose clear, distinctive colors. For a dark hall, primrose yellow with green woodwork might be used. For a small hall, pale hydrangea blue with trimmings of lacquer red and silver would be charming and different. For a well-lighted hall, walls of soft grey green and draperies of red taffeta would be stunning.

In selecting the furniture avoid stereotyped pieces. A Queen Anne lowboy, reproduced in maple or mahogany, has a [*Turn to page 132*]

A sunny yellow paper with a green and coral pattern, a green rug, and a mirror create a cheerful spaciousness

Baby agrees with you on...

Sunkist Orange Juice

BABIES have a natural liking for Sunkist Orange Juice; they adopt it readily. And, it is so good for them. These California Oranges are extra-rich in minerals and vitamins which are responsible for the normal growth of body, bones and teeth.

It is of immediate interest to every mother that Sunkist Oranges have an abundant content of the vitally important vitamin "C". Because it cannot be stored in the body over 24 hours, it is essential that it be replenished every day. Baby will agree with you that there is no pleasanter way to get his daily allowance of vitamin "C" than through California Sunkist Orange Juice.

Additionally instructive is the scientific fact that *fresh* Sunkist Orange Juice and milk form an almost perfect combination for a baby's balanced menu; that Oranges cause a greater retention of milk's minerals.

If your baby is listless, fretful, lacking in vitality and under normal weight, it may indicate malnutrition. *Fresh* Orange Juice every day will prove very helpful. Actually the little body can starve for the elements Orange Juice provides.

Many of the minor ailments of growing childhood may be corrected or prevented by regular and liberal Orange Juice or Oranges to be eaten out of hand. *Fresh* Orange Juice or *fresh* Sunkist Lemonade are potent correctives of child-types of Acidosis. Children given Oranges regularly are less susceptible to stomach "upsets".

"Feeding the Child for Health" is a popular booklet approved by experts. It supplies important child-feeding facts and includes tables for height, weight and growth measurements; also, simple recipes for wholesome, inviting health-building foods. Mail the coupon for your *free* copy.

California Sunkist Oranges are either seedless or practically so. They have the richest juice and finest flavor *and are fresh in your market each day.* Look for the trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the tissue wrapper. "Sunkist" assures dependable quality.

Sunkist *California* Orange Juice

RICHEST JUICE FINEST FLAVOR

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor $14.95 (Canada $19.95). Guaranteed, neat, strong; only two instantly removable parts to clean under faucet. At your dealer's. Or, for further information, send coupon for *free* copy of the new catalog, *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories.* © 1930 C.F.G.E.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE,
Dept. 609, Box 530, Station "C", Los Angeles, California

Please send me FREE, the new booklet, *Feeding the Child for Health.* You may also send your new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories.*

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

Schooling Raises Pay

Statistics show that, on the average, high school graduates earn $1.00 for every 72 cents earned by boys with merely elementary education.

© 1930 M. L. I. Co.

"Dad, I want to get a job. Lots of rich men didn't go to school any longer than I have."

"My boy, you have heard about only the rare exceptions. You don't know how many millions of men have been barely able to keep body and soul together because they were only half educated and unable to compete with better trained men. You'd better go back to school."

MAYBE it is the boy next door—perhaps it is your own boy—who is eager, restless and ambitious, who would like to quit school and go to work. He is looking forward to the day when he will have more spending money and more independence.

He has read of self-made men who had but little schooling. He sees no reason why he could not do equally well.

Tell him that if he had a chance to talk to one of the big, self-made men of whom he has heard, he would probably be told, "While I was earning a place for myself in the business world I studied at night trying to keep up mentally with my old school friends—even those who went through college."

Before he is permitted to leave school it would be a great thing if he could talk to some man or woman in charge of employment for a big company. He would learn that the better educated boys and girls are given preference, from the outset, over those who quit school too soon.

In almost every kind of work, whether manual, mechanical, business or professional, higher wages and salaries, in the overwhelming majority of cases, are earned by the best educated and best trained.

Apart from the greater enjoyment of books, arts and science gained through education—and just as a matter of cold dollars and cents—education pays the best dividends.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE SHOW GOES ON

[*Continued from page 7*]

and tumbled, twisted and turned on bare backs of horses, tumbling bars, or trapeze. Small wonder that back in 1877 wagon shows were known as "Mud Shows."

Traveling conditions being fine, we usually arrived in a town early in the morning, proceeded to the circus lot, raised the tops, had breakfast, and prepared for the big parade. Conditions against us with inevitable delays, did we cancel the parade? Never! Instead, two miles or so outside of town, we took down the sides of animal cages, removed the canvas which shrouded the parade wagons, groomed and harnessed the "lead" stock (in those days, zebras, llamas, camels and elephants were walked from town to town), put on our regalia and did our turn through the town as per schedule.

IN ADDITION to discomfort in travel, we also faced the hostility of people outside of the circus. In the early days we were never cordially received anywhere, except by small boys who were drawn by the glamour surrounding circus gentry. Even they had reservations, due, of course, to the fear of parental lickings, if too intimate associations with us were discovered.

While this hostile attitude annoyed and saddened us, we were generally a happy lot, content to keep to ourselves and having as little love for the "rubes" or "gillies," as we called those outside of our profession, as they had for us.

The most painful and disastrous experiences for circus folks and townspeople alike were the brawls which occurred between them. These were invariably provoked by the town ruffians. Sometimes fights started simply because circus people were legitimate prey for combat, but more often because the ruffians tried to rush the gate, *sans* tickets. Whatever the cause, a cry of "Hey, Rube" meant trouble, and either from constant practice, or because of their infallible coöperation, circus people usually came off victors in casualties at least.

Circus life was not entirely made up of fights and rains. It was a wholesome existence. Living in the open brought us remarkably good health. Many circus people, beside myself, have rounded out three score years and ten; they are still useful citizens, still active and robust.

We were one large family, bound together by kindred interests. In the wagon days one was born to the circus or entered it at an early age. We all spoke the same language, had the same interests. Today, one must speak seven different tongues to converse with performers of a big circus. Acts are specialties, worked out to be turned to vaudeville during the winter. It is seldom one finds performers proficient in anything but their own turn, whereas in the old days they were accomplished in several lines. They had to be. Our means of transportation necessarily reduced the number of performers to be carried, consequently "specialists" were an expensive luxury.

Radios, movies, talking pictures, and automobiles have produced a sophisticated audience unknown to the wagon era; yet some of the most thrilling, breath-taking acts of today are relics, redressed perhaps, from the past. As a striking example, spectators who may be mildly enthusiastic about some circus stunts will rise in their seats and gasp at the man shot from the gun. Well they may, for that is an exceedingly dangerous act. The blast of ammunition has nothing whatever to do with that long dive through the air. It is an effective bit of reality, timed with the release of an enormous spring which actually catapults its victim, sometimes into eternity. Men have been killed in this turn, but not with gun-powder. If the bore of the gun is too small, the performer will stick within it—neck broken. If his knees buckle at the release of the powerful spring beneath the board on which he stands, the result is the same.

Almost fifty years ago, Zazel, a woman, did this same act, only instead of landing in a net as they do today, she was hurled forty feet into the air and caught the arms of a man who hung suspended from a trapeze in the middle of the ring. Zazel still lives, although a victim of her dangerous work. She is passing her last years in a sanitarium, suffering with a serious spinal disorder.

The leaps are a thing of the past, those long runs down a fifteen-degree incline, to the low roll of drums, a stiff-legged jump from the springboard, and graceful somersaults over several elephants and horses lined up side by side. That was the act by which the ability of aspiring clowns was judged. Sam Reinhardt, Sam Stickney, Bob Stickney, Price, and Levi North, and if you will forgive an old man's boasting, Bob Sherwood, were great leapers in their time.

The singing, talking clown has gone. Today they are actors who have adopted clown technique without clown psychology. They are still funny—they still amuse, but they seldom move their audiences to tears as well as laughter, which was required of distinguished clowns in my day. Their return to strict pantomime is just one more necessity of the modern, big business of the circus. Tops today are 550 feet long and 200 feet wide; it would be impossible for one voice to fill that vast space to the satisfaction of all.

Curiously enough, three-ring circuses came into being during the time when circus folk were most despised by townspeople. They looked down upon us as individuals, yet swarmed to us as entertainers. When the round top, sixty feet in diameter, would no longer hold the crowds, an oval top was constructed. Those seated on the end "blues" (circus parlance for seats), had difficulty in seeing and hearing what went on in the center, and smaller rings were added at each end for their especial benefit.

IT WAS in 1881 that the next big innovation came to the circus—electricity. I was with the Barnum and Bailey show at the time. The "old man," ever a first-class advertiser, took advantage of the innovation, calling upon people to come and see our electric lights, but true to his calling, he neglected to announce that trainers refused to show "cat" acts under them. The lights were fickle; at a second's notice out they would go, and no trainer would trust his lions, tigers, cougars, or panthers to rest quietly once they were frightened or had the opportunity to spring.

In 1880 most circuses took to the railroads. Transportation became more comfortable, living conditions improved, and public opinion toward circus folk changed, but every veteran of the old wagon shows looks back with a "those were the days" attitude and lives in the past. Glamour hovers over the wagon era, and glamour was there, in spite of hardships.

Don't believe "there's no difference in oats"

James A. Barrick and son Jack engage in a summer morning "foursome" with Dorothy Johnstone and Madelon Barnes. Keeping fit in vacation on Quaker Oats breakfast is part of their daily schedule.

Millions recognize the superior flavor, the *richer nutrition* in Quaker Oats

School surveys show that "70% of the entire day's school work must be done in the morning." This breakfast provides lasting energy that protects against morning fatigue.

EVERY morning, throughout the school rooms of America, tense little bodies must accomplish—in the few short hours before noon—70% of the entire day's school work!

To fortify children against these morning demands . . . to provide lasting energy that "stands by," Quaker Oats is unsurpassed, say nutritionists.

The difference between Quaker Oats and ordinary oatmeal

For Quaker Oats is different from ordinary oatmeal. It has far more to offer children. It is made of choicer, finer, richer oats to start with. These selected oats are "heat seasoned" in closed containers for 36 hours. In addition, *and this is important,* Quaker roasts these plump whole oats in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness. This roasting pre-cooks Quaker so that it cooks deliciously done in 2½ minutes . . . faster than any other quick oat. It is this special roasting process which gives Quaker Oats that luscious nut-sweet flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Most important of all, for the child's health, the Quaker milling process retains every bit of the vital part of the oat, where Nature stores her three great protective foods, vitamins, minerals and proteins. Thus Quaker Oats is 16% protein. And protein is the "building" food which every living cell in the child's busy, growing body is continually demanding for repair and upkeep. Quaker Oats contains 50% more of this protective food than white flour—twice as much as cornmeal!

Quaker gives ⅓ more oats

Don't fail to protect your child against the four hardest hours of the school day with this breakfast that gives lasting . . . sustaining energy all morning long. Your grocer has both the regular and the Quick Quaker Oats. Both packages contain one-third more oats than most millers pack. Look for the Quaker name and the Quaker figure on the box. They are your guarantee of finer flavor . . . richer nutrition . . . faster cooking.

Unsurpassed in nutrition qualities

1 *"Mostnutritious* of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.

2 *Fastest* of all quick cooking oats. Done 2½ minutes after the water boils.

3 *Health qualities unsurpassed*—16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—more abundant vitamin B to protect health.

4 *Richer flavor.* Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Millions need no other guarantee of a superior product than the name "Quaker" on the package. For rich, mellow, ripe-corn flavor try *Quaker Cornmeal.* And, remember, if you don't agree that any Quaker product you buy is superior to others of its kind—we shall gladly remit you the cost of the package.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker Oats...*two kinds*...Quick Quaker Oats

FOR Clearer, lovelier SKIN

KEEP IT HEALTHY AT THESE STARS

MY MANNEQUIN SHOWS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

by Frances Ingram

YOUR skin can be so clear, so satiny smooth and soft and young—if only you will use my Milkweed Cream and my special method to keep your skin *healthy!*

For Milkweed Cream is a marvelous corrective for the complexion. When you use it, you will understand my enthusiasm—you will see how its delicate oils cleanse the skin exquisitely and how its special toning ingredients help the health of skin as no other cream possibly can.

Let me show you how Milkweed Cream brings health and loveliness to your skin.

First, study carefully the six starred places on my famous mannequin—the places where lines and imperfections first appear to steal away your youth and beauty. Then, scrutinize your own skin at the same six spots. Is there a tiny, thread-like wrinkle here? A blemish there? Take steps to banish them, now!

The Milkweed Way to Loveliness

First, apply Milkweed Cream generously upon your skin (preceded by bathing with warm water and pure soap if your skin is oily). Leave it on for a moment to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and lighter film of Milkweed Cream and follow my method at the right to make lovely the six vital places where skin beauty dwells, and where my cream awakens it swiftly.

☆ THE FOREHEAD — *To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.*

☆ THE EYES—*If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.*

☆ THE MOUTH — *Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.*

☆ THE THROAT — *To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.*

☆ THE NECK — *To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

☆ THE SHOULDERS — *To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.*

All drug and department stores have Milkweed Cream. Begin this sure method tonight. If you have any special questions, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday 10:15 A. M. (E. D. T.) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

THREE SIZES . . 50¢ . . $1 . . $1.75

INGRAM'S

Milkweed Cream

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. C-90, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

McCALL'S CENSUS

[*Continued from page 19*]

association organized to campaign for better conditions for the home. As President, Mr. Hoover resigned his presidency of Better Homes in America, and Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, succeeded him. Ere this article is published (and certainly soon after, if it has not happened yet) the President will call a conference of all authorities on the subject of Better Homes. As homemakers in 1930 we are not only recognized by the census, but specifically by the President, and the home is at last going to be put on a professional basis as the foundation of national well-being.

Looking down the records of the past ten years, it is quite certain that it is far safer to be a mother in 1930 than it was in 1920.

In bringing about this happy condition of affairs, women have had a direct hand. We began to vote in 1920. One of the first things organized women did as voters was unusual, something I think never duplicated by men as a sex. Ten national organizations of women agreed that whenever any national legislation came into view that was supported by five of the organizations, a joint Congressional Committee would be formed to work for such legislation. The ten national organizations enlisted became eighteen. Five acts of Congress have been passed largely through the efforts of the organizations represented in the joint Congressional Committee. They are:

A statutory provision for the maintenance of the Woman's Bureau in the U. S. Department of Labor.

The Sheppard-Towner Act, to finance a war on the maternity and infancy death rate.

The Cable Act—independent citizenship for women irrespective of marital status.

A compulsory education law for the District of Columbia.

Provision for a federal institution for women prisoners.

It was the Sheppard-Towner Act that made it safer for us to be mothers today. The Children's Bureau, established in 1912, had found out why the United States had a higher maternal death rate than any other civilized country, with the exception of Spain and Switzerland. They had found out why 300,000 babies died every year. But the Children's Bureau had no money with which to combat the poverty and ignorance that were the two chief causes.

The Sheppard-Towner Act, known as the Maternity and Infancy Act, passed through the efforts of women, gave the needed funds and the needed authorization.

FOR years Congress had appropriated money for road building and to raise better horses, hogs, and wheat. For the first time in history it appropriated money ($1,252,080 a year divided between the Children's Bureau and the states), for bettering conditions among child-bearing mothers and their babies.

From 1921 to 1929, when the funds provided for by the act ended, the Children's Bureau worked with the states to develop a program. In 1929 forty-five states were coöperating. As this is written, Congress is trying to decide whether future work should be placed under the Children's Bureau or under the Public Health Department. There is no question of abandoning the work. The only decision is how it shall be carried on as a permanent feature of government? Why should there be a question? Look at the records. In 1928 we saved 16,000 babies who would have died in their first year had they been born in 1922.

Infant mortality, 1921, 75.0 under one year per 1,000 births; 1928, 67.0.

Maternal mortality, 1921, 6.73 per 1,000 births; 1928, 6.42.

EDUCATION is slow. In less than ten years we are definitely on our way toward keeping more mothers and babies alive.

Our rights as mothers are second to our rights to be mothers. Recently the New York conference of the Methodist Church passed a resolution that said:

"In the interest of morality and sound scientific knowledge we favor such changes of the law in the states of New York and Connecticut as will remove the existing restrictions upon the communication by physicians to their patients of important medical information upon birth control."

Ten years ago no such resolution could have been passed. Then the general understanding of birth control was that it was intended to avoid motherhood. That its first purpose was to make motherhood an intelligent contribution to the nation, instead of a liability, has just been recognized. In this country the spread of some general understanding of social hygiene has been entirely within the past ten years. When President Wilson for the first time in history sent out an army with no camp-followers, and definitely refused the offers of certain of our Allies, he officially recognized a new concept of sex necessity. Seizing upon that concept, men and women have worked to bring about such frankness as would assist in the control of sex and social disease.

"Ten years ago," said Dr. Valeria H. Parker, "I doubt whether a woman's club in the country would consider the matter of social hygiene. Today the General Federation and many national organizations, including the Federation of Churches, have Social Hygiene Committees actively working for racial health."

In this struggle the new generation is giving clear-eyed assistance. Our children demand the facts of life that were withheld from us, and demand them intelligently to be put to intelligent use. Even with our new frankness, I hardly dare say in plain words just what has happened in the past ten years. That is left to the next decade.

The most important result to us as women up to now is the release of the emotional side of our lives through enlightenment upon our sex necessities, unrecognized before, and our increased ability to control social disease of which in the past we might have been innocent victims. The knowledge transmitted to expectant mothers during the past decade has resulted in the bearing of hundreds of children free from any taint of social disease, children who before might have been irrevocably doomed. Long ago we civilized hunger; today we are civilizing the sex instinct "that the children of tomorrow may inherit health of soul and body from a generation that has learned in its perfection the art of sexual love."

[*Continued on page 48*]

Let that $3 saving buy a new school frock

There are so many things you can buy your children with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A school frock is merely a suggestion.

A lesson that leads to

Economy and *Whiter* Teeth

ARE you willing to make a trifling experiment that will delight you and save you considerable money?

Then switch to Listerine Tooth Paste and give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any paste at any price. You will quickly make these important discoveries:

—That it is the most economical dentifrice you can use.

—That it whitens teeth remarkably—sometimes within a few days.

—That it swiftly removes blemishes and discolorations that ordinary dentifrices fail to affect.

—That, because of its fine texture, it penetrates tiny crevices between the teeth and routs out matter causing decay, without harming precious enamel.

—That it leaves your mouth with that exhilarating after-effect you associate with Listerine itself.

—That it cuts your tooth paste bill approximately in half.

There can be no greater testimony of outstanding merit of Listerine Tooth Paste than its rise from obscurity four years ago to a commanding position among the leaders today.

That it can be sold for 25¢ the large tube, is due entirely to ultra-modern methods of manufacture. Buy a tube from your druggist today and see how it lives up to the claims we have made for it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

50¢-quality
LISTERINE
Shaving Cream
Now **25¢**

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Remarkable Cooking Discovery brings new success to Menu-Making

Examples by the score in new FREE Cook-Book — no wonder this is called "The Precision Ingredient"

WHAT made this master Meat Loaf Roast now so temptingly savory — so tenderly firm to slice? Just a few slices of cold meat left-overs as a starting point! Hardly enough, it would seem, for another family meal.

But along came Minute Tapioca. The very same Minute Tapioca of sparkling dessert fame. But this time in the new rôle of "precision ingredient." Under its fairy godmother influence, meat loaves no longer crumble, you can make croquettes exquisitely crisp without, tender within, and never, never do they fall apart when frying.

Would you like to test this new magic of Minute Tapioca? See how it makes high omelets, light as a butterfly's wing, which never "fall from grace" in serving; how it gives soufflés an airy fluffiness; how it keeps fruit pie juices from bubbling over and ruining crusts; how it imparts new sparkle to soups.

MEAT LOAF ROAST

4 tbsp. Minute Tapioca, uncooked
¾ cup tomato juice or meat broth
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of Cayenne
Dash of black pepper
½ tsp. onion, finely chopped
1 tsp. parsley, finely cut
¾ pound (1½ cups) cooked meat, ground (veal, pork, ham, etc.)

Combine Minute Tapioca, tomato juice, salt, Cayenne, pepper, onion, parsley, and meat. Mix well. Shape into loaf in roaster or large pan. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 30 minutes; then decrease heat to moderate (350°F.) and bake 30 minutes longer, basting frequently during the baking with a mixture of 1 cup hot water and 4 tablespoons butter. Serve hot or cold. Serves 6.

All measurements are level.

50 Tested Recipes illustrating "precision ingredient" uses — in New Cook-Book — You Need It Now!

Also, in this same priceless book, there are fifty gala desserts — good for your children — good for giving the family dinner a party atmosphere. Minute Tapioca, a product of General Foods Corporation, is economical — easy and speedy to prepare (*Minute Tapioca requires no soaking and only a few moments' cooking*). The Minute Tapioca package and the Minute Tapioca Cook-Book are vital necessities in every modern kitchen.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
FILL IN COMPLETELY — PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY, Inc.
29 Pierce St., Orange, Massachusetts

Please send me FREE copy of Minute Tapioca Cook-Book

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd. Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

McCALL'S CENSUS

[*Continued from page 46*]

In our legal rights over these dearly purchased children we are not yet equal to their fathers. But the last ten years have seen the passage of laws equalizing rights of guardianship in California, 1925; Colorado, 1923; Delaware, 1923, 1927; Georgia, 1922; Kentucky, 1928; Louisiana, 1921; Maine, 1927; Maryland, 1929; Massachusetts, 1922; Mississippi, 1922; New Jersey, 1926, 1928; New York, 1923, 1924; Ohio, 1923; Pennsylvania, 1925; South Carolina, 1923; Tennessee, 1923; Wisconsin, 1921. Sixteen states took legal cognizance of the fact that the woman who bears a child has some right in that child. Thirty-seven states now recognize rights in guardianship in the mother, even when they do not exactly equal those of the father. In two states, Arizona and Nebraska, preference under specified conditions is given to mothers.

We were given the franchise in 1920. But ever since then our new status as citizens has been in the process of being established. The franchise was a national matter; state laws were based on a non-voting feminine population. With the vote as a flaming sword, women got to work. Some of the items are eye-opening. In Louisiana (1921) women were admitted to membership in the "family meeting," which in Louisiana passes by law on matters pertaining to the family! In twenty-one states women have been made eligible to jury service. In many states they have acquired the right to hold public office, to occupy various professions, to enter into contracts, to inherit real estate.

Because we were unenfranchised for so many years, the various states have thousands of laws based on the male legislator's concept of the peculiar conditions of life for women. These laws must be wiped out.

Largely through the efforts of the woman's joint Congressional Committee, three years before the home was recognized by the U. S. Government, a Woman's Bureau was established in Washington under the Department of Labor, with a woman, Mary Anderson, at its head. That Bureau has served actively in a constantly speeded up effort to keep pace with the job in hand. For the obvious change of the past ten years, a change that sprang to the lips of everyone I consulted, and yet about which no one knows a great deal that is definite, is the number of women who are working outside the home. What we do know is what we see about us in our own neighborhoods. Mrs. Hahn has started selling in T's store and Mrs. Young has taken a job at the Y, and Mrs. Brown is opening a tea room with Mrs. Wells. We can see those things. Without the new census figures we know that a great change has come in the number of women in industry, in the professions, and in business.

I HAVE heard many theories to account for this increase, but Mary Anderson and Frances Perkins, Industrial Commissioner for New York state, backed me up in my belief that the increase of women in industry is a tribute to a rise in our standards of living, and to the spread of education. During the war, when wages went up, women had a taste of what we used to call luxury, and now regard as a decent standard of home life. They appreciated the better standard and are determined to continue it. If it means going out to work that their children might have better education and a better home, they will go. They have gone. At least two million of the twenty-odd million married women in the country are working today.

IF, TO be properly administered, the home demands a working week of fifty-one hours, something is lost in the transaction. One of the imminent questions we have to face is whether what is lost is balanced by what is gained. But lost or gained, there is no stopping the tide. It is so fashionable to work in 1930 that women who have achieved any positions are continually embarrassed by home women who are openly envious. It is an unusual week when I do not hear, "Oh, I do wish I could work as you do. It's so much more interesting."

That did not happen to me ten years ago. Even after the war a great many of us were still feeling that work was rather dangerous for gently-bred women. Again, lest you doubt me, I turn to the popular woman's magazines of 1920. Over the signature of the secretary of one of our late presidents I read:

"A mother said to me the other day, 'If you had a very attractive younger sister who had to earn her own living, how would you feel about her taking up stenography?'

"I replied, 'I should be very much worried about it! There are few in the ordinary run of business men who can dictate to a girl without consciousness of her attractions!'"

There may have been few in 1920, but there are certainly thousands of them who, although they may not be unconscious of attraction, are certainly not going to clink glasses with their stenographers in 1930, as one illustration in this article shows. No one in 1930 would dream of writing that she would be worried about a girl taking up stenography. Business for girls is a thing taken for granted.

One little-noticed factor of the past ten years which has an enormous potentiality, is woman's growth in financial power. This is due almost wholly to men. As workers our earnings are on the increase, but they are not sufficiently large to assure our present status. Because women have been dependent upon men, 80 per cent of the $100,000,000 life insurance policies in force in this country name women as their beneficiaries. Wills recently probated in New York show that 70 per cent of men who die leave their estates to women, and 64 per cent of women who die leave their estates to other women. Holdings in great corporations show astounding figures. In the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, 51 per cent or over of the stockholders are women. In U. S. Steel there are more than 50,000 women stockholders, which is over 50 per cent; in the Pennsylvania Railroad, 50.48 per cent. Analyzing income tax returns of incomes of over $100,000 a year, women report $484,794,440 as opposed to men's

[*Continued on page 51*]

ARE YOUR EYES WORTH 1¢ APIECE?

THE MARK OF QUALITY

BE SURE—

to protect your eyes with the good light that is produced by lamps of high quality.

The world-wide resources of General Electric are utilized in the manufacture of Edison MAZDA* Lamps, which have the quality that assures the *full value of the current consumed.*

In the average home the difference between the cost of good light and poor light hardly amounts to a cent an hour. Good light is a protection against eye-strain, which is likely to cause impairment of sight and be damaging to beauty.

Always look for the mark MAZDA upon the lamps you buy. It is a guide to tested quality.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Quick as a wink

you can mix and bake these light fluffy pancakes made with AUNT JEMIMA . . . . .

Speaking of easy breakfasts . . . have you used this short cut to pancakes? Just add milk (or water) to Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour . . . then set the steaming, fragrant cakes on the table, *only 2 minutes later.* • It's the kind of breakfast that you like to prepare, because it's so easy. And the sort you like to serve, because the dainty Aunt Jemima pancakes are so wholesome. • Four sun-ripened grains are ground into flour . . . corn, rye, rice, wheat. Then mixed with milk, salt, sugar—for you. All you do is add the liquid and drop the batter on the griddle. That's why, *in 2 minutes,* you can serve Aunt Jemima pancakes . . . piping hot, golden brown, super-light! • It's Aunt Jemima's own plantation recipe . . . modernized for you. Ask your grocer for this old-fashioned pancake flour, today. Then make this 2 minute test. Bake your pancakes the new-fashioned Aunt Jemima way! • If you do not think these pancakes are the best you've tasted, your grocer will be glad to refund the purchase price. The Quaker Oats Company.

ON THE AIR, QUAKER OATS PROGRAM *every morning with your breakfast! 8:00-8:15 Eastern and Central time*

OTHER SUPERIOR QUAKER PRODUCTS *include Muffets, the whole wheat biscuit with sunshine vitamin*

McCALL'S CENSUS

[*Continued from page 48*]

$404,802,056. One hundred thirty-nine women and one hundred twenty-three men paid taxes on incomes over $500,000, and forty-four women and forty-two men on incomes of more than $1,000,000. A general analysis indicates that 41 per cent of the nation's wealth is controlled by women, and that wealth is rapidly increasing through insurance and inheritance.

IN LESS affluent groups the control of the family income is in the hands of the women. As I stated in the series of articles, *The Woman Buys and Buys*, published in McCall's in 1929, women do 85 per cent of the retail buying of the country and as ultimate judges of the product sold, control industry. In the past ten years men have handed over more and more of the family buying to women.

Almost all of my Board of Consultants urged that I give some attention to woman's work for peace. Judged in the light of the past ten years, woman's work for peace, like man's work for peace, has been but feebly effective. One thing women have done. They have put peace as a topic into the life of every woman. Of far greater import is the work started by women for international friendship among the children of the world. Peace is today a constant figure on our spiritual horizon. We can look to no future without it; we have achieved peace consciousness.

Look back again at 1920! Are we better off? Have the ten years that have passed meant anything to us as women? Can you doubt? Think of that long-skirted, union-suited, steel-corseted, properly constituted female of 1920, who had little chance of running her home intelligently because she had no training for so running it and no way of obtaining help quickly in scientifically solving her problems. Today the efforts of the national government are with her in raising her home standards. Think of the increasing safety of child-bearing, of the wider recognition of our legal rights as mothers, of our increasing power in finance, and our mounting status in business and the professions. Out of the whirlpool of sex disturbance that has so troubled us is growing steadily a sex idealism, founded upon scientific understanding. I challenge you, could an article signed by any woman have contained in 1920 the words, "the perfection of the art of sexual love," and be read with sympathetic understanding?

The woman of 1930 can count the decade well-lived. The tide that is bearing her on is not yet at its full. Women have not yet received full recognition as citizens, nor have they grown to their full status in service in the home, as mothers, in public office, business or the professions. There is work yet to be done by the woman of 1930. But now she may swim *with* the tide!

The following women were consulted by Helen Christine Bennett in preparing the McCall Census:

Dr. Valeria H. Parker, honorary president, National Council of Women; Mrs. John F. Sippel, president, General Federation of Women's Clubs; Miss Belle Sherwin, president, National League of Women Voters; Miss Marion McClench, president, National Business and Professional Women's League; Burnita Sheldon Matthews, counsel, National Woman's Party; Mary Anderson, chief of the Woman's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor; Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor; Dr. Louise Stanley, chief of the Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture; Harlean James, representing the Woman's Joint Congressional Committee, and Secretary of the American Civic Association; Helen M. Atwater, editor, Journal of Home Economics, American Home Economics Association, Member of the sub-committee on physical education of President Hoover's Conference on Child Health; Mrs. Walter McNabb Miller, chairman of Health Committee, National Council of Women; Miss Frances Perkins, industrial commissioner, New York.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

[*Continued from page 26*]

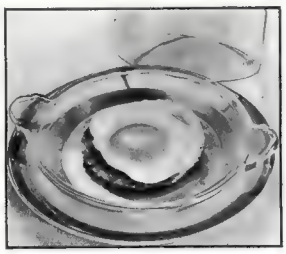
One could wish that the husband in *East Wind; West Wind*, before his rebellion led him to establish an American style house in China, might have read Emily Post's *The Personality of a House*. The author of *Etiquette* has now produced a volume valuable to anyone who feels the urge to build or remodel or refurnish a house, or merely to freshen up the guest room. If you like to daydream about what you would do to your home if you had a million dollars, or a thousand, or even ten to spend on it, here's a practical, easy-reading book of wide scope, lavishly illustrated. You'll even find a chapter about the moderns, full of sensible advice, warnings and discreet encouragements.

Now that autumn is at hand bringing fresh vigor, and the children are back in school, perhaps you've an appetite for some rather challenging educational reading. Grace Gridley Wilm's *A History of Music* will be valuable to those interested in this subject, and to those who wish they were. An especially useful feature is the list of illustrative records appended to some of the later chapters . . . Suzanne LaFollette's *Art in America* is an appreciative and critical account of what our painters, sculptors and architects have done and left undone . . . *Armageddon*, an anthology of World War literature edited by Eugene Lohrke, presents selections from the most famous war books of all nations, fiction and otherwise, in such a way as to give a sense of the war's movement and proportions as well as many vivid pictures of individual experiences.

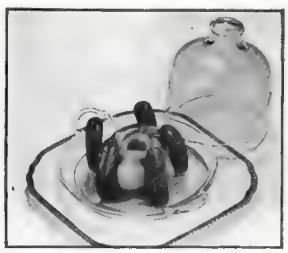
FOR those hot days which summer always leaves lying about in September, and for persons who like a merry book whatever the season, H. M. Kahler's *Father Means Well* is herewith gayly recommended. . . . Persons who crave a few crumbs of crime in their reading diet may like to know of *The Berkshire Mystery*, by G. D. H. and M. Cole—my favorite this month; Agatha Christie's book of short stories, *The Mysterious Mr. Quin*, in which the title character solves all the mysteries without himself ceasing to be one; *Why Murder The Judge?*, in which Claude Stuart Hammock provides a quickened pulse and goose flesh; *The Man Who Was There*, by N. A. Temple-Ellis, with a dash of humor thrown in; and *The Scarab Murder Case*, by S. S. Van Dine with Philo Vance dropping his g's even faster than he picks up his clues, as usual.

Every-Day Foods in a Glamorous Guise

Simple Foods become Delectable · · · baked and served in the PYREX BELL-TOP Dish



BREAKFAST—*A tempting dish for early morning appetites. Poached egg served under glass . . . keeps hot*



LUNCHEON—*Baked apple with tiny sausages—cooked and served, hot and flavorful, under glass*

UNDER one of these crystal bells, individual servings of every-day food look like the concoction of some famous chef. And taste like it, too!

But the Pyrex Bell-top dish has more than beauty as excuse for being. Many meat, fish and egg dishes, as well as vegetables and fruits, can be baked as well as served in it. The bell-top seals in all the delicate aroma, juice and flavor of the food. And since the food goes directly from oven to table, it is served piping hot.

The bell-top alone has many advantages. Placed over foods, it keeps them hot in transit from kitchen to dining room. It lends distinction to service. It keeps foods fresh and hot when guests are late for dinner.

. . .

HERE are a few suggestions for under-glass cookery: Baked Oysters. Filet of Haddock or Sole. Baked Shad Roe. Baked Ham and Potatoes in cream sauce. Baked Stuffed Egg-plant or Tomatoes. Baked Apples, Bananas or Pears.

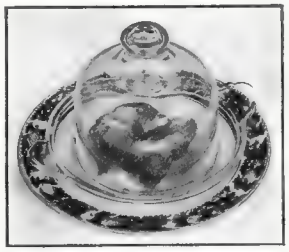
The houseware or china sections of department stores and hardware stores have this dish and many other Pyrex dishes—Price $1.25. Separately, Dish, 45¢; Bell-top, 80¢.

FREE: *Send today for new Menu Booklet containing 30 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time*

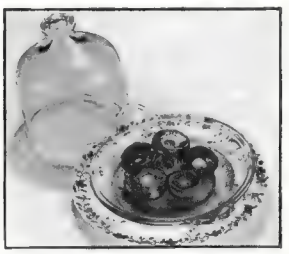
Address: Corning Glass Works, Dept. 271, Corning, N. Y.

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT NAME)

*Address*_____



DINNER — *Pork tenderloin in cream—baked and served in the same dish . . . a chef's triumph*



SUPPER—*Mushrooms—a favorite dish for under-glass cookery. These were baked in lemon butter sauce*

INVALID DISH—*The most languid appetite will be tempted by foods served fresh and hot under glass*

Prices slightly higher in West and Canada.
Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Announcing

PROTECT-O-PAD

Blue-jay's New comfort-partner

Blue-jay has a new team-mate ... Protect-O-Pad. The name describes it. A satin-smooth, trim, oval adhesive shield ... hollow-centered, impregnated with mercurochrome ... it covers and guards tender tissues while nature restores them to health. Lifts pressure ... ends friction ... stops pain and irritation at once. Invisible and comfortable under thinnest slippers or sandals.

Halts and banishes young corns. Prevents "come-backs" by old ones. Checks blisters, heals calluses. When shoes pinch or rub, pop on a Protect-O-Pad and go right on working or playing. Free and easy ... on happy feet.

Like Blue-jay, the familiar *3-day treatment* for removing corns, Protect-O-Pads are made by a house famous for surgical dressings. Pleasant, water-proof, non-skid. At all drug counters, 35 cents. Blue-jay corn plasters, 25 cents.

BLUE-JAY

CORN PLASTERS
PROTECT-O-PADS
LIQUID BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

The views along Cadillac Mountain Road, Bar Harbor, rival those of the Grand Corniche

ROADS TO EVERYWHERE

By Jeanette Eaton

ON THIS continent there are—literally—roads to everywhere. Roads winding down into purple canyons, roads skirting silent blue lakes or the pounding sea, roads that climb snow-capped mountains, or invade primeval forests, or pick a safe, direct way across marshes, rivers and plains.

No longer need we sit at home and dream about the wonders of the world. We have only to study pictures and road maps, decide which tour offers us the best combination of beauty, historic interest and comfort—then get in our cars and go north, south, east, or west.

Colorado has built a superb road up Lookout Mountain

Ten routes span our continent from ocean to ocean, and four of them are absolutely distinct at every point. Dozens of post roads drop down at various spots from Canada or the Great Lakes to Mexico and the Gulf. Once they were only faint trails traveled by moccasined Indians or plodding Spanish priests: now they are smooth, broad, gently graded highways—tuned to the speed of millions of motorists. And today, just as much as in those long-vanished yesterdays, they are the roads to adventure and romance.

There is Route One, for instance, which passes through all of the original Thirteen Colonies. Along the way lie battlefields of the two great wars which made our nation. If you have time, you can linger at old taverns where George Washington stayed. But if you must get where you're going in a hurry, you can rush along at forty miles an hour and feast your eyes on the beauties of mountains, rivers, and sea while you speed.

Route Forty unrolls a veritable scroll of American history. It was begun one hundred and twenty-four years ago, being a continuation of a rough road between Washington and Cumberland, Maryland. From there it was pushed on to Wheeling, then through Ohio (over the old buffalo trail) and straight West across [*Turn to page 54*]

At Bingham, Maine, the road into Canada follows the winding Kennebec

NANCY CARROLL
the bewitching little Paramount star whose charm has won the hearts of millions, says: "You can keep your skin beautifully smooth just as we screen stars do — by using Lux Toilet Soap!"

You too must pass the Close-up Test

How people love the close-up! How beautiful smooth skin closely revealed in a flood of light draws them irresistibly! Under searching light is YOUR skin lovely to close, eager eyes? That is YOUR close-up test.

Screen stars must captivate millions when the revealing close-up is flashed on the screen . . . YOU must pass critical eyes

CLOSE TO YOU

AN EXQUISITE complexion spells romance! A skin so alluringly lovely that it can pass the cruel test of the close-up, taken under blazing lights, is a necessity for any star, 45 important Hollywood directors will tell you.

And the watchful eyes of millions are no more critical than the eyes that look at you. *His* eyes are your close-up test. The instant appeal of lovely skin is all important whether you are winning the heart of millions — or of ONE.

DORIS KENYON
charming star, is famous for her lovely skin. "Lux Toilet Soap is delightful," she says.

So well do the radiant screen stars who hold the world breathless with their charm know this, that 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood use Lux Toilet Soap for their skin. It has been made the official soap in *all* the studios.

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

On Broadway, too, the lovely stage stars are just as enthusiastic over the care Lux Toilet Soap gives their skin, and it is in the dressing rooms of 71 of New York's 74 legitimate theaters.

And in Europe the screen stars have borrowed this beauty secret! This sure, safe way to loveliness has swept across the world.

Use this fragrant white soap for the close-up complexion every girl wants. You will love the admiration of close, adoring eyes.

OLIVE BORDEN
(Right) Radio Pictures: "A wonderful soap!"

ANITA PAGE
(Left) Adorable M. G. M. star, says: "Almost every girl I know is devoted to Lux Toilet Soap."

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen and the radiant skin of lovely girls everywhere are kept exquisite with

Lux Toilet Soap · 10¢

Are you doing the new exercises

ON THE FLOOR?

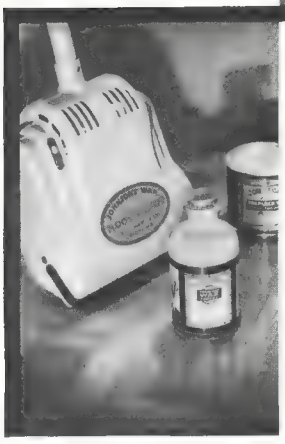
Because if you are, you know ALL about dirt on the floors and are anxious for this remedy.

To seal over the thousand little cracks and "pockets" where dirt lodges in every floor, do this: Wash the floor first. (You'll never have to do it again.)

Then spread a thin coat of Johnson's Wax with the Wax Applier or soft cloth—your hands won't be soiled in either case—and let it dry a few minutes. The wax will dry *hard*, filling every crack.

Take the new Johnson Electric Floor Polisher—every home should have one but if yours has not your dealer around the corner rents it by the day for very little—and polish the floor until it glistens—with no glare but with a rich subdued satiny lustre.

The wax finish, then, is so dry that dirt simply can't stick to it. So smooth you can whisk the dust off. And so hard that traffic can't mar the varnish or shellac or lacquer beneath. S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wis.



Wax your floors electrically with the new Johnson Household Polisher. Plugs into any light socket—A. C. or D. C. Your dealer will rent the machine, deliver it, and call for it—for $2 a day. ■ Price—with complete floor maintenance outfit—Wax Applier, Floor Duster, Liquid and Paste Wax—$39.50.

To try this polish on your floor—

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. M9, Racine, Wis.

Gentlemen: Send 25c can of Johnson's Wax. Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) to defray part of cost and postage.

Name_____

Address_____

ROADS TO EVERYWHERE

[*Continued from page 52*]

Palm trees, snow-capped mountains—where else but California?

Indiana. Today that rough and narrow road of the pioneers and Forty-niners sweeps in broad, sleek curves through Denver, Salt Lake City, and Reno to the Pacific Ocean.

In road-planning, nothing is neglected to assure convenience, comfort, and safety. Grade crossings over railroads are being eliminated, and intersections of main highways are frequently separated. Modern roads are pampered like stage beauties. They are rolled and oiled; their shoulders are firmed and padded; hair-pin turns are straightened out—all this to make them pleasing to their public.

And they *have* pleased. Their tremendous popularity has upset certain calculations. Time was when towns and cities begged for the honor of a visit from these thoroughfares. Merchants and hotel keepers believed tourist trade would make their fortunes. But what tourists actually do is illustrated by the experience of a town in Illinois.

Its officials had succeeded in persuading the State Highway Department to route an important road through the very heart of their business district. But the steady stream of cars hadn't been passing across the center square more than six months before a new deputation was sent to plead with the Highway Department to take back its gift. "We have made a mistake," they explained. "Tourists stop neither to eat nor to buy. Their cars have pounded our pavements to rags. The congestion is so great that our own citizens can't get about to shop and we have to have a traffic policeman at every corner. We're through with through routes!"

Testimony such as this is coming in from diverse quarters. Consequently, re-routing of highways along by-pass roads is becoming the approved practice—and motorists can avoid traffic congestion and see the countryside.

Knowledge of how roads are behaving these days is available to everyone. Tourist bureaus in the various clubs belonging to the American Automobile Association supply their members with detailed plans and accurate maps. The Bureau of Public Roads is also ready with advice and full information about side trips. It will not be the fault of this Bureau if travelers approach Portland without turning eastward for a tour of the Columbia Highway. Those superb headlands and deep gorges, the majestic waterfalls springing from the skyline to fall in rainbowed cascades, make this one of the most magnificent panoramas in the world. Add a few ruined castles and some peasants and nobody need ever go to Europe!

More and more highway departments are including planting in their programs—and the war is on against all who mar our thoroughfares. Various philanthropists and associations have offered prizes for the best designs for hot-dog stands and wayside markets, and here and there, attractive gasoline stations are appearing.

Every American should feel a pride for our highways. No country is richer than ours in scenic marvels. No nation can compare with ours in mileage of improved roads. To dream of setting out on a fine morning, with the whole country to explore at will, is to come alive all over again.

Bear Mountain Highway reveals the glorious Hudson to motorists

Aboard ship he took his own Chef—who prepared the same delicious COFFEE *his master had enjoyed ashore*

IN the luxury-accustomed days of the Old South, many a Tennessee gentleman, journeying from Nashville on the river steamboat, would take along his own chef, who would supplement the ship's bill-of-fare with numerous epicurean delicacies. And so, such tempting "private dishes," as young rabbits cooked in sherry wine or quail roasted in grape leaves, were climaxed off with "private coffee," the same rich and smooth coffee which at the old Maxwell House was winning praise from all the South.

So rare and mellow was this full-flavored coffee, countless Southern men and women not only served it in their own homes, and took it on their travels, but often dispatched a precious pound or two to some appreciative friend in the North. Thus gradually the fragrant goodness of the coffee of the old Maxwell House became known all over the country, even in districts far from Dixie.

Today you can enjoy this same famous blend of choicest coffees. You will find it exceedingly rare and mellow. Rich and full bodied. Smooth and satisfying, with a fragrance that provides an alluring background to wonderfully blended flavor. That is why, wherever you go, from Michigan to Miami, you will observe that this inimitable coffee has become inimitably popular. Why not try it for breakfast tomorrow—you run no risk of disappointment, for if you are not fully satisfied, your money will gladly be returned.

Don't miss the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening, at 9:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Broadcast from WJZ in N. Y. C. over National Broadcasting coast-to-coast hook-up.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE *Coffee*

GOOD *to the* LAST DROP

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

Of course you didn't expect them—but that's all right . . . *Says the Uneeda Boy*

There's nothing to get fussed over . . . I'm the Uneeda Boy, and I've an idea or two for you.

The Uneeda Bakers make so many good things for parties that you can always get up a spread in no time at all.

Here's a package of Nabisco Sugar Wafers to start with — and besides Nabiscos there are just all sorts of other nice cookies and biscuit and crackers — ready for any kind of a treat.

And you couldn't give your guests anything *better,* because "Uneeda Bakers" use the very best of everything, and take so much *extra* care with their baking . . .

Yes, *ma'am!* Any time you open any package with the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal, you're sure of something that's as good as it *can* be baked.

* *

Those folks look as if they'd like some Nabisco Sugar Wafers this minute . . . let's open a box or two!

The happiest combination of airy crispness . . . and melting creaminess . . . that was ever hit upon. Delicate enough for the most finicky appetite — substantial enough for those who like real food value in their dainty wafers. There's nothing quite like Nabisco.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

"Uneeda Bakers"

DINNER FOR THREE

[*Continued from page 21*]

"Claudia! It can't be that important."

"It is—awfully. I'll come back, Phil. Won't you try to understand?"

His hand dropped. "You've answered all my unasked questions."

When she came back on deck an hour later, Claudia saw Philip and Odette walking arm in arm with a group of friends. As she stood in the doorway Philip waved, passed by. Slowly she turned and went inside, went to her cabin, and tore into a dozen pieces the unfortunate radiogram which actually read: "Have arranged courtesy of port love daddy."

Philip, too, had answered an unasked question.

UNDER the diffused brilliance of hidden lights she could see droves of women crowding about the long counters. The store was filled with a persistent hum, pointed by the clang of elevator doors and an occasional shrill voice calling, "Mis-ter Sny-der; Mis-ter Sny-y-y-der!" A faint odor of perfume and leather and steam heat filled Claudia with a curious mixture of loathing and pleasure.

A steel cage lifted her to the sixth story, setting her down in the subdued opulence of the French Millinery Department. Briskly she strode across the thick carpet, and came to the glass-and-metal façade of a low edifice that cut off the entire Fifth Avenue side of the floor. Over the modern doorway with its framework of copper, nickel, and brass, a sign in curved letters without capitals announced "the shop within the shop."

She entered, a throb of pride stirring her pulses. A group formed itself about her: greetings, questions, familiar faces . . . a subtle atmosphere of importance that was balm to her wounded spirit.

A tall woman, in a coat trimmed with sable, suddenly emerged from a fitting room with outstretched hands.

"My deah Miss Faulknah!" The voice was half-plaintive, half-commanding. "I'm so relieved you're back. I hope you've brought something pahticulah for me?"

Inwardly cursing her luck, Claudia stripped off a glove and shook hands, answering, "I certainly have, Mrs. Duryea. My purchases arrived before me this time; there's a pale beige outfit that's absolutely yours."

"Can I see it tomorrow?"

Claudia shook her head. "I just this minute left the pier; I got in on the 'France'. Wouldn't the end of the week do?"

Mrs. Duryea was afraid it wouldn't. She was leaving for Hot Springs on Thursday.

Claudia managed to turn what started as a groan into a polite cough. "In that case we'll have to locate your things at once. We can't let you leave without them! Could you manage to come in tomorrow afternoon, late?"

Mrs. Duryea could, and Claudia, reflecting that her welcome would be of brief duration if the staff had to celebrate her return by staying overtime, remained for a few tormented minutes chatting about the season on the French Riviera.

It was almost four when she closed the door of her private office behind her. The sight of the familiar setting, the wide desk, the typewriter, the array of telephones and filing cabinets, brought her back to earth. She thanked her secretary for the chrysanthemums in the yellow bowl, and said, leaning back in her leather chair: "We'd better settle right down to shop talk. How much of the stuff has come from Paris? And when did it get here?"

"Four days ago." The little secretary looked flustered; Claudia thought they must not have expected her to come in before the following morning. "Loads and loads . . . "

"Then a number of the outfits ought to be assembled. I've got shoes and bags for some of them; the felt and straw hoods for the hats, and stockings for every last one. Everything else can come out of stock; I'll see the department heads myself as soon as you bring me the duplicate lists and I see exactly what's here."

"But . . . but . . ." Rose had produced a handkerchief and was crumpling it in her hand. "I don't know how to tell you, Miss Faulkner. There was a new girl—a perfect idiot, but a relation of Mrs. Fachsheimer . . . and . . . well . . . she pitched the list out. She—"

"She—what?". Claudia tapped the desk-top with a sharp pencil.

"—said she didn't think she had to keep it because it was only a duplicate. We haven't been able to check *anything*. There wasn't time to cable and get another list, you see?"

Claudia leaned forward, her face white with anger, but suddenly Rose began to cry, sobs smothered in the wad of handkerchief. "Y-you'll never trust me again, Miss Faulkner; I d-didn't know what to d-do . . ."

Claudia shrugged.

"It's not your fault, child. Cheer up; we'll send a messenger for my own list; there's nothing for it but to keep the whole shooting match overtime and start checking at once—tonight."

The telephone was ringing persistently. Claudia patted the girl's shoulder. "Run along and wash your face. I'll answer this. Hel—lo—ah!" Only her voice betrayed irritation.

"Miss Faulkner—Claudia? Philip Scott speaking."

CLAUDIA pressed the receiver against her shoulder, counted ten before she could answer calmly.

"I'm sorry I was a bore last night," said Philip. "Let's call it quits, shall we? Come and dine with me this evening?"

"Hold on Philip, let me think." Through the half-open door Claudia could see one of the saleswomen draping a flame-colored scarf over a metal stand. Rose returned with her face freshly powdered and her hands full of papers. The second telephone began to jingle a raucous summons. Briefly: "I can't make it. I have to work tonight."

"I understand. Business before pleasure, eh, Claudia?" And before she could formulate an answer the receiver went up with a click. Biting her underlip she answered the other phone.

It was not merely a matter of conscience—duty alone would never have held her against a strong inclination: this venture touched the inner springs of self-respect. Success was doubly precious now that she felt she had bought it at an exorbitant price; to

[*Continued on page 58*]

"The Lansdowne advertisement was an answer to my prayer for help. For five years now that work has supported my sick husband and myself," says Mrs. Chisholm, of Virginia.

"Lansdowne work has supported me through eleven hard years," says Mrs. Westerbeke, of Florida. Her earnings are often $200 a month.

A Buick car . . . a radio . . . her daughter's education and a fruit grove in Florida. These are some of the many ways Mrs. Snyder, of New York, spends her Lansdowne income. She earned $15,000 in six years!

Made $340 to $400 apiece

in 4 to 8 Weeks, working only part time

Without experience, and working only part time, you can average $25 to $50 a week, just as these women did! We tell how to do it in our free booklet, "How You Can Make A Big Income." Write us today before your territory is assigned to someone else!

WOMEN of high social standing, women with homes and children to care for, are now our representatives and have been for years.

Just working part time, many of our new, inexperienced representatives have cleared from $100 to $300 profit their first month! Mrs. Kenny, of Wisconsin, made $25 in a single day! For the past eight years, Mrs. Baker, of Texas, has earned never less than $2,500 a year.

If you want to become financially independent, write for our booklet, "How You Can Make A Big Income"—and free samples of our exclusive fabrics.

Many of our dress silks, light-weight woolens, velvets and staple cotton goods . . . and our wide assortment of interior decorating materials are personally selected by Miss Lansdowne on her frequent buying trips abroad.

Perfumes Created for Three Princesses of France!

While Miss Lansdowne was in Paris a year ago, she won the consent of three famous French Princesses to have their personal perfumes distributed to American women . . . through the sole agency of Lansdowne representatives!

Three alluring fragrances . . . each one originally blended to express the radiant personality of the gracious hostess and social favorite whose name it bears. Alis, the perfume of Princesse Carlos de Rohan, Gisele, the fragrance blended for Princesse H. de Faucigny-Lucinge, and Brenda, created for Princesse Alphonse de Chimay.

The quick popularity of these perfumes in America has made them one of the most successful items ever sponsored by The Lansdowne Company. Read what a few of our 3,500 representatives say of their happy experience in selling these famous perfumes, the exclusive Lansdowne fabrics, fine French handkerchiefs and our original Christmas cards.

No need to be experienced—More than 3,500 women, many of whom had absolutely no previous sales experience of any kind are now earning good money for themselves. Mrs. Cable, of Michigan, says, "In my first five months, working only a few hours a day, I sold over $1,100 worth."

Representatives find our line the best proposition they have ever handled. Mrs. Snyder, of New York, writes . . . "After trying out fifteen different firms, I found that Lansdowne is the best there is. In six years with this firm I've earned $15,000."

Friendly Work—"The big thing I have received from Lansdowne work is far beyond financial gain. It is the countless friends I have made among the worth-while people of our town," writes Mrs. Luke, of Michigan.

Join this great organization of 3,500 women . . . earn big incomes as easily as they do

Large Commissions—Women are eager to secure the right to represent us because orders for our goods run into money quickly. We pay big commissions on your very first order!

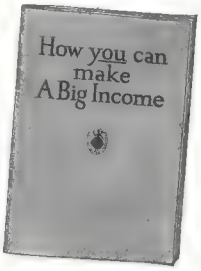
Good Service—Twenty-four hours after we receive your order your goods are on their way to you. No delay ". . . no mistakes. Your every question is answered by Miss Lansdowne herself. Customer's satisfaction is guaranteed.

Start early—Applications for territory considered in the order received. Delay may cost you your opportunity. The sooner you start, the more money you make.

We Exchange References—To you, about to join our company, we offer our business references . . . For twenty years the fifth largest bank in America has handled Lansdowne finances. For twenty years we have conducted one of the foremost import businesses in the country. These are our credentials. As a symbol of mutual confidence, we shall ask you for yours, when you become a Lansdowne representative.

FREE!

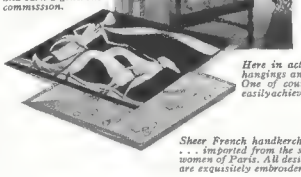
This book tells you the amount of money you can earn; advice from Miss Lansdowne herself to women who have never before worked; helpful hints from experienced saleswomen. WRITE TODAY. USE COUPON BELOW.



THE LANSDOWNE COMPANY, *Inc.*

30-20 Thompson Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

Christmas Cards like these usually cost far more! Sell your friends this box of 21 for $1.00 . . . and earn a generous commission.



Here in actual use are our cretonne hangings and creseL work upholstery. One of countless charming interiors easily achieved with Lansdowne fabrics.

Princesse Alis

For whom this debonair perfume was created, now shares her personal blend with the women of America.

"Alis"

Costs your friends half the usual price of imported perfumes . . . and brings you a handsome income!

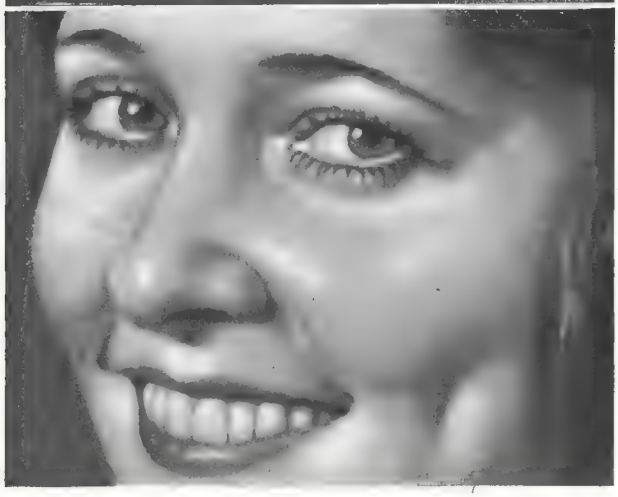
Sheer French handkerchiefs in a modern art portfolio . . . imported from the shop patronized by well-dressed women of Paris. All designs are exclusive with us, many are exquisitely embroidered. Only 20¢ to 50¢ apiece.

This coupon brings you free samples and full information on how you may earn this worth-while income

THE LANSDOWNE COMPANY, Inc., Dept. J, 30-20 Thompson Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.
Please send me free samples of your materials and the free booklet

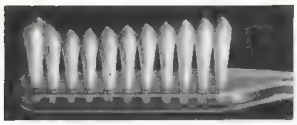
Name ..... Address .....

Massage the Gums as You Clean the Teeth



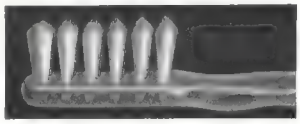
Try a new Pro-phy-lac-tic

REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.



TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic

A world leader in sales for 42 years, because the famous tuft cleans back of the molars: 50¢. Also in a larger English-type with four rows of bristles: 60¢.



MASSO Pro-phy-lac-tic

The newest small-type brush. A nimble little brush which in many mouths reaches places never before touched. Dentists approve it. Try it; you will feel the difference: 50¢.

THERE is health for your teeth and gums in the *longer*, upstanding Pro-phy-lac-tic bristle. As you flutter the brush from the base to the tips of the teeth (the method approved by modern dental science), the bristles s-p-r-e-a-d.

Longer than others, they gently but firmly massage the gum margins. This action is automatic. It is due to the length, shape, and spacing of the Pro-phy-lac-tic tufts.

The massage stimulates vigorous circulation. The blood supply is activated and comes up briskly to nourish teeth and gums. Soft, spongy tissue soon hardens to rosy health, clinging more protectingly about each polished tooth.

Buy a new Pro-phy-lac-tic tonight. As you take it from the familiar yellow box, note the beauty of its bristles, the clean trimness of its manufacture. More than sixty years of knowing-how and the painstaking of the New England conscience went into its making.

That is why it carries what we believe is the broadest guarantee in its field: *If for any reason at all, its service fails to satisfy, we will send you a new brush without charge or conversation.*

In addition to the TUFTED and MASSO (illustrated above), Pro-phy-lac-tic offers a youth's size at 40¢, a baby brush at 25¢, and a wonderful special brush for denture wearers, the dental plate brush, at 50¢.

Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Hand Brushes, Clothes Brushes; all may be had in Pro-phy-lac-tic quality, in a wide variety of styles, colors, and prices. Established in 1866, Pro-phy-lac-tic pioneered the packaged tooth brush. For more than half a century Pro-phy-lac-tic have been recognized as bristle authorities.

DINNER FOR THREE

[*Continued from page 57*]

have lost Philip Scott for a failure would be more than defeat, it would be ultimate humiliation.

If "the shop within the shop" went down she would never trust herself again; too much was at stake. But if she pulled it through the next few weeks she would face even Philip with confidence. . . .

At eight o'clock Rose brought coffee and sandwiches, but Claudia was already busy in the stock room, where a group of white-faced girls and sulky-looking clerks were opening crates and boxes. For several hours she forgot herself, forgot Philip and her bitter disappointment, in the narcotic pleasure of hard work. She went home weary but exalted, with a mysterious conviction that if she succeeded in the task she had set herself she would find her heart's desire within reach—a wholly irrational residuum of the child's faith in lollipops as the reward of virtue.

All the next day she toiled like a beaver, keeping her mental and physical activities strictly within the confines of business. Late in the afternoon Philip telephoned, but this time Claudia was in conference with the advertising manager. Her next news of him came from Odette, who floated into "the shop within the shop" like a human snowflake, at a little after six.

"I'm going to dinner with Phil," Odette announced lazily, perching on the edge of the desk and swinging her slim silk legs. "My word, Claud, he's the world's most perfect extra man. I'm jolly glad you haven't time for him; it gives me a chance. Which reminds me, darling . . . d'you want to lunch with us tomorrow?"

Claudia's face brightened; then she thumped the desk with her clenched hand. "Oh the devil! I can't. It's the only time Mrs. Duryea can come for her final fittings; she'd froth at the mouth if she didn't find me here."

"Too bad," murmured Odette, very demure and large-eyed. "I *am* glad I'm not a wage slave."

After the younger girl had departed, leaving behind a faint scent of the gardenias that were pinned to her fox collar, Claudia sat for a long time, inert, staring at the closed door.

BY THURSDAY afternoon the worst of the disorganization was over. Odette drifted in and out, bearing the latest news of Philip, now her favorite escort. Claudia, listening patiently, began to suspect that there was a catch in the lollipop-reward system. "God," she reminded herself, "helps those who help themselves."

She called Philip's number, and, with a casual manner that was almost natural, said: "Sorry I couldn't join you and Odette for lunch. I really wanted to see you, but this is the first chance I've had."

"I've called you several times," Philip returned coolly; "but you're one of those fabulous creatures who's always in conference. Meanwhile your young sister's been keeping me very much on the *qui vive*. I've learned more about night clubs this week than I knew in all my life before."

Claudia laughed, wondering whether she imagined the hint of weariness in his voice.

"How about dinner on Saturday night?" he went on. "The three of us? We might go to the theater afterward if you'd like . . . ."

"I had an idea of my own," Claudia murmured, trying hard to keep the receiver steady in an unsteady hand. "I'm not terribly in the mood for theaters . . . why don't you come and have a quiet dinner at my apartment? I'm a first rate cook."

"Really?" She caught an overtone of mockery.

"You haven't answered, Philip." She waited, her heart sinking as he hesitated. "I'm asking Odette, of course."

It seemed an age before she heard his voice again: "Won't you be rather too tired to bother with us, Claudia? It seems an awful imposition."

"Lord no; I'd love it."

"Righto, then, so would I. What time?"

"Eight sharp, and bring Odette, will you, Phil? She'll show you the way."

"Good."

Claudia felt that Saturday would never come, but it came. She went home early, in a taxi crowded with bundles: a new frock, a huge box of flowers, a pound of caviar, eight slender beeswax candles, a box of Dimitrino's *Lord Roseberrys*, and some fluffy *croissants* from Sherry's.

All afternoon she and the diminutive Alsatian servant were in a flurry of excitement, and when, at quarter of eight, Claudia looked into the long mirror in her living room, she was well repaid by what she saw.

If ever, Claudia reflected, a place looked like home—a home which a woman had tended lovingly and painstakingly—this one did. And Claudia herself—she smiled a trifle maliciously at her image: flushed face, eager gray eyes, smooth shoulders from which flowed a soft long dress that molded every curve into something gracefully, graciously feminine. There was not a trace, now, of the boyish, overpositive type that Philip disliked.

She went into the kitchen to take a last look at everything. The partridges were squatting plumply under folds of bacon, the caviar nestled in a crystal bowl embedded in ice . . . Everything was ready. She turned back, remembering that she had not put the usual drop of Bellodgia on her handkerchief, and as she went into her bedroom the telephone bell pealed.

"Hello darling . . . it's me." Odette was speaking. "Listen lamb, I want to ask a favor of you . . . please don't be furious . . . It's like this. Millicent—Millicent Andrews—just called up. It seems she's giving a big party tonight, dinner and the theater and then supper, for the grand duchess—yes, the grand duchess—and—and, well, it seems some couple disappointed her, and she wants me to go, and after all one doesn't stand on much ceremony—sister to sister—and—well, in short—" *short*, echoed Claudia under her breath, "—in short I wondered if you'd mind frightfully if I went there instead of coming over to you?"

CLAUDIA'S heart was beating very fast. For a moment she had been panicky, but now she felt that the fates were watching over her, contriving ingeniously, for some exquisite purpose, to leave her alone with Philip.

"Of course it's all right, dear," her voice was buoyant. "I wouldn't for the world have you miss the grand duchess. And listen, Odette, in case you haven't reached Philip, send him right along when he gets to the house . . ."

[*Continued on page 60*]

DATED Coffee Delights these Men and Women *who serve their insatiable public*

FRESH . . . TWICE A WEEK!

Direct from fragrant roasting ovens to your grocer! No storage anywhere! Just enough put into a store at a time to last until the next delivery! Every can is plainly marked with the date on which the grocer receives it. Any can left over at the end of ten days regularly collected and replaced by fresh!

"I've never heard of such a thing," you say. "I've never tasted such good coffee!"

Of course not. Coffee has never before been nationally distributed in this way.

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee—*dated*—delivered by the "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., is the first coffee ever to be handled exactly like a fresh food . . . so that not a whiff of its superb, freshly roasted flavor can be lost!

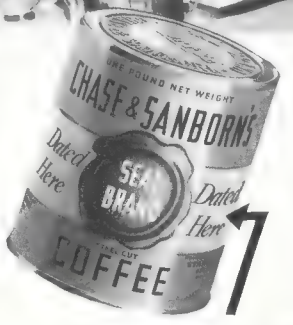
Lover of good coffee . . . busy man or woman impatient of anaemic-flavored coffees that are weeks old before you get them . . . say to your grocer tomorrow, "Send me Chase & Sanborn's *dated* Coffee." You'll enjoy it.

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, distinguished author of more than a score of novels. "The real test of good coffee," he says, "is in your after dinner cup. This is where Chase and Sanborn scores highest. Breath of the magic East is in its rich aroma, vigor of the West in its true, fresh flavor."

MAY WILSON PRESTON, noted illustrator whose clever drawings humorously reflect her broad contacts with a smart social and artistic world, says: "I am terribly fussy about coffee. Chase & Sanborn's is perfectly delicious. I find it is the one coffee everyone likes."

RICHARD DIX, Radio Pictures star, who thrills the hearts of at least a million screen fans . . . like all men, likes "solid comfort." "Chase and Sanborn took the 'chance' element out of coffee by dating it," he says. "It always was good, but this new way of making sure you get it always fresh makes it just about perfect."

(*Right*) RACHEL CROTHERS, wise and witty author of a dozen sparkling plays, is also a brilliant and experienced hostess, with faultless taste. "Isn't freshness the most important thing in coffee?" she asks. "It's the never-failing freshness which we can rely upon in Chase & Sanborn's 'dated' coffee."



LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – DATED

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

Thousands of women share her troubles . . . you can share her remedy!

"TO lie awake and listen to the clock strike the hours from eleven at night to six in the morning is not a very pleasant experience, nor does it leave one very well prepared to face the day's work. I experienced several nights of this kind during the summer. They seemed to be the result of 'nerves' and indigestion. The simplest food would often cause an oppressed, uncomfortable feeling.

"I was advised to eat lightly at the evening meal, and to substitute Postum for the usual beverages containing caffein. The thought of giving up caffein was not appealing, but rather skeptically I decided to give Postum a trial. The trial is a lasting one! I discovered that it was a delightful beverage – and it was no longer necessary to count to a hundred in an effort to induce sleep. I went to bed knowing that I would sleep easily. Nervousness and indigestion are gone and Postum still remains on the menu."

MISS KATHERINE CONLIN
Windsor, Vermont

SLEEPLESSNESS – "nerves" – indigestion – what familiar troubles these are to modern women! And what a costly toll they take of health and happiness! All unnecessarily, too, in many cases. For the truth is, as Miss Conlin discovered – *sleeplessness, nervousness, and indigestion are time and time again, the direct result of drinking beverages that contain caffein.*

Perhaps you'll find it hard to believe that caffein-containing drinks are responsible for your own sleepless hours, ragged nerves, or indigestion. You may even believe that beverages containing caffein *help* you – lend you extra energy and pep. But don't be misled. Caffein works slyly. It may be harming you more than you know. Find out!

Make this simple experiment. Give up caffein-containing beverages and drink Postum, instead, with your meals. Do this for thirty days – *then* see how much better you feel and look. See how Postum has helped you!

Postum contains no caffein. It is made from roasted whole wheat and bran. It's as wholesome a drink as you could find – and wonderfully delicious, too! Try a cup plain – or add cream and see the deep brown color change to gold. Taste the rich, mellow flavor! You'll know, then, why Postum is the favorite mealtime drink in more than two million homes!

Postum is very easy to prepare, and costs less than most other mealtime drinks – *only one-half cent a cup.* Order from your grocer – or mail the coupon for one week's supply, *free,* as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. Postum is a product of General Foods Corporation. © 1930 G. F. CORP.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P—McC. 9-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM.....☐ *Check*
(prepared instantly in the cup) *which*
POSTUM CEREAL.....☐ *you*
(prepared by boiling) *prefer*

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *General Foods, Limited,* Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

DINNER FOR THREE

[*Continued from page 58*]

There was a moment's silence. Then Odette's voice, very clear and silvery, said: "But *darling,* you don't understand. What good would I be without a *man?* I've told Philip already, and he's thrilled, he's dying to go . . . it's really more on his account than on mine, don't you see?"

"Oh yes, of course. How stupid of me. It's quite all right . . ."

CLAUDIA put down the receiver very gently. For a minute or two she sat still, staring at the black, heavy-looking instrument. Then, mechanically, she walked to the dressing table, opened a bottle of perfume, inserted an atomizer and sprayed herself. As abruptly she put the bottle down, picked up her handkerchief, and walked into the other room. She stood in the doorway, staring at the candle flames that burned so brightly. All at once they wavered and blurred, all at once each flame doubled. She put the handkerchief to her lips and went into the room, went to the fireplace, and put her arms on the mantel and bent her head. She could hear funny sounds; incredulously she realized that she herself was making funny sounds, and tried to swallow them. She could hear the diminutive Alsatian stirring in the pantry, she ought to tell her not to bother, but she couldn't. She couldn't command her voice, or her tears, or her shoulders that shook ridiculously. She sat down in the big wing chair by the fireplace and put both hands over her face . . . now everything sounded muffled like the sea in a conchshell . . . the clock ticked, a bell rang, the door to the pantry opened, then the other door.

Claudia looked up, feeling that the diminutive Alsatian was watching her. She looked up, and there was Philip Scott leaning on the back of the chair opposite, regarding her with an expression that defied analysis.

She stumbled to her feet, pressing her hands against burning cheeks, terribly conscious of her quivering lips, her tear-stained face.

"Oh, Philip . . . I'm so sorry . . . I didn't expect you. Odette said—"

"I know." She had never heard Philip's voice like that: metallic. "I know, I heard her. The butler let me in while you were on the telephone, and I heard it all. And then she came in, she didn't know I'd heard—she came in and said you'd called to tell her you couldn't have us, you had work to do. I couldn't stand for that . . . letting you down for some beastly grand duchess . . ." He paused, waiting for an answer, but Claudia had turned away. He went toward her; he put his arms around her and held her, stroking her hair. "Claudia, I thought . . . a woman who'd stick to a difficult job might . . . might stick to a difficult man . . . hmm, Claudia . . . ?"

AN HOUR later, as they lingered over their coffee, he said feelingly, "Claud, you can't imagine how weary a chap gets of gadding about, night clubs and all that. When a business man's worked all day he likes to get some sort of rest and relaxation. He doesn't want a cabaret, he wants a home."

"Did you ever stop to think that the same thing might apply to a business *woman?*" Claudia asked innocently.

"Not until tonight," Philip returned. "It seems to have been one of those odd cases in which one didn't ask the question until one had learned the answer."

"And was the answer—satisfactory, Phil?"

"You darling!" he answered irrelevantly.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 26*]

By great good fortune his work was done in days of unity before divisive influences had torn the Church asunder. Catholics have always felt kinship with his august conception of the Church, and Protestants claim him as a Saint of their own for his emphasis upon evangelical experience and his passion for the inner life. For a thousand years he was a teacher of unsurpassed power, by virtue of his profound faith and his flashing intellect.

"Nothing is better for the vast communions of the Christian Church than to have a great Saint in common. His deep sense of sin, his joyous experience of redemption, his creative faith and his vision of the splendor of the Church—these are woven into the very warp and woof of the thinking of our western religious world. Genius, penetrating intelligence, and subtle sympathy with the highest things in the life of God and the life of man fitted Augustine for this lofty leadership.

"The Roman Empire was dying. When the Imperial City was sacked by Alaric, men were staggered by the appalling calamity which befell the whole civilized world; but St. Augustine saw through the shadows of those dreadful days to the City which cannot be destroyed. His great book, *The City of God,* helped to stabilize the faith and courage of the world when it stood at the crossroads of change and confusion. If only some mighty spiritual genius would penetrate the shadows of our swiftly moving and stupendous age and reveal an underlying unity and flash into our minds some vision of the goal of our progress!

"Forever memorable is the story of the conversion of St. Augustine. It is the story of a dazzling intellect and a lawless body which well nigh went to ruin amid the hot vices of a glittering age. But his mother, Monica, never lost faith and never ceased to pray, and to her prayer was added the potent influence of St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, who revealed what the old Patrician tradition could become when it flowered into Christian character. At last the victory was won, and the best mind of the age was given to the leadership of the Church.

"Fifteen hundred years have passed since the mind and heart of St. Augustine ceased their labors on earth. The love that went out from his great heart and the prophecy which glowed in his creative mind have become part of the intellectual and spiritual inheritance of our western civilization. The depth of his devotion and the power of his moral passion are more than an inheritance. Confronting such richness of love and such prophetic fire, we are in the presence of the power of which our restless age is in deep need. Fifteen hundred years ago St. Augustine knew secrets which are capable of transforming the life of the twentieth century, as they reshaped the age in which he lived."

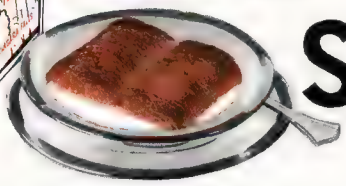
School days are SHREDDED WHEAT DAYS

THEY are joy-days too for mother and children who know Shredded Wheat. It is no longer a difficult task for mother to get the children off to school with a warm, nourishing breakfast — no longer a problem of what food will give them the needed strength for study and play.

Shredded Wheat contains in a digestible form all the elements for making good muscles, bones and teeth. Heat the biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness and pour milk or cream over them—a delicious breakfast ready in two minutes—and the children just love the crisp, crunchy shreds of baked whole wheat!

As a noon-day lunch for school, nothing can surpass Shredded Wheat and milk.

It's just as good for other members of the family too.



SHREDDED WHEAT

How long does it take you to

CHANGE YOUR MIND?

Dinner planned, perhaps half-cooked—then the 'phone. Guests coming! Husband warned them about "pot-luck," of course. But you just can't let it go at that.

What's to be done? Think. Change your mind. Hurry!

And then comes the inspiration—an attractive, appetizing asparagus salad! Just the *better-touch* you need to fit the family menu to the guest occasion.

With asparagus always on hand, you're prepared to serve an eye-tempting salad at a moment's notice—a really delicious dish that adds welcome charm to any menu.

Besides, you know everyone *likes* asparagus. And everyone can eat it. Tips or spears—asparagus is a non-fattening food. It fits any diet. It fits every appetite.

Try several of the many alluring salads in our newest recipe book. You'll enjoy making them. If you clip the coupon *now*, you won't have to remember this page number.

CALIFORNIA CANNED

Asparagus

Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 575, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California.

Please send me, free of charge, the new recipe book, "This Business of Tempting Appetites."

Name_____

Address _____

City_____ State_____

NEW PARTY PRIZES

Selected by Vera Harrison

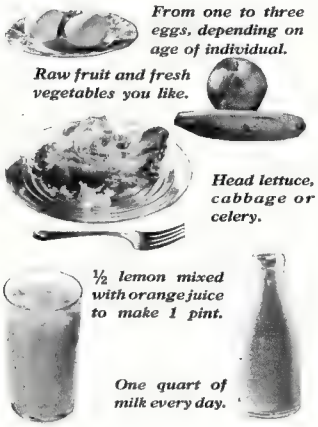
ATTRACTIVE, yet inexpensive, are these prizes seen in the New York shops. The doggy cigarette box with four packages of matches will make the winner glad he was invited to your party . . . Delicately tinted sugar lumps shaped like the characters on the cards add a new note when refreshments are served . . . The Italian pottery pitcher below is decorative and practical—and it makes no difference to the jolly elephant whether he carries matches or not. All the way from Germany comes the funny little man with the hat. His cart is large enough to hold a growing fern or a cactus plant . . . In the lower group is a letter file decorated with a quaint English print—a boon to the neat, an inspiration to the disorderly. Black and white spindles strung on heavy elastic make a lovely jardinière out of a most ordinary flowerpot.

THE painted flowerpot below comes with a package of seeds and a rollicking rhyme telling how to grow parsley on your window sill . . . The colorful small dishes are attractive for individual servings of salted nuts or tiny candies . . . The suspicious looking jug holds a new kind of powder for ash trays. It prevents cigarettes from smoldering and also kills the odor from dead ends. If your local shops do not carry these prizes, send two cents postage for our List of New Party Prizes. Address the Entertainment Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York.

Do These Three Things to have strong, healthy teeth

Eat the proper food; use Pepsodent twice daily; see your dentist twice a year. That is the ultimate as modern science sees it.

1 Follow the diet below



From one to three eggs, depending on age of individual.

Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.

Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.

½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.

One quart of milk every day.

2 Use Pepsodent twice a day

3 See your dentist twice a year

A PROMINENT professor of a large university finds that the natural resistance to decay and gum disorders can be greatly built up by the proper diet. The most common ages of tooth decay are during the period of growth. Here is the diet he recommends for you and your family, depending upon age for the quantity.

Every day one quart of milk; eggs; head lettuce, cabbage or celery; lemon juice mixed with orange juice, and as much raw fruit or fresh vegetables as you like.

And use Pepsodent

Every day, too, you must remove from your teeth a cloudy film that coats them. Film is that slippery coating you can feel with your tongue. It sticks like glue and ordinary brushing fails to remove it effectively. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It turns teeth dull and dingy.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Your dentist will tell you that when Pepsodent removes film from teeth it plays an important part in the prevention of decay and other troubles.

Eat the proper food. Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year. That is the surest way to lovely, healthy teeth.

Pepsodent

AMOS 'n' ANDY America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m., Eastern Daylight time—10:30 p. m., Central Daylight time—8:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time—7:30 p. m., Pacific Standard time.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

In these last sultry days of summer

POST TOASTIES

the Wake-up Food

brings quick, new energy to refresh you

for brisk breakfasts, cooling midday "pick-ups," sensible supper-snacks—eat

the Wake-up Food

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

IT CAN BE DONE

[*Continued from page 8*]

At one state university there are girls who come to college with hardly enough money to see them through the first weeks. They have to get jobs at once, so they usually take housework in professors' homes. Their lives are a steady, unending grind between babies or dishes, and books, which, since they do not have time to let their imaginations linger over them, are just so many printed pages to them.

EVEN at this institution, the Dean of Women tells me, girls are urged to borrow sufficient money senior year to enable them to live in a dormitory where they may get something besides the academic out of their college years.

"Of course," she says, "the majority of women find housework the easiest way to pay a large part of their expenses, for they usually get their board and lodging in return for three or four hours' work. But this is not as simple as it sounds, for despite our care in looking into homes before placing girls, many employers are not considerate of the times of special stress such as examinations and term papers. Many of them do not even keep their daily demands within the hours agreed upon.

"There are, however, many occupations open to women at which, although they may not earn so much, they find life easier, and certainly get more out of college. Each year we place girls who design Christmas cards, do illustrating and lettering, photography, accompanying, clerical work, who play for teas and dancing classes, who mend, run sorority and club houses, do service shopping, church and newspaper work, operate switchboards, sew, teach bridge, even do hair waving and manicuring."

Women earn at these various occupations from a few dollars for books and amusements to enough to pay for their board, room and tuition.

Men are able to earn more than women, apparently. At Northwestern University, they feel, that any clever boy in good health may easily earn one-third of his way, or $223, without detriment to his health or work.

At Yale last year, twelve hundred and sixty-five students, or about twenty per cent of the entire university, earned from less than a hundred dollars to as much as $3000 to $4000, at forty different occupations, including everything from artists' models to blood transfusion donors and pall bearers, from caretakers, gardeners and janitors to librarians, secretaries and laboratory assistants, from paid officers of the Athletic Association to advertising agents, and as salesmen of neckties, raincoats, shoes, furniture, books, and so forth.

At some colleges, the same bureau that handles termtime employment arranges for student employment during the vacations. The summer occupations include, according to the vocational head of a large eastern college who places several hundred students each year, camp councilors and companions and tutors to children, jobs in summer hotels in every capacity from waiters and chambermaids (according to sex) to orchestra members and entertainers. There are also summer positions as concession managers, life guards, golf and tennis teachers, and as bus drivers, guides and porters in the national parks. The average saving from these jobs is about $200.

All of the vocational heads, as well as the heads of student aid organizations within and outside the colleges, mention with satisfaction that in no college is "working one's way" a social stigma. In all of our private colleges, as well as in our state and municipal institutions, we find leaders of all the student activities, class presidents, organization heads, football captains, who are self-help students.

Working one's way, within reasonable limitations, is also not necessarily an academic handicap. A recent report of the Wellesley Student Aid Society mentions with pride that among the sixty-eight girls to whom loans and gifts had been made during the year, there were five members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

The Dean of a large coeducational university accounts for this social and academic success despite the handicaps for boys and girls who must be wage earners and students at the same time, by the fact that the standards

demanded of them are so much more exacting than those for the student body as a whole. Therefore, those who survive this selection and succeed in carrying the double burden are able to do so because they are far above the average in ability, personality and leadership.

There are a number of ways in which the burden can be lightened for boys and girls of ambition and ability. The most desirable way is to win a scholarship. Scholarships are gifts of money varying in amount from $100 or less to sufficient to pay board and tuition for the year. Sometimes they are given for merit regardless of need, sometimes for need, provided the student is worthy as regards scholarship and character.

There are also various loan funds available for worthy students, some administered by the colleges, others—well over a hundred of them—by philanthropic organizations and foundations. Interest varies from none at all to eight per cent in a few institutions, with the largest number charging six per cent. In many cases interest does not start until the student leaves college, and the length of time the loan may run varies from one year after the date of the loan to five years after graduation.

I ASKED the Dean of a well-known western college if he thought it wise for a student so to buy his education, as it were, on the installment plan.

"There are varying opinions about that," he replied. "The Harmon Foundation feels that any above-average graduate can handle a debt of $250 to $1000 by repaying it at the rate of about $10 a month, and still lead a normal life and get ahead. I myself feel that a loan for education is a wise investment for the future. I think that, if it is handled in a businesslike way, it has the advantage of teaching the student the value of money and of budgeting himself—a knowledge all too rare in college students—and that also, since the security for such a loan must be the student's character and his promise, the granting of it gives him a character and a credit standing early in his career."

I discussed this some time later with the Dean of a large eastern college for men. He felt just as strongly on the other side.

"I cannot but think it is a mistake to borrow money to go to college," he said. "Life surely has enough handicaps for a young person starting out in the world without adding any that can be avoided, and I feel strongly that it is unwise for a student to leave college burdened with a debt. For while the sums to be repaid may seem small on Wall Street, they are overwhelming on Main Street, especially when one is living in a hall bedroom and starting in at the traditional bottom. To repay them certainly must put a quietus on any ideals that the college may have awakened, by necessarily putting emphasis on the urgency of immediately making more money than a beginner is likely to be worth or has any right to expect; if the loan must be repaid soon after graduation, the need for making money precludes doing graduate work even though the student's vocational plans require it. It puts marriage and children beyond the possibilities until it is paid off."

A MOST excellent method for parents to finance a college education for their children is by educational insurance. By this plan, either parent may have his life insured for the benefit of the child's education, so that when the time comes for him to go to college, the money is there even if the parent is no longer living or able to work. For there is a clause that, if the parent dies or is permanently and totally disabled during the course of the policy, no further payments are required, and the full amount of the policy is paid on the dates of maturity. If, on the other hand, the child should die before the maturity of the policy, all deposits will be returned to the parent with compound interest.

The cost of a college education varies with the locality, the institution and the individual. In general, according to a recent study made by the Association of American Colleges, tuition at the independent institutions averages higher than at the denominational colleges; the women's colleges average higher tuition rates than the men's, the coeducational less than the men's, while the highest average fees are found in New England, with the Middle Atlantic, Western, Middle Western and Southern States following in that order. Usually other expenses are in proportion to the tuition rates.

So there are a variety of prices that our determined young American can pay for his college education, and a variety of ways in which he can find them. In making his plans, he should not forget that he will need railroad fare as well as tuition, clothing as well as books, and some amusement as well as food and shelter. If he feels that he can best get the kind of education he wants in one of the more expensive colleges, he should not hesitate to apply. Often these institutions have sufficiently more money available in scholarships and loans to make up for the difference in charges. And, no matter how long a line may be waiting at their gates, all of them are eager for students with real intellectual interests, superior mentality, good health and ambition. They would not want this type of boy or girl debarred for financial reasons. Nor need he be.

Portrait of a Lady
(not quite)

THERE is sweetness, delicacy, and breeding in this face. And rightly so, for hers is a family of splendid traditions.

Its men were always men of courage and gallantry. Old New Orleans and Louisville, Virginia and Kentucky, knew them well and honored them. Their names are written brilliantly in the history of their times. Its women were always fair, always aristocratic—ladies every one. In the winsome, lavender-and-old-lace annals of the South, their romances and their lives form a lovely chapter.

Surely if any young woman inherited the right to be called a lady, it was Lila . . . the sixth Lila . . . with her breeding and her charm silhouetted against the rudeness that is 1930.

And yet . . . and yet—her friends avoided her, and behind her back people whispered the damning truth. Too bad she couldn't have overheard.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infections. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

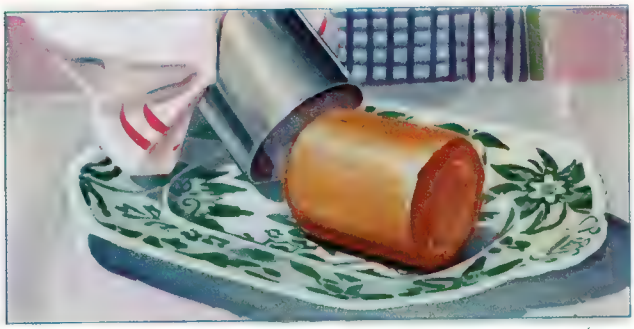
Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

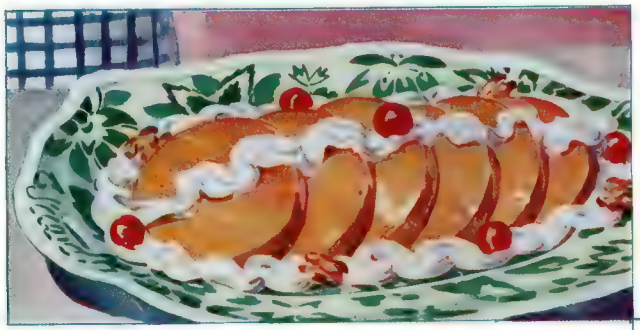
Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

* **Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000, in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)**





Try it!... It's wonderful!

MAGIC CARAMEL

The Dessert that makes itself!

YES . . . actually . . . it makes itself! Just boil an unopened can of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, according to the directions on this page. Put the can in the ice-box to chill. Open at serving time . . . and there you have it! A rich, smooth, creamy Caramel Pudding!

It's a perfectly delicious dessert. Serve it with a little cream, whipped or plain. Or you can use this Magic Caramel in a dozen other wonderful ways. Just take a look at the tempting suggestions below. You'll want every one of these recipes!

Mail the coupon—quick!—for the free recipe booklet "New Magic in the Kitchen." In it you'll find directions for making many Magic Caramel good things. In addition, there are dozens of other joyful surprises. Uncooked fillings and frostings. Record-breaking quick mayonnaise. Easy candies. Never-failing desserts. Rich, inexpensive frozen dishes . . . There's magic on every page!

Eagle Brand, you see, makes wonderful new cooking methods possible. It isn't plain canned milk—*it's two ingredients in one.* A delicious blend of full-cream milk and finest sugar. It's double-rich and velvet-smooth like heavy cream, because more than half of the water has been removed and the sugar has been perfectly blended in. That's why Eagle Brand is so much easier and quicker to cook with than separate milk and sugar.

RECIPE FOR MAGIC CARAMEL

Place one or more unopened cans of Eagle Brand in a kettle of boiling water and keep at boiling point for three hours, being careful to keep can covered with water. Remove from water and chill thoroughly. Remove from can as follows:

Warm can by dipping in hot water about 1 minute. Punch a hole in bottom of can, remove top with can opener, cutting just below top edge, starting at seam. Loosen caramel from can with a table knife dipped in hot water. Turn onto dish. Cut in slices with a knife dipped in hot water. Serve with nut meats and whipped cream, or with plain unsweetened cream. (For convenience and to save fuel, caramelize several cans at one time and keep in refrigerator ready for quick use).

Try Eagle Brand in your coffee!

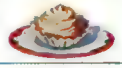
NOTE: Eagle Brand is simply delicious in coffee. It creams-and-sugars to perfection—at half the cost of separate cream and sugar. Try it—tomorrow morning!

Other Delicious Ways of Using Magic Caramel

CARAMEL TARTS

CARAMEL MACAROONS

CARAMEL FROSTING

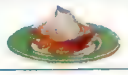

CARAMEL CUSTARD

Mail the coupon for Free Recipe Book

CARAMEL ICE CREAM

CARAMEL NUT BALLS

FROZEN CARAMEL PUDDING


CARAMEL DELIGHT

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Dept. G-1
Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me the free booklet "New Magic in the Kitchen."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Print name and address plainly).

Eagle Brand CONDENSED Milk

IT'S MILK AND SUGAR TOO

LAST RESORT

[*Continued from page 29*]

Dave looked down at her with eyes of wisdom. He knew what he did not say—that the triumphant youth of her could not fail to respond to the wild, reckless courage of Eddie Ware. She loathed his criminality, but was irresistibly attracted to the reckless spirit which compelled him to pursue a career of constant and intensive danger. Criminal or honest, straight or crooked, Eddie Ware was romantic. Dave Glenn was not. His was the placidity of a lake on a quiet day; the immovable strength of a mountain. He was a haven; Eddie a storm.

YET, for all Dave's love of the girl, for all the almost overpowering, desire to have her as his own, he could not stoop to theatricalism or methods less than scrupulous. Even now, when he had an almost uncontrollable impulse to sweep her into his arms and compel a response to his love, he forced himself to speak dispassionately.

"You believe," he asked quietly, "that Eddie is planning to rob Miss Martin?"

She nodded. "There is nothing else to believe."

Dave hesitated for a moment, then spoke as though with an effort. "She is quite an attractive woman, Mary—and still young. And wealthy. Has it ever occurred to you that perhaps Eddie is trying to marry her?"

She shook her head. "I don't believe it, Dave. Neither do you."

"Frankly, I don't. But it is a natural and logical conclusion. As I understand it, my mission in Palm Beach is to prevent a crime."

"That is it."

"A very pretty task for a detective.'

"You can do it, Dave, if you will. Eddie is careful and shrewd, but he doesn't waste a great deal of time in preliminaries. If it is true that she carries an enormous amount in jewels about with her, I'm afraid that Eddie will not postpone things much longer. And once he has stolen them, it will be too late to keep him out of prison."

"Perhaps we'll be in time," he answered, struggling to conceal a touch of bitterness which crept into his voice. "Perhaps I shall be able to save him from prison—for you."

After a long time she spoke again. "Suppose Eddie is really in love with her, Dave?"

"We can find that out. The test will be as to whether he attempts to steal her jewels. If he does, obviously he is not in love."

She laughed sharply. "I am not even sure of that. Eddie was born dishonest."

At three-thirty that afternoon the train puffed to a protesting halt at West Palm Beach. Dave Glenn and Mary Rutledge stepped into a bedlam of hotel criers, negro shuffle dancers, and taxi drivers. They gave their grips to a porter and told a taxi driver to carry them to the Royal Poinciana. "Eddie is staying at the Breakers," she explained.

They entered the vast lobby and were conducted to the desk where they were assigned rooms on the fourth floor. They made an interminable journey in an antiquated elevator operated by a very languid and very colored boy. Then they started along a hall which twisted and turned in an architectural agony.

But suddenly Mary was amazed to feel Dave Glenn's iron fingers close on her arm and she was jerked back into an areaway. She whirled and saw that his face was tense and a finger on his lips commanded silence. She obeyed in bewilderment and a few seconds later saw him peer down the hall, then motion for her to follow.

The bellboys, who had gone ahead with their grips, had not witnessed this byplay and Mary said nothing until after they had been left in their rooms. Then Dave knocked on her door and entered, smiling rather sheepishly.

"I suppose you thought I was very silly back yonder in the hall, didn't you?"

She smiled up at his great height. "Not silly, Dave; but I'll confess I was somewhat surprised at being jerked about. What was wrong?"

"I saw somebody," he informed her gravely.

"Not Eddie?"

"No." He hesitated for just a moment. "Steve McCready."

The color left her cheeks. "Then Eddie really is planning something."

"Surely. His presence at the Breakers and Steve's at the Poinciana isn't a mere happen-so."

"Did he see us?"

"No. I'm sure he didn't. And it's rather important that he shouldn't know we are here."

"Naturally, Dave. He's Eddie's right hand man, and he's party to whatever Eddie is planning. I'm afraid we had better not let grass grow under our feet."

"We won't. Of course Steve is a complicating factor."

"Surely. But you're better off knowing that he is on the scene."

MEANWHILE, Mr. Steve McCready, all unsuspicious that he had been observed by the one person whose presence would have annoyed him most, eased himself into one of the bicycle-propelled wheel chairs for which Palm Beach is famous. In response to his orders, the dusky person on the bicycle commenced a puffing and wheezing journey toward the mammoth grandeur of the Breakers Hotel.

Entering that impressive hostelry, Steve went straight to the elevators and thence to the fifth floor. He knocked three times on a certain door and was bidden to enter. Eddie Ware was lolling indolently in an easy chair.

"Here I am, Eddie."

"So you are, Steve. Healthy as ever."

"And hoping to remain so . . . but ready for a little financial adventure."

Eddie Ware lowered his heels from the window sill and turned to face his confederate.

"Tonight's the night, Steve."

"I gathered as much. What time?"

"Can't tell you exactly. Somewhere between eleven and twelve. We're driving in her car and I'll arrange to park at the place I showed you yesterday, a mile or so north of the Club.

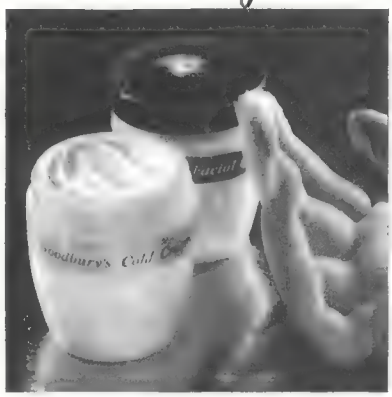
"You'd better get out there by ten o'clock. Have your gun and mask ready. I'll come driving down the shore road with the Martin dame any time after eleven. I'll park and begin to talk sweet nothings. It's plenty dark under those trees, too.

"Then you pop in on us. Give us your flashlight for a moment—that's plenty scary—and shove out your gun. No need to say anything. I'll hand you my wallet and watch and you grab her

[*Continued on page 70*]

Do You Know
that everyone can see it ... when your skin
is Thirsty · Dry ?

. . . this quick-melting cream will restore the natural moisture . . . keep the wrinkles out



You simply cannot hide it, once your complexion begins to lose its freshness and its youth from neglect or wrong methods. Little tell-tale lines creep in under your eyes, around your mouth . . . your face feels taut and drawn . . . because your skin is thirsty, dry. And everyone can see it.

So needless, too. For you can so easily put back into your skin the natural moisture that your complexion needs to be truly lovely . . . follow the facial treatment that has the sponsorship of the world's leading skin specialists.

At least once a day cover your face with Woodbury's, the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. You can actually feel your parched skin drinking it in . . . relaxing. The little lines disappear, as the natural moisture is restored. Then, under the gentle strokes of your fingertips, its fine and soothing oils penetrate down beneath the surface—cleanse and stimulate your face to the very pore-depths.

As a powder base, use a touch of Woodbury's Facial Cream. Light and fluffy and vanishing, it protects your skin, and helps, too, in preventing dryness.

You can get the Woodbury Creams in 50c jars and 25c tubes (for traveling)—also all the other Woodbury beauty aids—at drug-stores and toilet goods counters. Or, for a generous trial set of the Woodbury Creams, Facial Soap and Powder, just send 10c, in stamps or coin, to John H. Woodbury, Inc., Dept. M-9, Cincinnati, Ohio. (If you live in Canada, address: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. M-9, Perth, Ont.)

Introducing—

THREE NEW WOODBURY BEAUTY AIDS

IN RESPONSE TO MANY REQUESTS

After many months of thorough scientific analysis and most rigid testing, we are happy to present to you the following Woodbury Complexion Aids. All are based on newest developments as revealed in our own costly experimentation and research, and bring to you the promise of results heretofore unattainable.

Woodbury's Facial Freshener . . . buoyant and bracing, closes your pores and tightens up your facial muscles. *Price, 75c.*

Woodbury's Cleansing Cream . . . requires no massaging, liquefies as it touches your skin. *Price, 75c.*

Woodbury's Tissue Cream . . . gets down to the very muscles of your face, feeds them, keeps your skin youthful and firm. *Price, $1.00.*

WOODBURY'S THE COLD CREAM
THAT MELTS AT SKIN TEMPERATURE

© 1930, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

SKIN-TONE HARMONIES

By Hildegarde Fillmore

Drawings by Carolyn Edmundson

THERE are all sorts of harmonies in this world, and not the least of these are the really lovely color harmonies that Nature has created in our skins. Curiously enough we haven't made much of them in the past. In fact, we've been busy destroying them by using powders and rouges that don't help Nature a bit, but instead, defeat her subtle and beautiful purposes.

Some powder manufacturers tell me that they still have to make white powder to satisfy a certain demand, although white powder is one of the things that takes all the warm, flowing color from the skin. Fortunately, the old whitewashed look is so rare that it has almost passed from sight. But the pinky-pink look hasn't. There are still plenty of women who use pink powder because they've been told pink tones down the yellow in their skins.

What the well-meaning old-fashioned experts in make-up didn't realize was that the yellow tint in our skins, usually so slight that it makes the skin creamy, belongs there. And instead of wiping it out we should use powder with enough yellow in it to preserve that creamy quality. Pink, yellow, tan, cream—all these are in the pigment of the normal skin. So it isn't strange that the newest, loveliest powders are a mixture of all these colors.

I suppose every woman—even the woman who knows a lot about cosmetics—decides periodically that she's using the wrong shade of powder. Then comes the task of choosing another shade that will suit her skin better. At this stage she is apt to throw up her hands in despair, as she wonders:

"How in the world can I ever choose the right powder for my skin with this bewildering lot of shades? And they do have the most confusing names!"

A man who makes a popular powder, realizing this common experience, set out to simplify make-up by working on an entirely new principle. He created a neutral-tinted powder that contains the basic skin color-tones. He believes this powder can be used on practically every type of complexion because it brings out the skin's individuality without adding color to it.

THE underlying principle of the powder is much the same as the decorator's rule for putting a finish on fine wood. To get the most beautiful effect, a decorator would tell you to clean the wood thoroughly first. (This, of course, is quite as true of the skin before powder is applied.) Then he would say, apply a foundation preparation that makes the surface smooth to receive the finish—which is, of course, comparable to our use of a foundation cream. Last of all, he would advise you to put on an almost transparent finish that brings out the subtle coloring of the wood itself. This finish would be the same for maple, cherry, oak or walnut—and, to continue the analogy, this new powder provides the same "finish" for blonde, medium, Titian-haired or brunette types. It sounds reasonable, doesn't it?

Though they differ in color of hair, eyes, and skin, the three types on this page may all use a powder with the same basic color ingredients, if it is so skillfully mixed that it brings the whole face into harmony. Many stores are now blending powders in this way. You, yourself, can blend your favorite powder by shaking it thoroughly in the box, if you have enough shades to begin with. It's lots of fun, and since a too dark or too light shade is easy to remedy, even an amateur can do it successfully. Let yourself be guided by the darkest tones on your face, not the lightest.

After you have chosen the right powder shade for your skin, then be very sure that you are applying the powder correctly. Unless the directions say otherwise, apply powder generously, then fluff it off with cotton or a powder brush.

After learning your shade and the method of applying it, be sure that you are using your foundation preparation with skill. Most foundation creams should be applied all over face and neck, leaving no dry spot. Then take a piece of cleansing tissue or cotton and wipe off every bit of the cream. If the cream is the kind that your skin should use you will find that only enough remains to provide a smooth, clean surface for the powder. Heavy foundation creams cannot be used this way; they should always be applied sparingly.

Except where the skin has plenty of natural color the selection of cheek rouge is the next important step. Business women, who must look perfectly groomed early in the morning, should choose a rouge that stays on smoothly for many hours. Cream rouge is excellent if used correctly. After cleansing the face put a few little dots on the cheek where your natural color comes, even though it is very faint. Now blend the color outward, being careful that no line shows where the rouge ends. Put powder on over this, but don't make it do all the blending. If the rouge is delicately placed, a light dusting of powder will add lovely bloom that gives subtle texture to the skin.

Compact rouges are good for heightening the color during the day; used carefully over a foundation, they will not blow away. At least once in the middle of the day it's best to remove all your make-up and apply fresh rouge and powder. This makes it unnecessary to rub powder or rouge on a not quite clean skin. It's this constant rubbing of powder over soiled powder that is bad for the skin, anyway.

Just as we're learning to have more respect for the natural colors of the skin, so we're discovering that the natural tint of the lips is worth preserving, too. Too-pale lips always look odd when the rest of the face has plenty of natural glow. Fortunately, lipsticks are made in so many natural rosy shades these days that it's comparatively easy to find one that gives your mouth just the color it needs.

We ought to remind ourselves that a lipstick can hardly change the whole shape and contour of the mouth. Get the color right first, then try putting it smoothly all over the lips. If this seems to make your mouth look large, keep the color near the center of the lips, blending it carefully away from the ends. Of course, only a truly natural tint can be used this way. And put enough color on the inner edge of the lip so you'll never have that hard line of color that so often shows when some of the lip salve wears off. On normal or too-thin lips, put the heaviest color on the lower lip.

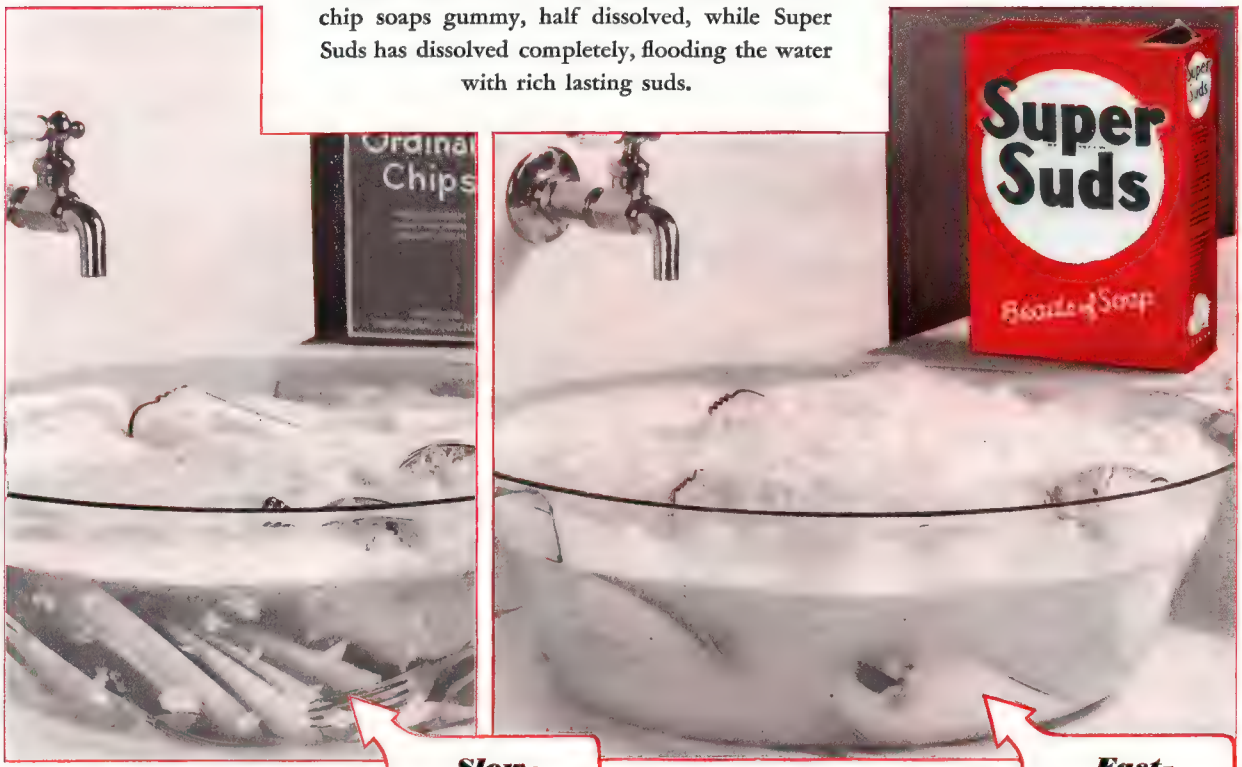
BESIDES the shades that, in the lipstick itself, look pretty much as they look when applied, there is a good lipstick that is bright orange in the stick but changes to a natural rosy tint when applied. Some conservative women have found they can use cream rouge, applying it to the lips on the little fingertip, and get the most natural effect.

While we're talking about the new natural make-up it's a good time to point out that it's what is *under the powder* that counts most. The smallest job powder has to do is to cover up imperfections—its most important purpose is to bring out every bit of lovely texture, line, and color in the normal, clear skin.

You're sure to want more details about these new natural make-ups, so we've compiled them for you in this month's Cosmetic Style Letter. Ask for the September letter and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Address The Beauty Editor, McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York.

Here's actual photographic proof* that Super Suds is faster

These pictures taken through glass dishpans show chip soaps gummy, half dissolved, while Super Suds has dissolved completely, flooding the water with rich lasting suds.



Slow-dissolving chips

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

Slow-Dissolving Ordinary Chips

Bead soap in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dish-washing time in half

Fast-Dissolving Lasting Super Suds

MADAM, you have wanted evidence as to why instant-dissolving Super Suds is so superior to slow-dissolving chips. Why it keeps dishwater from getting greasy. Cuts dishwashing time in half.

Now comes actual undebatable proof in photographs taken through glass dishpans. They show you what has never been seen before . . . exactly how soaps act *below* the surface of the water. This is the part of dishwashing you don't see. Yet it is the most important part, by far. For no matter how much top suds a soap may give, it's the instant rich soapiness *below* the surface of the water that really counts.

Why "instant dissolving" is so important

And only an instant-dissolving soap can give you this quick, all-through-the-water soapiness The camera proves it. It shows relentlessly how slow-dissolving soaps leave the water clear, almost soapless below the surface. While . . . in the same length of time . . . Super Suds has dissolved completely. Releasing instantly a rich flood of active suds through every drop of water in the pan!

Why Super Suds dissolves instantly

Super Suds can do this because it's a soap that's designed especially for instant dissolving. It's not chips, flakes, nor powder. It's tiny beads made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of these beads are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. That's why Super Suds gives instant lasting suds clear down to the bottom of the pan.

It's because of this instant dissolving that Super Suds saves dishwashing time in these 3 ways.

(1) *Saves waiting for suds.* No stirring, coaxing or heating water extra hot to get soap to dissolve. (2) *Washes dishes clean faster.* The rich, penetrating, all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) *Saves dishwiping.* Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to streakless, sparkling clearness. Wiping is not necessary.

Why bother with slow-dissolving soaps when here's an instant-dissolving soap that gives you quick, rich soapiness . . . saves half your dishwashing time? Your grocer has Super Suds.

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Super Suds 10¢

6023

She grew like a weed but didn't fill out

—until we found that Cocomalt could make her strong and sturdy

"MY DAUGHTER Patricia was tall for her years—but so painfully thin we couldn't help worrying. Even the other children noticed it and called her 'Skinny' at school.

"Then a neighbor gave me a sample of Cocomalt. Patricia liked it so well I started giving it to her every day. In a few weeks she began to lose that 'weedy' look and started building up. Today she is so strong and well developed that every one speaks of it."

Vitamin D builds health

The actual experience related by this mother has many parallels. She is not the first to be worried because her children grew too fast without filling out. Doctors say it is a danger signal that should never be ignored.

When children fail to build up, it is an indication their systems are begging for *extra* tissue-building proteins, carbohydrates and minerals.

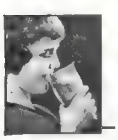
Cocomalt not only provides these in concentrated form, together with malt enzymes which help digest other foods, but it also contains Vitamin D —that mysterious element which makes summer sunshine so effective in preventing rickets and in building strong bones and sturdy bodies.

Cocomalt is not a medicine; nor is it to be compared with ordinary malted milk, cocoa or foreign substitutes. Cocomalt is a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink of exceptionally high nutritive value—prescribed by physicians, dieticians and child experts everywhere.

Mail coupon for trial package

Cocomalt comes in powder form. Three sizes: ½ lb., 1 lb., and the 5 lb. family size. As high as Cocomalt is in food value, the cost is surprisingly low. At grocers and leading drug stores. Easy to prepare; simply add it to milk—hot or cold.

You can't begin to appreciate how delicious Cocomalt is until you try it. Simply mail this coupon and 10c for your trial can of Cocomalt—enough for the whole family to judge what a wonderful food drink it is.



Cocomalt

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 19, Hoboken, New Jersey

I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

LAST RESORT

[*Continued from page 67*]

bag. Then take it on the lam and get out of Palm Beach on that one-thirty train. I'll stick around here until the excitement dies down and then join you in New York."

"Okay. And you're sure she carries all the stuff in her bag?"

"Positive. It's all in sets: a diamond set, a ruby set, and an emerald set. She uses 'em for evening wear. Has 'em insured and carries them wherever she goes. They represent a heap of coin to us, Steve—but to her they're chicken feed."

Eddie rose and smilingly propelled his friend toward the door. "Beat it, kid—and lay low the rest of the afternoon. I'm taking Lois to the Cocoanut Grove at five-fifteen."

A WARM, sensuous night. A full moon smiling benignly down from cloudless skies on palm trees and flowers and gorgeous estates. A car moving slowly southward, the occupants blissfully under the spell of the night.

With a deft hand Eddie spun the wheel and whirled the car through an open gate. His headlights clipped a path through the trees, and then were extinguished. Lois Martin drew in her breath sharply and for a second her figure stiffened. But she did not protest—and Eddie vouchsafed no explanation.

He stretched beneath the wheel and took her hand in his. He held it tightly, with a gentle, affectionate pressure. He did not put his arm about her: Steve would have proclaimed proudly that Eddie was not a crude worker.

Lois was strangely and uncomfortably happy. She was suspicious of other men, but not of Eddie. He had made love to her, but only by suggestion. He had been a gentleman always, and she could not doubt that whatever affection he might have for her was genuine.

Their wordless communion was rudely shattered by the blinding glare of a flashlight. Lois repressed a shriek and then faced the situation with a courage little short of heroic. Eddie simulated fright, then made a move as though to battle with the highwayman, but she restrained him.

"Don't be silly, Eddie. You'll get yourself hurt."

She spoke coldly to the bandit. "You want our money?"

The masked man nodded in the blackness. Lois calmly handed him her bag. She compelled Eddie to deliver his watch, ring, and wallet. She removed a magnificent emerald from her own left hand. Her poise was glorious and for the first time Eddie Ware felt a twinge of pity for Lois Martin. Truly this woman was superb.

The bandit vanished in the gloom. For just a moment Lois seemed about to collapse. Then as Eddie started his motor, backed into the road, and headed toward Palm Beach, she was exalted by a word of praise from him; praise uttered so sincerely that she could not doubt its genuineness.

"Lois," he said huskily, "you were wonderful."

He meant it; and for the first time in a long career of criminal adventure, Eddie Ware despised his rôle.

But he was light-hearted when he waked the following morning. He ordered breakfast served in his room and then, after a shower, slipped into a dressing gown and stood gazing at the sea. Tough to leave this and return to the rigors of a New York March.

The door opened. Eddie turned, and in spite of himself, he was stripped for the moment of his professional poise. Then an engaging grin decorated his lips beneath the thin mustache.

"Little poison ivy!" he greeted jovially. "What are you doing in Palm Beach?"

Dave Glenn seated himself on the bed. "I might ask you the same question, Eddie."

"And I might answer it honestly."

"Thanks. Suppose you tell me the truth about those jewels, then. Where are they?"

"What jewels?" A casual listener would have applauded Eddie's air of innocence.

"Miss Martin's."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Dave."

Glenn's eyes dwelt sternly on the face of the other young man. "That holdup last night was a trifle too smooth. Though of course you wouldn't put up a fight when your friend, Steve McCready, was playing the rôle of bandit."

Eddie Ware had a violent premonition that all was not as it should be.

"Where did you get your dope, Dave?"

"Obtaining information about crooks is my business. And the company which employs me is the insurer of Miss Martin's jewels. Here's the point, my friend: I know that you are criminally involved in this thing. Tell me now where I can find the gems and I'll let you go free."

"Fine talk!" Eddie was very much on guard and his words came coldly. "But you can't bluff me, Dave. You haven't a thing against me."

"No? Suppose I told you that I have Steve McCready in jail at West Palm Beach?" Dave asked.

"I'd say I hated to doubt your word, but didn't believe you."

"Very well. Come along and I'll prove it."

He waited while Eddie dressed, and together they crossed the bridge to the pert little city on the other side of Lake Worth.

"You're not going to talk with him," explained Glenn. "Not now or later. He is not seeing company for several days. But I want you to know that I have him comfortably protected."

He escorted Eddie Ware into the jail and pointed out to him, in a cell at the far end of the corridor, the melancholy figure of Steve McCready. Eddie left the jail most definitely perturbed, and as they returned to Palm Beach he listened with respectful attention to what Dave was saying.

WE WANT the jewels, Eddie. It would be rather empty sending you and Steve up for twenty years each without recovering the stolen goods. My offer of trade still holds good."

"Will you also release Steve?"

"That's a promise."

"I'll think it over. But remember, Dave, I haven't admitted anything."

"You don't have to. It's the jewels I need, not evidence."

At the entrance to the Breakers, Eddie alighted. "What now, Dave?"

[*Continued on page 72*]

Grains of Wheat and Rice kept as freshly CRISP in this NEW package

as the moment they were Shot from Guns

CRISP! A delectable, flavory crispness that no cereal has ever before possessed!

Puffed Grains have this unique crispness, because they are actually "shot from guns." Plump meaty grains of wheat and rice are sealed into huge bronze guns. The guns are revolved for hours in ovens. Then fired.

This causes 125 million explosions. It makes Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice virtually as nourishing as hot cooked cereals. But it does more. It gives them an unusually delectable flavor, a unique crunchy crispness no other ready-to-eat-cereal possesses.

And Puffed Grains stay crisp too

That's because of the Puffed Grain Seal-Krisp package and the special exclusive process that heat-seals these grain goodies in the containers so that all their original nut-like flavor, all their fresh new crispness is kept intact. As they rustle from the box to the breakfast dish Puffed Grains are as deliciously crisp as the moment they were shot from guns!

Order Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat from your grocer today. You'll find that hard-to-please appetites revel in this deliciously different stay-crisp cereal. The Quaker Oats Company.

Hear Phil Cook, the Quaker Man, every evening except Saturday and Sunday over WJZ and associated stations of an N. B. C. network, 7:30 p. m. Eastern Daylight time. Consult your local radio time table for your station and time.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN Committee on Foods

This seal signifies that this product has been approved by the American Medical Association

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice

Skin more radiant

when you complete your cream cleansing this refreshing way

Charming Mrs. Alister McCormick, of the distinguished Chicago family, guards her lovely skin with utmost care . . . "Pond's Cleansing Tissues," she says, "remove cream better than anything I have ever tried . . . Pond's Skin Freshener is marvelous to free the skin from oiliness and shine."

TO bring a more radiant beauty, a more exquisite bloom to your skin . . . follow each cream cleansing with generous use of these two delightful accessories prepared by the makers of the famous Two Creams.

To wipe away the cream, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are more luxuriously soft and fine than anything you ever used. Ample in size, they are so marvelously absorbent that, with the gentlest touch, they *lift off* cream and dirt, leaving your skin immaculately cleansed to the depths of the pores.

Enchantingly perfumed, Pond's Skin Freshener is the perfect mild astringent women have sought to banish that last lingering oiliness after cream cleansing. Scientifically compounded, this delightfully bracing tonic *has no drying effect* upon your skin; it acts so gently it is safe to use as often as you please. It tones and firms the skin; reduces the pores; refines the texture; brings color to sallow cheeks; keeps you fresh and radiant as a May morning.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues, to remove cold cream

Pond's Skin Freshener, to banish oiliness

Check Offer You Wish

☐ Free sample of Pond's Cleansing Tissues.

☐ For 10¢ enclosed please send me samples of Pond's Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. Z

111F Hudson Street . . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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LAST RESORT

[*Continued from page 70*]

"Nothing. I'll give you two hours to think things over. I'll wait in my room at the Poinciana. When you come to your senses, bring me the truth and the jewels, and for a while at least you'll be safe from the penitentiary."

Eddie stood staring after the taxi which rolled off slowly in the general direction of the great, rambling yellow bulk of the Poinciana. Mr. Ware was considerably worried—and the chances were that he would have been even more puzzled had he known what was transpiring in a corner suite of the Breakers Hotel.

ONE hour previously, when Eddie and Dave Glenn had been starting on their short journey to West Palm Beach, there had come a knock on the door of Lois Martin's sitting room. Miss Martin's maid answered and brought to her mistress a card bearing the simple inscription: MISS MARY RUTLEDGE

Lois entered the sitting room and was immediately impressed with the piquant charm of her visitor. And Mary, seeing Lois for the first time, was amazed.

She had rather expected to see a woman from whose cheeks the bloom had fled. Instead she found herself in the presence of a girl who was unmistakably pretty—not from a standpoint of classic analysis, but from the angle of sheer feminine attractiveness.

Mary accepted a chair, satisfied herself that the maid was not within earshot and spoke with greater embarrassment than she had anticipated. Here was charm to match her own . . . she liked Lois Martin instinctively.

"I am here on a peculiar mission, Miss Martin. I must ask you in advance not to expect me to answer certain questions which you might naturally ask."

The other inclined her head. "Certainly."

"You were robbed last night," announced Mary abruptly. Lois' eyes opened with astonishment.

"How did you know?"

"You were held up and robbed by a masked man. He stole your bag which contained jewels worth a large sum of money—isn't that true?"

"Yes . . ."

With a quick, impulsive gesture Mary leaned forward and placed a bag in Lois Martin's lap.

"There are your jewels, Miss Martin. Will you be kind enough to see whether any are missing?"

Lois paid no attention to the bag. "Where did you get these?"

"From the detective who recovered them from the highwayman."

"But why should he give them to you to return to me instead of bringing them himself?"

Mary smiled deprecatingly. "That is one of the questions I cannot answer."

Lois laughed nervously and shook her head. "There are so many questions I would like to ask. But I promised . . ."

"Thank you for remembering that promise."

There was a knock on the door and a few seconds later the maid entered the room. She addressed her mistress.

"Mr. Ware is here, Miss."

Lois looked up quickly, her cheeks flushing. Then she turned to Mary.

"A friend of mine. May I ask him in, Miss Rutledge?"

"Certainly." Mary wondered why her own heart was pounding. "One more favor, please."

"Whatever you ask."

"Put your bag in the drawer yonder and say nothing about recovering the jewels, even if he asks whether you've had any news of them."

Lois placed the bag in the drawer of the desk, but she was frankly puzzled. "You have my word. But my curiosity is simply boiling over."

The maid parted the curtains and stood aside. Eddie Ware, handsome and immaculate in sports garb, walked breezily into the room. Then his eye fell upon the provocative figure of Mary Rutledge, and for the second time in the space of an hour he lost the poise of which he was so proud. As from a great distance he heard Lois' soft voice.

"Miss Rutledge—may I present Mr. Ware: Mr. Ware—Miss Rutledge."

Mary's warm hand was in his and her eyes met his gravely as she acknowledged the introduction. Eddie was more than frightened: he was acutely embarrassed. But he retained sufficient self-possession to take his cue from Mary. Since she had elected to regard him as a stranger, he stepped into that rôle with what grace he could muster.

And Mary, knowing the situation and watching Lois closely, knew intuitively that she should feel very sorry indeed for the wealthy, attractive and lonely girl.

"I dropped over to say goodbye," announced Eddie abruptly. "I'm leaving for New York immediately."

Lois' cheeks blanched, but she took the blow like a good sportsman.

"Rather sudden decision, isn't it?"

"Very. But circumstances have arisen . . ." He smiled disarmingly. "I'll see you again before I go."

Lois ushered them to the door and they entered the elevator together. When they reached the lobby Eddie asked permission to accompany Mary to the Poinciana, and as soon as they had passed beyond the taxi starter, he dropped his mask.

"What does this mean?" he inquired harshly.

"What does what mean?"

"The whole business . . . everything?"

She regarded him seriously for a moment. "Miss Martin is a most charming girl, Eddie—and very fond of you."

"What of it?"

"Do you care for her?"

"Say listen, Mary—quit stalling. What does Lois Martin know?" Eddie insisted.

"About your part in the theft of her jewels?"

"About anything?"

SHE knows nothing about that, Eddie." Mary's voice was infinitely gentle. "And since you're departing for New York soon, don't you think it would be merciful to leave her in ignorance? A woman of her type might find considerable comfort in remembering an honest romance. It would be rather cruel to let her know that she was the victim of an unscrupulous crook."

[*Continued on page 74*]

NEXT WASHDAY
LIL, YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT RINSO. YOU OUGHT TO SEE MY WASH— BRIGHT AND FRESH AS NEW!
USE RINSO FOR DISHES, TOO. IT'S GREAT

AND

"How gloriously white this safe soap washes clothes!"

say women all over the country

"RINSO IS the only soap for me!" says Mrs. O. V. Hoffman of Cincinnati. "It gets my wash so beautifully white and clean."

"I can't *imagine* using anything but Rinso in my washer," writes Mrs. R. J. Coombs of Tulsa, Okla. "It whips into rich, safe suds so quickly."

Thousands have written to tell us how much whiter Rinso washes clothes. No wonder the makers of 38 famous washing machines recommend it!

So economical, too. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Lively, *lasting* suds . . . even in hardest water. Rinso is all you ever need for the family wash—no bar soaps, chips, powders or softeners.

For tub washing, too . . . *saves scrubbing!*

Rinso soaks clothes whiter than they can be scrubbed.

"I don't tire myself scrubbing or boiling any more," says Mrs. J. J. Gladney of Waterbury, Conn.

Get the BIG package of Rinso. You'll like it for dishes, too—pots and pans—floors, walls, *all cleaning.*

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—*Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.*

The makers of 38 leading washers recommend Rinso

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine

2 SIZES most women buy the large package

Millions use Rinso for dishes, floors and all cleaning

ODO-RO-NO
will save you
Frocks and Frowns!

Keep underarms dry and odorless with ODORONO

Don't offend others! • *Don't damage gowns!*

NOT even the smartest woman is immune . . . so take care to avoid the fatal social pitfall that lurks in underarm perspiration . . . odor that disgusts others . . . unsightly wet rings that spoil frocks.

Because this offense is unnecessary don't ask the fastidious, the well-bred, to forgive you. Don't forgive yourself.

Use Odorono—your friend in need—faithfully. Odorono was compounded by a physician. It is efficient . . . dependable . . . safe to use.

Odorono harmlessly diverts perspiration from the underarms . . . keeps them completely dry . . . entirely odorless. Why experiment with less authoritative preparations?

Go, then, carefree . . . confident of a pleasing presence . . . of charm unspoiled!

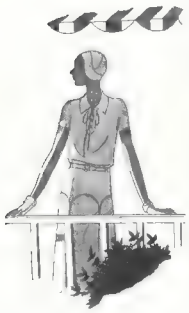
SPECIFY YOUR PREFERENCE:
Odorono Regular,
or Odorono Quick-Drying Colorless

Odorono Regular, ruby colored, gives you service more prolonged and more efficient by far than that afforded by any other available preparation. *Unceasing* protection from odor and moisture may be had by using it twice a week at night.

Odorono Quick-Drying, colorless, is specially prepared for quick use. Apply it any time—as you dress. Pat it on. It dries immediately. Pass a damp cloth over it—then into your frock! Odorono Quick-Drying gives complete protection from 24 hours to two full days; better service than any other preparation except Odorono Regular.

PECK & PECK *testify*

"THESE BOTTLES GUARD AMERICA'S GOWNS"



"Without the protection of Odorono the money loss of expensive clothing from damage by perspiration would run into hundreds of thousands of dollars with our patrons alone," assert Peck & Peck, whose shops supply the smartest of sports attire for "Femininity In the Active Mood."

"Fashionable New York women do not take chances! They rely on Odorono to prevent damage by keeping underarms dry and odorless. It saves them thousands of dollars!"

Odorono Regular
(Ruby Colored)
For use twice a week, before retiring

Odorono
Quick-Drying Mild
(Colorless)
Use at any time—every day if needed

COUPON

Send 10c for samples of Odorono Regular, Odorono Quick-Drying Mild and Crême Odorono. (In Canada, address P.O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., Inc.,
Dept. 9-M O., 191 Hudson St., New York, N.Y.

LAST RESORT

[*Continued from page 72*]

"Riding me hard, aren't you Mary?" Eddie's eyes avoided hers.

"Isn't it justified? Are you proud of the part you have played?"

"Why not? This is my business . . ." Then he turned impulsively toward her. "Don't pour it into me, Mary. You can make things hurt more than I want to stand. It's such a ghastly situation, anyway. You don't realize what you mean to me, or how much I love you."

"Not enough," she said coldly, "to go straight."

HE MADE a boyish gesture of helplessness. "Why should I kid myself? Don't you know that I couldn't go straight—that it isn't in me. If I loved you less I might try to fool you. I might pretend, in order to win you . . . But I've always shot square with you, Mary—and you should give me my little pitiful credit there, don't you think?"

She was strangely stirred and for a moment dared not answer. Eddie, in this mood of repentant helplessness, affected her most deeply. He spoke again.

"Do you despise me, Mary?"

"Yes!" Then . . . "And I love you, too. Oh, can't you see that I am utterly bewildered? Can't you understand that you won't let me learn how I feel? You don't play fair; you appeal to the protective instinct in me, and then make love. You don't give me an honest chance to analyze my own feelings."

"I've offered to step out," he said humbly, "any time you feel that I should."

"But I don't want you to step out. I'm fond of you . . . I don't know how fond. But you . . . you pretend to love me: really love me. And you can't, Eddie, or you'd quit this whole miserable mess."

"I can't quit," he said desperately. "I can't even get out of this particular affair as I would like. I'm going now to see Dave Glenn . . . of course you knew that he was here at Palm Beach, didn't you?"

"Certainly. I'll go with you, if you don't mind."

Glenn put aside his magazine as they entered. His eyes met Mary's briefly and he caught her message. But he listened to Eddie's sharp, nervous speech.

"You've got me buffaloed, Dave. So far as Lois Martin is concerned, that affair is through. Mary heard me tell her goodbye, or all but the formal farewells. She understands that there was nothing between us but friendship. But you've given me an impossible job."

"What is that, Eddie?"

"You've told me that I've got to return the jewels. And I give you my word I haven't the slightest idea where they are."

"No? Perhaps Mary knows."

The girl smiled quickly. "You needn't worry about that, Eddie. Lois Martin has her jewels."

And now indeed Eddie was totally unequal to the task of concealing his astonishment.

"Wh-where did she get them?"

"I took them to her."

"But where did you get them?"

"From Dave."

Eddie shook his head resignedly.

"I'm whipped—but interested. Why the stage play, Dave, if you had the stones all the time?"

"Mary and I were curious, Eddie. For one thing, we didn't know how you really felt toward Miss Martin. If you wished to marry her, we didn't want to let her know that you are a professional crook, and that would have been unavoidable had I put you under arrest."

Eddie Ware was silent for a moment; strangely abashed.

"You're a white man, Dave—and I fancy I'm a good bit of a rotter. I just can't help it, that's all, any more than you can help being honest."

He walked to the window and looked out across Lake Worth. Fear of prison had gone, but he was afraid of something far more vital to his happiness. Behind him were Dave Glenn and Mary Rutledge. He admired Dave and loved Mary . . . and he felt that such affection as she might have for him could not withstand many such shocks as this. Then he shrugged resignedly and turned toward the other man.

"Are you going to send Steve up for highway robbery, Dave?"

The tall, grave detective shook his head, then replied.

"No. I think he has been sufficiently frightened—this time at any rate."

"That's decent of you. But tell me, how did you get on to all of this?"

"I saw Steve quite by accident in the hotel when we first arrived. I shadowed him last night."

"And grabbed him right after he got the stuff from Miss Martin, eh?" Eddie asked.

"No—o." Glenn shook his head. "That was my first plan, of course. But I was afraid of my own conscience. I knew that if I permitted Steve actually to act the rôle of highway robber, I would be forced to press the charge against him. I negotiated that difficulty by arresting him before the robbery."

Eddie frowned.

"Then where did you get the jewels?"

"That's easy enough. I was attempting to save you and Steve. You had set the stage excellently for a holdup, and so I took advantage of the situation."

"You mean," inquired Eddie unbelievingly—"that you were the highway robber?"

"I was," confessed Dave. "You see, Mary's problem had to be solved. It was strictly a personal one. I took the jewels from Miss Martin and Mary returned them this morning. It afforded her an excellent opportunity to discover what you might have taken from Miss Martin in addition to her jewels."

MARY, who had been silent for some time, now spoke. Her face was a delicate mask of contempt.

"That's what hurts me, Eddie," she said evenly. "It's the sort of thing that causes me to be afraid of you. Lois Martin really cares for you. Apparently you are completely indifferent to any suffering you might have caused her."

"I'm not." Eddie felt miserably guilty and uncomfortable. "I didn't mean to hurt her; truly I didn't. I'm sorry . . . " He made a gesture of defeat. "Isn't it ironic that the only person who really matters is the one who doesn't care?"

Scarcely realizing what she did, Mary turned her face toward Dave Glenn.

And she could read in Dave's eyes an echo of Eddie's words.

LOOK TO THE BODY

BODY by FISHER

CADILLAC · LA SALLE · OLDSMOBILE

BUICK · CHEVROLET · MARQUETTE

PONTIAC · VIKING

GENERAL MOTORS

PREFERENCE of women motorists for Body by Fisher is definitely traceable to woman's instinctive appreciation of the finer quality and craftsmanship in Fisher Bodies. She instantly notes that Fisher upholstery is richer and costlier, comparable to that used in finest furniture, and Fisher fittings as beautifully fashioned as period silverware. She appreciates, too, the many other Fisher features of extra value, such as the Fisher adjustable driver's seat, Fisher non-glare vision and ventilating windshield, Protectalok door handles and the unrivalled durability and quietness of the Fisher wood-and-steel type of construction. She does not need to sacrifice body quality in the car of her choice, because in every price field these extra values are offered in General Motors cars—the *only* cars with Body by Fisher.

SAVED

All the luscious fruit juice that used to boil away!!!

Last summer Mrs. J. H. Sprague of St. Paul won six major prizes with her delicious Certo-made jellies and jams at the Minnesota State Fair. Grape jelly shown in the photograph above was one of her prize winners. Note the rich color.

This easy modern way gives you half again more glasses from the same amount of fruit

You fill one glass . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . more and more! Is there no bottom to that jelly kettle? Apparently not . . . when you follow this modern short boil way to make your jellies and jams.

When you use Certo, you see, only one minute's boiling is needed . . . and hence no fruit juice boils away. You get half again more glasses . . . ten when you expected a meager six.

Now figure up the costs, and another thrill is yours. Including fruit, sugar, Certo, fuel, everything . . . these extra glasses bring your jelly cost down to less than 8¢ per glass!

But best of all, perhaps, is the speed, ease and certainty of this modern jelly-making way. A few minutes to cook, a second to add Certo, a minute more to boil, three or four minutes to pour . . . and you are through. Without the slightest hurry you are putting your jelly out to cool 12 minutes after you start!

EXACTLY WHAT IS CERTO?—Certo is the natural jellying substance of pure fruit, scientifically extracted, concentrated and bottled. This jellying substance is so scarce in some fruits that jelly cannot be made from them by the old-fashioned way. With many others, jelly can be made only with partly ripened fruit and after long, wasteful, tedious boiling.

Now in Certo this jellying substance is yours to use whenever you wish. With it you can make jellies from *any* fruit—even from strawberries and pineapple; yes, even from bottled grape juice! And, because with Certo you use the fruit at its ripest and best, your jellies take on an exquisite new deliciousness.

TRY IT—TODAY—Why not start today to fill your jam cupboard with a rainbow of delicious jellies and tempting jams?

Choose the fruit that is cheapest and ripest—and begin! Under the label on the Certo bottle you will find 93 jelly and jam recipes prepared and tested by Elizabeth Palmer, the famous authority on jelly-making.

These recipes are made for use with Certo. Follow them to the letter and your jellies and jams will be greeted with all the honors due a master cook.

Certo is a product of General Foods Corporation. More than 4,000,000 users endorse it. Ask any grocer for your supply today.

HAVE YOU STOPPED PUTTING UP JELLIES?

If you have stopped putting up jellies and jams, Certo should be doubly interesting to you!

No matter how disastrous your past experiences may have been, with this magical preparation you can make any jelly quickly, easily, surely, economically.

Try this modern method today! It is followed by dozens of State Fair prize winners. See what wonderful fun jelly-making can be now.

FREE! Miss Palmer's new booklet, "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard," contains many recipes for exquisite desserts and salads using jellies and jams. Another of her booklets contains 93 tested jelly and jam recipes for use with Certo. The coupon brings them both to you free.

Address Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept., Certo Corporation, Fairport, New York. (In Canada address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.) © 1930, G. F. Corp. (M.C.-9-30)

NAME _____

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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS COMPLETELY

The would-be artist in butter needs paddles, molds, and a curling hook

ROLL YOUR OWN

By Ruth Dutihl Jenkins

BUTTER . . . butter . . . butter. Three times a day we serve it as food, but how many of us have tried its decorative possibilities? My family (I'm afraid I spoil them!) actually expect their butter in some fancy form every day. And not always in the same form, either—the models shown below are only a few of their favorites.

With skill and imagination—and a pair of paddles, some molds, and a metal hook—any woman can copy all of the designs illustrated and can originate lots of her own, as well. Of course, it takes practice to become an expert, but butter-modeling is great fun, I'm sure you'll agree.

The butter may come in a brick or from a crock. Let it stand on the kitchen table until it has just the right consistency. If it is too hard, it will be flaky and stubborn; if it's too soft, it will be sticky. The two corrugated wooden paddles must be perfectly clean. Scald them with boiling water, and then let them stand in very cold salted water until they are thoroughly chilled. This keeps the butter from sticking.

When butter and paddles are ready, take an individual portion of butter on the left paddle and move the right paddle over it with a light, swift, rotary movement until you make a ball. (If the butter sticks, put it into the refrigerator for a few moments; clean the paddles, chill them, and begin again.) When you have your first ball, then the fun begins!

A little more rolling will make it into a cylinder, which may have the ends squared off. Or, you may decide to curve it into a shell form—or press it into a flat disc—or make it very thin, with curled-up edges. This latter shape will make a basket, to which a handle and a filling of parsley may be added for very particular parties.

Molded forms are more easily made than the rolled shapes. If the molds are perfectly clean and very cold, and the butter is correctly soft, the results are sure to be perfect. To make them, you completely fill the closed mold with butter, then push the handle through and the printed pat falls out. If you have a number to make, you can save time by flattening out a pound of butter on a large cold platter—the sheet of butter should be as thick as the inside depth of the mold. You then use the mold just as you would a cookie cutter.

When you use the butter-hook, you need a brick of butter—slightly harder than for rolling—and you scrape the surface quickly to get a thin, scroll-shaped curl. Two of these forms are illustrated—one softly curved like a shell, and the other made into a hollow roll. These are particularly nice for special luncheons. They always call forth exclamations of delight, and very little butter is wasted because each guest has just enough butter for one or two rolls.

Balls, molds, and shells can be made at a convenient time, carefully piled in a glass or crockery container, and kept in the refrigerator until they're used up. For my family's use, I always make enough shapes to last a week.

And here's what can be done with practice

Sign away *half* your washday work!

SIGN THE COUPON! Back will come a free test package of La France to save you half the work of your next washing!

Try La France! That's the test that has freed more than a million women from the hardest part of washday work.

Wash the clothes the usual way—but *without hard rubbing*. It isn't necessary. La France searches out and loosens every stubborn bit of dirt! More—*it blues them perfectly while they wash, without streaking, without spotting.*

Out of the buoyant suds come the clothes! Whiter than ever are the white ones. Bright and freshened are the colored ones.

Are some of the garments delicate? La France cannot harm the filmiest fabric! Are some of the colors dainty? La France will not fade them! Are some of them white silks? La France prevents yellowing of white silks!

Your hands? La France is so *mild* it cannot possibly hurt them!

You need La France! It will save your time. It will save your clothes—for it spares them the stretching and straining that hard rubbing always inflicts! *And when you use La France in a washing machine you don't have to run the machine so long!*

Prove all these things at our expense! Send the coupon *today* for the free trial-size package—enough for a large washing!

Try Satina for Easier Ironing

With La France we will send you also a sample of Satina, to make your ironing easier. You add Satina to hot starch. It prevents irons from sticking, gives a fine soft lustre to table linens and garments, and keeps clothes clean longer.

With the samples will come a copy of the new booklet, "The Easier Way to Perfect Laundering"—a treasure-house of hints and helps for the home laundress.

Your grocer sells La France and Satina

Products of General Foods Corporation

SIGN HERE FOR FREE TEST PACKAGE OF LA FRANCE SEND TODAY!

McC-9-30

LA FRANCE MANUFACTURING CO., (INC.)
113-125 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free, a test package of La France—enough for a family wash—together with a sample of Satina. And P. S.—Please include, free, the booklet "The Easier Way to Perfect Laundering"

*Name*_____

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*City*_____ *State*_____

Print name and address Fill in completely

In Canada, address General Foods, Limited
Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

1—A covered radiator has four advantages: it is economical of steam; looks better; supplies a convenient table top; and protects the window curtains from rising dust

BEAUTY TREATMENTS FOR RADIATORS

By Mary Davis Gillies

RADIATORS are becoming bashful! After years of flaunting their ribs and coils before our troubled gaze, they are at last retiring from public view. In newly-built, or reconstructed, houses they are hidden inside the walls; in other houses their ungainly frames can be concealed by well-designed shields, enclosures, and window benches.

For years, pipes and plumbing have been built into the walls; why were radiators never treated this way?

Exhaustive tests have proved that this arrangement is not only more decorative, but more practical. In the same way, the portable shields, when they are *properly* designed, give increased steam economy, and maintain more satisfactory air and temperature conditions.

From an open radiator, the heat rises in a thin vertical sheet flat against the wall; it spreads out over the ceiling before cooling, and the air currents set up are unfortunately almost all above the breathing level. On the other hand, an enclosed radiator, if scientifically constructed, forces the heated air out of the side of the radiator into the living area. It rises in a column about three feet deep from wall to outer edge, and the air currents drop to within a few feet of the floor, resulting in a higher temperature in the living area of the room, and not so much heat up near the ceiling.

2—One of the new radiators built into a window

3—Hidden in the wall—an engineering triumph

Naturally we choose a shield or enclosure which looks attractive, but we should also keep in mind the following facts: first, an enclosure should permit a clear movement of air over the whole radiator; next, it should have an opening at the base three or four inches wide for an intake of air; it should be at least an inch higher than the radiator, and should have a shield at the back to protect the wall and throw the heat into the room. The opening in the face of the enclosure should reach up as near the top of the frame as possible in order to avoid bottling up heat inside. The tops of enclosures and shields are usually heavily insulated so that the radiator may serve as an occasional table and hold lamps, books, and flowers, as in the cozy arrangement above (No.1). The top also saves us the problem of soiled draperies as the air currents are directed [*Turn to page 132*]

You need this Penetrating Dentifrice

. . . to give your teeth the kind of cleansing dentists recommend

Surface polishing only half cleans. Colgate's does more—it washes away decaying particles.

SURFACE polishing gives good-looking teeth. It keeps them white and attractive. Almost any toothpaste will scrub the tooth surface.

But Colgate's is different! It not only *polishes* teeth—it also *washes* them perfectly, flooding out the decaying particles from *between* the teeth and in the tiny crevices.

The extra action is due to the Colgate formula, which includes an ingredient that breaks into a sparkling foam. This foam bathes the teeth with active penetrating bubbles.

This lively foam goes where the ordinary sluggish toothpaste can't—into tiny fissures and spaces between the teeth.

Thus Colgate's does two things at one time—(1) its soft chalk polishes brilliantly (2) its penetrating foam loosens and washes away dangerous decaying particles.

Why be satisfied with a mere polishing dentifrice? By using Colgate's you not only maintain attractive white teeth, but you also protect the crevices by flooding out the embedded impurities.

This double action has made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

If you have not become acquainted with the superiority of Colgate's, mail coupon for free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

• • •

Colgate's comes in powder form, for those who prefer it. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

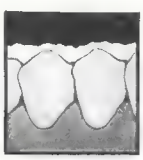
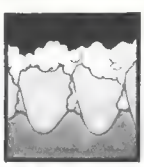


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-595, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....

2

ABOVE—ORDINARY CLEANSING
Note dirt embedded in pores—undisturbed by surface cleansing. Causes blackheads and coarse, dull skin.

BELOW—PORE-DEEP CLEANSING
All dirt is removed. Pores are small. The skin becomes fine, clear, young!

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS FOR CLEANSING DELICATE SKINS

"Clean out those dirty pores"

skin specialist warns women

"DIRTY PORES! They cause blackheads and pimples. They coarsen the skin. They dull the complexion. Even in the first stages they make a woman's appearance distasteful to men.

"I can't say this strongly enough to the woman who wants to look young: don't disregard even the tiniest pinpoint of black that seems to be lodged in your skin.

Cause of Dirty Pores

"Old fashioned cleansing methods won't do. There's a new kind of dirt in the air today . . . greasy, black, machine-age dirt. It pours from the exhausts of automobiles, and from furnace chimneys. It falls on the skin in minute particles of grease, carbon, tar. "These particles of greasy waste cling to the face, stick in the pores. Only thorough pore-deep cleansing will get them out . . . keep them from spoiling the skin."

How Liquid Cleanses

Remove modern dirt with Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser. You feel Ambrosia cleansing the skin, you know it is removing dirt as nothing has done before. New color comes in the cheeks . . . your face feels refreshed and young, pores get small again. See for yourself what Ambrosia does for the skin. Write for generous free sample.

Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 9-M, 114 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y., Dept. 9-M, 69 York St., Toronto, Canada.

4 oz. $1 8 oz. $1.75 16 oz. $3

Copyright 1930, Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.

HOW TO USE AMBROSIA

NORMAL SKIN: Use absorbent cotton thoroughly wet with Ambrosia. Wipe over face and neck. Repeat until fresh cotton does not show any soil.

DRY: Cleanse as for normal skin. At night add a softening cream to soften and lubricate the skin.

OILY: Apply Ambrosia frequently with cotton or gauze. Wipe face with cloth wrung out of cold water.

AMBROSIA

the pore-deep cleanser

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 25*]

benefactor was a winged creature, flying on hushed and magic wings through the silence of the night-time forest, and since it was obviously kindly in its attentions, he nicknamed it "Bright Angel of the Trail" and gave it, purposely, a woman's face and form.

That Bright Angel would look like the girl he sought, he dared not hope; but, in his lonely dreams, the face floating above him, smiling through the mists, fading, with wakening, into the dark concealing curtain of the pines, was the face of Neeka.

AND it was increasingly difficult to square this vision of the Bright Angel with the murderess he hunted; all evidence to the contrary, he could not believe that Neeka LaRonde had killed the dancehall girl, Daisy.

Yet there was Jules Cartier, and what he saw and overheard. Then Neeka's sudden disappearance from Neepawa and, most damning of all, her own confession, penned across an open page of the register in Father Bonheur's little house— "I kill Daisy. Neeka."

This was written directly below the line recording the marriage of the girl to Miscou, the Indian: an entry made by the Curé that very day. Married at noon, murdered before nightfall! Carlyle thought of the fluffy-headed blonde, the bad little girl who cried her chance to be good and now was dead. A long time dead for it was July when she was found, strangled, and now it was spring, the May of the following year.

When Carlyle had reached civilization with word of his prisoner's death, his superiors voiced approval for his long hunt by promotion and a month's leave, which he spent, riotously, in Vancouver.

A detail in British Columbia kept him busy until autumn and it was late in November when Inspector Davidson sent for him and asked if he would like to return to the Far North, up under the rim, through the very No Man's Land which his search for Randall, the murderer, had made familiar.

"But this time," said the Inspector, "there is a difference. The criminal is a woman. She is from that village—what's its name?—that place you struck this spring, where your man was killed trying to escape."

Carlyle was conscious of sharp, searching eyes beneath the beetling gray brows of his superior. Despite the affidavits of Angus McDonald and the testimony of the village priest, Davidson had thought there was something curious about the Neepawa affair. But, on the face of it, it was clear enough and Bob received his stripes and his family a letter, extolling the lad and hinting there was good stuff in him. This brought a check from Mrs. Carlyle, gratefully received by her son and spent, gaudily, in Vancouver.

"A woman—from Neepawa?" The Sergeant kept his eyes fastened upon Davidson and his voice steady. "Who?"

His mind had bolted to Daisy. That little, yellow-haired vixen would stop at nothing, might even have killed . . . He hung, breathlessly, upon the Inspector's next words.

"You were away, on leave, when the thing occurred. Purposely I have kept it quiet down here. Her name," said Davidson, slowly, "is a curious one. It is 'Neeka.' Neeka LaRonde, half-breed. She strangled her victim, another woman, and disappeared, leaving a signed confession. What's the matter with you?" for his Sergeant had reeled, staggered as if struck, and his face was paper-white. "What's wrong? Speak up, man! You knew this woman, didn't you?"

Yes, the Sergeant knew the woman.

"Very well?"

Quite . . . that is, he had called at the LaRonde cabin, had dined there, in fact. Knew the brother and a girl living there, a Daisy Dell.

"She was the one killed. A dancehall woman, so the records revealed, and only that day married to the Indian, LaRonde, which made it, plainly, a family tangle. According to local report the girl, Neeka, is a strange, brooding, jealous sort of a creature. Though as to that opinions vary, for she seems to have a fast friend in the Hudson's Bay Post Factor stationed at Neepawa and the local priest sticks up for her."

"God bless them both," thought Carlyle; then, striving to keep his tone casual, he asked, "There has been an investigation, of course? Someone has been up there, hunting?"

"Oh, yes." Davidson, cool and business-like, flipped over the file-papers dealing with this forest tragedy; "Smith and Vancy went up. They're just back, after three months of it. But the country is beyond them and the girl totally and absolutely evasive. I don't think they came within a hundred miles of her. Perhaps two hundred. It's a vast country. They hung around Neepawa and gathered romantic, if somewhat muddled details of the girl's past career and known habits. But outside of these few facts and the native legends which have already been built around her, Smith and Vancy brought back a total zero. I figure upon your turning the trick. Unquestionably she is somewhere in that same territory you canvassed last winter, searching for Randall. You know the country and, you say, you have met the woman. That should make it a bit easier."

Easier?

Carlyle got away, somehow, without betraying himself. At mention of the girl's name all the longing he had thought buried leapt into the light and, at knowledge of her danger, the desire to protect her, save her, at any cost, fogged all other thought. Duty? What duty had he except to that girl? What duty save to his own heart?

Certainly he would find her! Who else? He'd comb that damnable wilderness until it yielded him the hunted, frightened girl; living, like a wild animal, in the forest! And then he would take her, somewhere, out of Canada—anywhere. Safe from the Law, safe from everything except . . . himself?

"So that is the sort of a rotter you really are!" he mused, brought up sharply by this stabbing honesty. "You'd cheat the law, dishonor the service, and take her away—for yourself!"

THEN he could not go after her! That much was sure. The whole thing was too horrible, impossible. The temptation too great. What would he do with her if he caught her? Bring her down to Edmonton, chained to his wrist and turn her over to be hanged?

Carlyle determined to tell the Inspector that the thing was impossible, and, if necessary, why.

[*Continued on page 82*]

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1. ***Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.*** Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, around the base of each nail to remove dead cuticle. Then use fresh cotton — freshly saturated — to cleanse under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

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So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 80*]

Half way across the quadrangle better judgment assailed him. He must go! That girl, for all her woodcraft, her genius for the wilderness, was alone up there and winter was closing down on her.

He must find her and, if she were guilty, bring her in. It was his duty. Stoutly, he assured himself, she was innocent. That gentle girl, lover of all nature, who could not see the lowliest animal suffer in a trap, to go mad with the lust to kill? A thousand *noes.*

Were they sure that the written confession on the Church register was in Neeka's handwriting? Were they sure of anything? Wasn't it up to him to go North, straighten the tangle; search, search until he found the girl, proved her innocent and brought her back—free?

TRAVELING swiftly, first on horseback, then, when the Northern trails became too deep with snow, via dogsled, Carlyle reached Neepawa late in December.

McDonald, brooding over his fire, rose with a hearty shout of welcome when he recognized the visitor. Mrs. McDonald fluttered and fussed, helping Bob from his short fur coat with the leather facings and asking innumerable questions as to his health and news from home. It was a half hour before the men might sit quietly before the fire and speak of Neeka. Alice withdrew at the mention of the girl's name, tears in her eyes. "She feels it," said McDonald, when his wife was gone. "She loved the lass, as we all did."

"As we all do, Mac!" Carlyle corrected.

The Factor nodded. "You're right!" Then he looked at Bob more closely. "That will include you, my lad?" He did not wait for an assent. "Aye, I thought as much before you left. Poor lassie! Poor lad! And you are sent now to hunt her down!" he exclaimed.

On the following morning, taking advantage of the few gray hours marking day, Carlyle and the Factor sought Miscou. "There is something you should know before you start your hunt," said McDonald. Striding together on snowshoes over crusted snow, the smoke from their pipes floating behind them in the still, sunless air, McDonald told the Mounty of Miscou's strange, sad existence since the murder of his white bride.

"He reverted completely to type," the Factor explained to Bob. "He would speak nothing but Indian and the Indians of the territory stood by him, uncannily. They gathered here from miles around and Neepawa was full of their stalking, blanketed figures. He claimed that Daisy, having married him, was an Indian and so might be buried after the fashion of his people. In the end, after throwing out every candle the Curé brought in and, while not actually laying hands on the Priest, making it clear he would have no dealings with the Church, Miscou had his way. Daisy was buried in an Indian grave, along with all her worldly possessions."

They had been climbing steadily and now, rounding a bend in the trail, could see, high on the hill above them, etched blackly against the cold and murky sky, what appeared to be the stark outlines of an Indian grave. "A bit horrible, isn't it?" Angus commented, waving his pipe at this distant apparition and resuming the climb.

"The grave is quite deserted, I suppose?" said Carlyle.

"Bless you, no! Not for a minute. The crazy man is always there, Miscou, the husband," he explained, at Carlyle's interrogation. "You see, he went quite mad after Daisy's death.

"Time and pity have made the boy a sort of sacred legend. His own people respect his solitude and never go closer than to leave gifts of food or clothing upon a flat stone nearby. They think he consorts with the devil, up there, under the grave. He has sworn to avenge Daisy's murder and there is some jumbled Indian connection between his long watch, the grave, and the Spirit of Evil who, they say, comes in the night to advise Miscou."

They topped the rise and came to the cleared space on the summit of Wekusko Hill, where the Indian grave straddled its four thin legs, each propped with a pyramid of rocks. The place was barren and desolate beyond measure. Rising starkly from Lake Chaudière, Wekusko Hill boldly faced the North, into the teeth of the most bitter gales. A pebble, dislodged from the jagged rim, fell a sheer four hundred feet to the frozen lake below.

Now they saw a man coming from the rocks nearby. He was blanketed and Carlyle realized that this bent object that scuttled toward them with the sidewise movement of a crab, was the Indian, Miscou, whose body had been straight and supple as a young pine, whose walk was like the graceful tread of a panther.

McDonald now attempted a few Indian words and Miscou seemed to understand, but did not reply.

"Miscou," Carlyle appealed; "don't you remember me? Won't you let me help you? Won't you speak to your friends in their own tongue?"

The Indian paid no attention. Carlyle was almost certain that, if the Indian would not speak English, he had not lost his knowledge of the tongue.

"You understand us, don't you, Miscou?" he ventured. "Tell us, won't you, where is Neeka?"

At the hated name Miscou cursed, in Indian: cursed the Factor, Carlyle, and all intruders upon his sacred peace; cursed, for the most part, the girl, Neeka.

"We'd better go," McDonald suggested, to Carlyle. "We've upset the boy, sorely. You should not have asked him about Neeka."

But Miscou's tirade was checked; he fixed his eyes upon someone who approached the grave, then, scowling, he advanced upon the intruder.

THE newcomer, a man with a horribly scarred face beneath a thatch of snow-white hair, was a stranger to Carlyle. He turned his leering mask of a countenance upon the approaching Indian and McDonald intervened. "He does not see where he goes," the Factor explained, "for he is blind!" Then, to the stranger, he said: "You should not come here, Kippewa. It is not safe."

The blindman fawned: "It is le Facteur! Le Bon Dieu be thank! Poor

[*Continued on page 87*]

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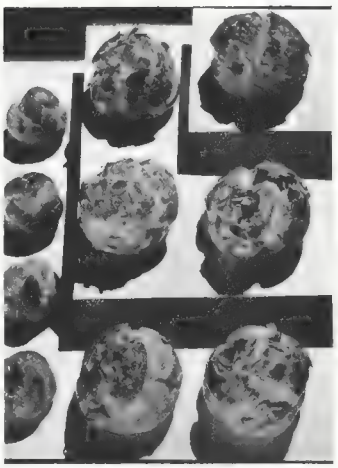
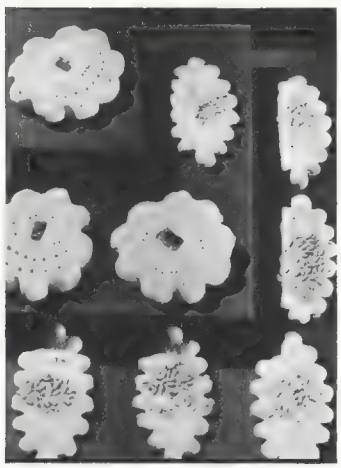


Company Cream Puffs, topped with almonds



Tea Shortbreads—much too good to last long

HOSTESS RECIPES

By McCall's Food Staff

Cream of Almond Sandwich

MIX a soft cream cheese with ½ cup of crushed salted almonds and ¼ cup chopped olives. Spread on thin slices of buttered whole wheat bread and cut in diamond shapes.

Lobster Newburg

3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
2/3 cup cream
1/3 cup milk
2 cups cooked lobster, cut in pieces
1 tablespoon sherry flavoring
2 egg yolks

Melt butter, add flour, salt, and cayenne and mix well. Add cream and milk gradually and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly to keep the mixture smooth. Add lobster and heat thoroughly. Just before serving, add beaten egg yolks and flavoring. Serve on rounds of toast or puff pastry, or in patty shells. Garnish with parsley.

Ham and Sweet Potato Biscuits

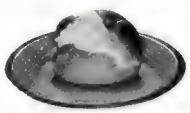
1 cup cold mashed sweet potato
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon shortening, melted
Few grains pepper
¼ cup cream
¾ cup chopped cooked ham
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ cup flour

Mix potato, salt, sugar, shortening, pepper, and cream. Add ham and mix well. Mix and sift flour and baking powder and knead with first mixture. Pat out on slightly-floured board to ½ inch thickness and cut in rounds about 2 inches in diameter. Put in a greased pan and bake in a hot oven (400° F.) until brown. Serve hot with scrambled eggs.

Scotch Shortbreads

1 1/3 cups confectioners' sugar
1½ cups butter
4 cups flour, sifted
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and add sugar gradually. Add the flour, creaming thoroughly. Add vanilla and mix well. Chill. Roll out on a slightly-floured board to ½ inch thickness. Cut in fancy shapes with cooky cutter. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 35 minutes. For afternoon tea, decorate before baking with aniseed candies or bits of chopped citron.



WHO'S got a novel and delicious recipe she'd like to pass on to other women for their parties? It can be for any sort of food a hostess serves—a main dish, a salad, a dessert, beverage or cake, for instance. If we can use it, we will pay $5 for it. Send your recipe to Sarah Field Splint, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York. No recipes can be returned.

Cream Puffs

½ cup butter
1 cup water
1¼ cups flour
5 eggs

Put butter and water in saucepan and bring to boiling point. Add flour and mix well. Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each egg is added. Beat 5 minutes. Drop by teaspoons on a greased pan 1 inch apart. Flatten with back of spoon into circles, leaving center a little thicker, and sprinkle with split almonds. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Cool. Make a slit with a sharp pointed knife near the bottom of the puffs and fill with whipped cream, flavored and sweetened to taste, or with chocolate or vanilla custard filling. Sprinkle tops generously with powdered sugar.

Chocolate Surprise Pudding

2/3 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons cornstarch
1 quart milk, scalded
3 egg yolks
¾ teaspoon almond flavoring

Mix sugar, salt, and cornstarch together. Add the scalded milk slowly and mix well. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Cover and cook 10 minutes. Pour the hot custard over the slightly beaten egg yolks and mix well. Cool and pour into greased pudding dish. Cover with a chocolate frosting made as follows:

3 egg whites
¾ cup sugar
2 squares chocolate
4 tablespoons milk
⅛ teaspoon salt

Beat egg whites until stiff, add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Melt chocolate over hot water, add milk and stir until smooth. Fold the chocolate and salt into the egg whites.

Bake the pudding in a hot oven (400° F.) 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Butterhorns

2 cakes compressed yeast
1 cup lukewarm water
¾ cup sugar
½ cup shortening
3 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
6 cups flour

Crumb yeast cakes and dissolve in 2 tablespoons lukewarm water. Mix remaining water, sugar, and shortening and heat until shortening and sugar are melted. Cool to lukewarm, add yeast, and mix well. Add beaten eggs, salt, and flour and knead until elastic. Put in a greased bowl, cover and let stand until double in bulk—about 2 hours. Knead again until free from large gas bubbles. Divide the dough into thirds and roll out on slightly-floured board to ½ inch thickness, keeping the dough round. Cut into 6 pie-shaped wedges. Brush tops with melted butter, shape into horns, rolling from the broad to the narrow edge. Arrange on a greased pan 2 inches apart. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) about 15 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Wherever the long trail leads

THROUGH heavy city traffic—across fertile valleys and desert sands—to the top of snow-capped mountains—wherever the long trail leads—you will find the Ford car and cheery words about it.

Its flashing beauty gives it distinction at the Country Club, yet it is no stranger to deeply rutted roads and hard daily usage in the far-off places. Its sturdy strength, reliability and capable performance, at all times and under all conditions, reflect the care and enduring quality that have been built into it.

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Children love Velveeta. You can give it to them freely, just as it comes, or in cooked dishes. The precious health-giving elements of pure, whole milk are there. Velveeta is just as much a favorite with grown people, so delicious is its flavor in sandwiches, appetizers, rarebits, cheese toast and soufflés

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No wonder youngsters clamor for it! There's a savory goodness . . . a delicious, smooth creaminess about Velveeta that's unique.

Unique too is the easy digestibility, the wholesomeness, of this delightful new cheese food.

Velveeta is so much more than ordinary cheese! In it there's every bit of the tempting flavor of finest Cheddar cheese. In it too are the healthful properties of the rich, whole milk from which it is made . . . milk-sugar, calcium, phosphorus, and other milk minerals that are lost in ordinary cheese-making.

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The Delicious New Cheese Food

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 82*]

Kippewa, he get los' and his stumps of feet bring him to this place where, it seem, he is not welcome. M'sieu," he begged, "tell me what place this is to which I come?"

The Factor explained, gently. Miscou, as if losing interest, wandered to the edge of the precipice and began kicking loose rocks over the brink, so that they shattered, with a distant booming sound, upon the ice-bound lake below. "What is that noise?" the blindman asked.

"Miscou, throwing rocks from the cliff," said the Factor.

"Ah! Then she drop far, that cliff, eh?"

"A long way," the other assented; "why?"

Kippewa seemed to consider the matter, then broke into a dry, harsh laugh. "You are right, m'sieu," he said, at length. "This is indeed a bad place for Kippewa. I hav' been here before. One day that little boy you set to lead me about, he run off an' poor Kippewa fin' himself lost. I come up this hill an' I hear that Indian scream an' say he will kill me. I tell him I no can see nothings an' I back away from him. I think I mus' hav' almost reach that cliff-side for a rock is made loose by my foot an' fall. I hear it go *plung* in the water below. That was before the ice came. That crazy Indian yell wit' laughing and me, I am scared! I feel my way wit' stick an' get to the trail. After a while that little boy come for me. 'Oh,' he say, 'you been on the Devil's Hill, M'sieu Blindman!'"

THAT you had, Kippewa," McDonald agreed, "and you had better not get on it again. Come on, Carlyle," he added, "we've had enough, eh? We'll get old Kippy, here, back to town and find his guardian. I shall lambast that young limb of Satan for deserting his charge!" He called out a cheery "goodbye" to Miscou, but the Indian did not answer, continuing to kick rocks into space. "He will keep that up for hours," said McDonald. "It is not very safe, nowadays, to be on the lake below Wekusko Hill."

As they led the blindman down the trail he asked who the third member of the party might be and the Factor said that he was a Sergeant of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, come north to find Neeka LaRonde.

"Kippewa was one of the last persons to see Daisy before she died, or rather, I should say, the last to hear her," McDonald explained. "He heard the quarrel and those same fatal words to which Jules Cartier testifies—Neeka, saying: 'I could find it in my heart to kill you, kill you!'"

"And what were you doing in the LaRonde cabin?" asked the Mounty.

"Who me, m'sieu?" Kippewa stopped in his tracks the better to explain. He had come, he said, drawn by the sounds of merry-making. But the wedding guests were in the rear of the house and he had stumbled to the front door. This girl, Neeka, admitted him and he talked with her. She seemed very distraught about something. Kippewa, innocently, spoke of the prospecting trip to the far North the LaRondes contemplated. Everyone else in the village knew of it, but, it seemed, Neeka did not for she flew into a terrific rage and when, a few minutes later, Daisy herself entered the room, attacked her and called her many vile names.

"I do my best to stop them," said Kippewa, earnestly. "But what good was a sightless ol' man wit' two fighting womans?" So he withdrew, unnoticed, he supposed, by the girls, who had eyes and ears for naught but their own family trouble. It was quite a long time later, when the excitement in the village over the murder was at fever heat, that he chanced to encounter Jules Cartier and was told the subsequent details.

Near the bottom of the hill they encountered a flustered urchin in tow of Jules himself. "I fin' this boy at home, warm by the fire when he should be taking care of Kippewa!" the trapper explained, jerking the howling child, painfully, by the ear. "Ah, M'sieu le Corporal!" he added, seeing Carlyle, "I hear you is in Neepawa an' I hurry to see you."

Bob ignored the moist, extended fist. "It is Sergeant Carlyle, now, Jules," corrected McDonald. "Well," he added, "let loose of that young limb's ear and we'll let him take Kippewa on home. I am sure," he said, severely, "that you will never, never desert your charge again, will you Poleon LaFitte?"

"Non, non, m'sieu!" gasped Poleon, attaching himself to the blindman like a sticking plaster. As they moved away, Jules looked after them and sighed, expansively. "You will never know," he said, "how kind M'sieu McDonald hav' been to that poor old blindman."

"Tush, man! Haven't you taken him in yourself and given him a home?"

Jules protested that his heart had been wrung with pity for the old man and Carlyle asked him why they called Kippewa "old." "I'll wager he isn't far over thirty, for all his white hair and disfigured face," he said, "It must have been a fearful case of frostbite, to leave such scars."

"It was. An' his feet! Oh, m'sieu, mere stumps! But he is a good man, patient through his long suffering!" Jules oozed smug virtue and Carlyle eyed him with growing dislike. It was painful to hear the long tale again, especially as it came from the thick red lips of this man. Listening to him, he thought, "Here is the man whose testimony will convict Neeka, unless her innocence can be established!"

A blizzard of unusual bitterness heralded Christmas and forbade Carlyle's starting on the hunt.

A January thaw set in upon the heels of the blizzard, reducing frozen drifts to morasses of slush. It was the end of the month before the Mounty bade farewell to Neepawa, shouldered his pack, and took up the long trail.

IN THE first flush of her escape from Neepawa, Neeka enjoyed the game she played with the two constables sent to catch her. From treetop and mountain ridge she overlooked their plodding hunt and deliberately planted clues to mislead them. Then she wearied of the play and darted off upon a long trek which took her miles beyond the last outposts of civilization. This was late in September, two months after Daisy's death.

[*Continued on page 88*]

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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 87*]

She decided to hole-in for the season in a cave perched high on the rocky side of the precipice above Eden Valley. The valley was a spot unknown, she thought, to anyone save herself. Folded between two mountain ranges, it lay secret and secure.

Neeka reached the valley after a long, difficult trek and would have remained there throughout the winter had not a great restlessness come upon her with the advent of the Hunting Moon and the honking of the wild geese as they swept South from the Arctic. More and more her mind turned to her dead father. The geese, winging their southward way above her valley, stopping sometimes to rest and feed upon the placid bosom of the lake, were from the land, that far, gold country where lay "the skeleton of old man LaRonde."

That was how the blind man, Kippewa, had voiced it, on that dreadful day of Daisy's wedding. Up there, under the Rim of the North, where the Lights sang and hissed like bright colored snakes through the Long Dark, in some desolate cabin, alone save for the prowling wolves and the sacks of meaningless gold, was all that remained of anything Neeka might call her own.

Daisy was dead. Miscou she would never see again. When Neeka penned those words in the book of the Curé and disappeared from Neepawa, she took a step that separated her forever from her brother and her home. Giekie, alone, was left; Giekie, and up there, where the wild geese summered, her father!

WITHOUT delay she set out about her plans. First she gathered certain needful things together and, for this, she made several nocturnal trips from the Valley to a distant Indian Camp, where she stole a rifle, a hunting knife, a buckskin bag of ammunition, a fine new pair of snowshoes, stout moccasins and a dress fashioned from two doeskins. Then she turned northward.

It was Neeka's salvation that the snow had begun to fall in thick, feathery masses, keeping the temperature up. Cessation meant frost and the subsequent wind with its devil's train of blizzard. But the snow kept falling, gently, persistently. Resting in a hollow, girl and dog were soon buried beneath its soft blanket and she would look out from the warmth of their bed, the hood of her makeshift parka close about her head, her eyes, deep-set in a pallid, starveling face, burning like two bright points of candlelight from the gloom of an altar.

Beyond the glow of her camp fire, she knew, was Death—Death in the form of hunger and the wolves that hung on her trail, waiting for the moment to attack. But Death, now, was no longer dreadful. She knew he had been kind to the murderer for he came in time to save him from a fate far more terrible. And Daisy—would not her happiness have been transitory? Death came, for her, as a crown and scepter. Neeka no longer felt sorry for these two. Both did things which were blackly wrong. The soul of Daisy was not a lovely thing of white and gold, like her body. Far better that death saved her from a life of shame and humiliation with Miscou, after the man had once learned what she had been!

Neeka believed Miscou killed his wife, killed her at the moment she was given into his keeping forever. He could not take her, shamed. She had to die. It was the code of the wilderness and Neeka understood it, perfectly. Her own motive in taking the blame, making that false confession and running away, was a simple desire to shield Miscou. He had been cheated. On his wedding night he found his wife to be unclean. And so he killed her. That was pardonable to his sister but, she fully realized, unforgivable in the eyes of the law. The law must not get Miscou! It was so easy for her to take the blame and go.

THERE was nothing left for her in Neepawa. Her heart, given to Carlyle and tossed back, unwanted, was already a dead thing in her breast. What was to stop her seeking this death?

Alone with Giekie in the Arctic night, she envied Daisy her swift end at the hands of the man she loved.

Over and again Neeka's imagination had repictured that scene.

There was Daisy, sobbing, dishevelled, confronted by her husband. Miscou, who had heard the whole dreadful confession and now faced his wife, determined to learn the truth from her lips . . . Darkness had fallen on that sad wedding night when Neeka, worn-out from the emotional reaction of her quarrel with Daisy, crept back to Neepawa. Giekie met her on the path leading to the cabin and, with every power he possessed, begged her not to go in. Then the howling of the other sled dogs had brought her up, sharply; that and the wailing of the squaws inside the cabin. She recognized the death-song of the tribe and a wracking fear sent her creeping to a window. Inside she could see the Indians and, as she stared, the door to the bedroom opened and the Curé stumbled out, white-faced and sorrowful. Before the door was shut, Neeka caught a swift glimpse of a form lying upon the bed—a girl's form, stark and stiff beneath the gaudy covering of the golden scarf. That was all.

Moving in a dream, she sought the house of her friends, the McDonalds. But here again subconscious warning kept her from disclosing herself and, hearing voices, she crept to a window and listened. Alice McDonald had been speaking, recounting the happenings of the tragic day, and the only words coming clearly to Neeka were these: "You cannot trust Indian blood! Think of it! Loving the girl, caring for her like that, and then strangling her in a fit of jealousy!"

"Indian blood?" That would be Miscou! "Loving the girl?" Miscou loved Daisy, oh, how dearly! "A fit of jealousy?" Women, like the Factor's wife, would misname the motive driving Miscou to murder—"jealousy!"

A quick, unseen dash into the adjacent house of the Curé . . . a pen, and the hurried scrawl: "I kill Daisy" . . . her name . . . out into the dark, Giekie at her heels—away, traveling all night, hiding by day until she reached a spot where she was safe from discovery!

It had been ridiculously easy and she hugged herself and gloated when the Mounties came to search for her, for it meant her ruse had succeeded. Sometimes, unseen in the branches of a tree, she had listened to their campfire talk and learned that no one in Neepawa doubted her guilt. She was sought as a murderess. She, alone, had killed Daisy!

So, for a time, she had played a game of hide-and-seek until, tiring, she found the haven of the hidden valley and there she might have rested but for the call of the wild geese sending her in search of her father's grave.

One night as she lay beside the dying fire she thought she saw a misty, mocking face. The face of Daisy!

No! What would she be doing up here, in the shadow of the Arctic? Besides, Daisy was dead. Then it was Carlyle. He was smiling and his eyes were tender. He was calling to her.

Rising to her knees she reached out her hands to him and Giekie stood beside her, snarling, for he did not see M'sieu Carlyle—only the wolves and the white silence.

Neeka was right. The snow had ceased falling and already the air was bitterly cold. As yet there was no wind; only the still and level plain of white, its edges swallowed in the infinite black which lay beyond the radiance of the beckoning face. She begged Giekie to note the face. "It is M'sieu Sweetheart!" she insisted, feverishly, and then the face vanished and she was alone in a dreadful darkness.

Numbers of reddish lights danced about her. The wolves! She shouted at them, calling for Carlyle to come and drive them away. She hurled fistfuls of snow at the flickering light points, then flung the knapsack, rising to her feet for better aim. Giekie, growling his rage, made brief dashes toward the dreaded foe, not daring to come to close quarters for he knew he would go down under the pack and leave the girl alone. She knew his desire. "You like to fight those wolf, eh? But you are afraid for me? Good boy!"

The wolves sensed his fear and edged close. Two of them found the knapsack thrown by Neeka and tore it open. There was a mad scramble for the exposed meat and, appetites whetted, they advanced, massed, snarling, threatening.

The girl laughed at the wolves gallantly, gayly. She walked out to meet them, waving her arms and shouting. She seized her snowshoes where they stood, upright, in the snow, and hurled them into the pack. The movement disconcerted the beasts for an instant but they rallied and came nearer, their fetid breaths hanging on the frozen air.

NOW it was fight and the leader lunged for Giekie, the dog meeting him half-way, shoulder to shoulder, the jaws of the wolf closing in a long, ripping flank attack. Giekie twisted in mid-air to reach his opponent's throat, missed, doubled, seized the wolf by the back of his neck and tossed him over his head. The leader fell with a broken back, struggled, then lay still.

And now there was no checking Giekie. Blood pouring from the gash in his right flank, silent and deadly, he plunged into the melee of wolves and they closed over his head like an angry sea. Neeka skirted the struggling mass, brandishing her rifle like a club. A gray wolf leapt for her throat and she met him with a stunning, skull-crushing blow. Jaws clamped wickedly upon her left arm, the parka was torn away, she felt the searing rip of flesh and dropped her gun, the better to battle with the wolf. As her fingers closed about his throat she felt a glorious strength coursing her veins and she screamed

[*Continued on page 90*]

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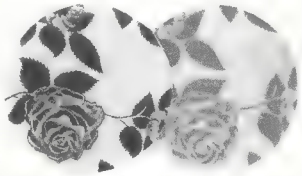

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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 88*]

with a ferocious sense of victory; choking the life from that furry, corded neck.

This, then, was how death would come for her, fighting; she and Giekie, in a sea of blood!

Three wolves leaped upon her from as many sides. The beast she choked was dead and she flung him down, drawing her knife and lunging to the attack like a fighting fury. "Giekie!" she cried, in the old war-cry, "Giekie! To me!"

UP FROM the smother of jaws rose the dog, shaking blood from his eyes. A howl of pain from one rent throat, the snap of bone as a second wolf was tossed over those bleeding shoulders, a lunge through the struggling mass of animals and he was free.

"Giekie," cried that beloved voice again and he raced to her, a red trail marking his path. Behind him the remainder of the pack rallied. Four were dead, three limped off, badly wounded, but the rest wheeled and advanced, ready to close in on the kill.

Giekie reached Neeka just in time. A huge wolf was on her back, tearing away the parka hood which protected her neck and bearing her to the ground. She was going down when Giekie leapt to grips, in mid-air, with the opponent, seizing him by the back of the neck and dragging him from Neeka.

Their battle was short and decisive. Once more came that sickening snap of broken spine and a lifeless body lay limp in the snow. Giekie turned to the second of the aggressive trio while Neeka, on her knees, blood welling from her arm and a great gash in her thigh, knifed the third.

Now the remainder of the pack, seven in all, advanced, slowly. Between them and the girl and her dog, lay the rifle. Neeka crawled forward, her left arm dangling, uselessly, one leg dragging and her disheveled hair hanging about her blood-stained face. Behind her were the wolves she had killed; her knife still fluttered, like a strange flo..er, in the breast of the last. Giekie, at death grips with the giant gray, fought furiously. Facing Neeka were the advancing seven, fresh, unhurt, mad with blood lust. Between them and herself, on the bloody, churned-up snow, lay the rifle.

As much a creature of the wilderness as any of them, she advanced upon her hands and knees, mingled cries, prayers and curses babbling through the blood and froth on her lips. She had killed! With her bare hands and the sharp fang of her knife! Had felt the hot blood of her enemies spurt over her arms and into her face; knew the feel of tightened throat cords relaxing in death under her very hands. She exulted in the killing. And now she knew she must gain the rifle before the wolves swept over it. It was her last chance!

With a blood-drenched effort she flung herself the remaining distance and her fingers grasped the butt. Drawing herself to a sitting posture she crooked the rifle in her arm and fired, point-blank, into the pack. A gray body clawed the air and fell. The remaining six drew back before this new and thunder-voiced aggressor. Taking advantage of the brief lull, Neeka sought the rawhide knapsack which contained her ammunition, only to remember she had thrown it at the wolves. The gun was empty. Screaming, she threw it into the fanged crescent of wolves and fell forward on her face.

[*Continued in* OCTOBER McCALL'S]

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 26*]

American tourist, and he will have the same rôle in his next two offerings. Surely Will Rogers, of all people, is not limited to repetitions of the same gag. No one can reasonably ask him to play *Hamlet* or *Little Lord Fauntleroy* just to show his versatility, but there's no reason why he shouldn't impersonate a senator, or a preacher, or a hobo or any other kind of native character on the screen.

Here are some other flagrant instances of "type" casting:

In *The Bad One,* a melodramatic romance of the Marseilles waterfront, Edmund Lowe has exactly the same part that he played in *What Price Glory* and *The Cockeyed World.*

In *The Texan* and *The Arizona Kid* Gary Cooper and Warner Baxter, respectively, have the same parts that they played in *The Virginian* and *In Old Arizona.*

Of course every star who is worthy of the name possesses a marked and definite individuality, which will shine through all varieties of disguise. One has no right to expect that this individuality be suppressed; but it should not be rubbed into the audience's face. Who are the stars who have survived the longest? Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks have kept at the top while hosts of Reginald Dennys and Colleen Moores have risen and fallen. The reason for their powers of endurance is not hard to find; they have had the good sense to refrain from glutting the market with their personal wares.

The rules applying to individual stars apply to the cinema as a whole. The public liked such new departures in entertainment as *The Broadway Melody* (a musical comedy); the *Hollywood Revue* (a variety show); *The Virginian* (a western romance); *The Cockeyed World* (a collection of barrack-room wise-cracks); *The Rogue Song* (a romantic operetta); and *Bulldog Drummond* (a polite, semi-satiric crook drama): but when the public has been fed to the teeth with slight variations of each of these novelties, it begins to grow weary of them and looks elsewhere for its evening's entertainment.

IT IS all very well to say that this viewing with alarm is absurd, that the cinema now is riding the crest of the wave of popularity and can afford to be heedless of warnings from pessimists. But there is nothing less permanent than a wave. The movie industry had reason to learn that bitter fact in the old days of silence, when the monotony of its products was emptying the film palaces, dispersing the enormous audiences which had been attracted originally by the works of such enterprising experimenters as D. W. Griffiths and Charlie Chaplin. The terrible slump that depressed the motion picture industry in the years before the arrival of sound will inevitably return if the Hollywood studios are again converted into factories, grinding out machine-made products for the wholesale trade.

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1. Pet Milk is as safe as if there were no germ of disease in the world. Sterilized in sealed, air-tight containers, it is always completely free from any harmful germ.

2. Every drop of Pet Milk is uniformly rich in all the food substances of whole milk. Homogenized—the fat globules broken into such tiny particles that they never separate—the cream stays in the milk. Pet Milk can't be skimmed milk.

3. Raw cow's milk in the course of digestion produces hard, lumpy curds. They don't bother a calf. They do disturb the baby. Then the big fat globules of raw cow's milk, easily assimilated by the calf, aren't fit for the baby's stomach. The sterilization and homogenization of Pet Milk make the curds as soft and flocculent as those that form from mother's milk, and make the fat globules as small and as easily assimilated.

The Proof of the Pudding

Some of the most prominent infant feeding specialists in America have put this extraordinary milk to the test of actual experience in feeding babies. More than a thousand babies were fed under their expert direction. And the babies who had this sterilized, homogenized milk made as sturdy, normal growth and development as those who, at the same time, had their mother's milk.

For Children, Too, Of Course

Milk that has proved itself so safe and wholesome for babies is, of course, the best of milk for children. When you give them Pet Milk you *know* they have this most essential, and most nearly perfect of foods—milk—in safe and wholesome form. No child ever contracted an infectious disease from the use of Pet Milk. No child, given the quart of milk a day in Pet Milk, ever suffered from undernourishment through lack of any of the important milk-food substances.

For Just a Moment of Your Time

We'll send you free of charge our book "When Baby Needs Milk from a Bottle." We'll send you, also without charge, our new loose-leaf book. It's more than a recipe book, though it contains three hundred recipes. It will show you how to give all your family better, safer, more wholesome food—at less cost.

The Best Of Milk

Pet Milk—more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—can be bought generally for ten cents for the tall can—never more than eleven. It is equivalent in food value to more than a quart of the milk you ordinarily buy. It takes the place of cream—you can whip it—and costs less than one-third as much as cream. Grocers everywhere have Pet Milk.

Wherever you buy Pet Milk the cans are of the same sizes, (16 ounces or 6 ounces) contain the same quantity and the same quality of milk.

PET MILK COMPANY
1433-I Arcade Building
Saint Louis, Missouri
I would like to have the following:
☐ "When Baby Needs Milk From a Bottle"
☐ New loose-leaf cook-book.

(Print name and address)

Name_____

Address_____

Our staff gave the popularity prize to a large, luscious chocolate cake, dotted over with walnuts

MANY CAKES FROM ONE RECIPE

By McCall's Food Staff

IT IS easy to make perfect cake, *if* you know how! And, of course, you need practice, too.

The first step is to secure a good recipe. Then assemble your materials and utensils and light your oven, so that it will be the proper temperature when you are ready to use it. If your stove isn't equipped with an oven regulator, you can buy an oven thermometer—it costs less than $2.00. It will pay for itself in a short time by preventing failures.

The mixing is next. All modern recipes call for *level* measurements; they also demand that you *sift the flour before you measure it*. The reason is that one cup of *unsifted* flour may yield a cup and a quarter after sifting. Therefore measure carefully, using standard measuring cups and spoons. Either a cake flour or an all-purpose flour may be used —try both, then stick to the one that gives *you* the best results.

We've found that the easiest way of mixing a cake is as follows:

Cream the butter or other shortening until it is of the consistency of whipped cream

Add the sugar gradually and cream thoroughly together

Add the beaten egg yolks, saving the whites to add at the very end

Mix and sift the dry ingredients (flour, salt, baking powder) and add them to the first mixture, a little at a time, adding some milk between each installment of dry ingredients. This is what is meant when a recipe says "add alternately"

Add the flavoring and the stiffly-beaten egg whites and beat one to three minutes. The longer beating gives a finer grained cake

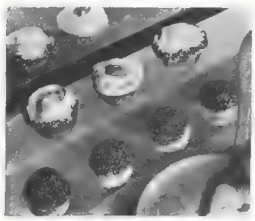
Do not let the batter stand, but bake at once

Grease your pans evenly and lightly with butter or with a flavorless fat. Fill the pans not more than 2/3 full and spread the batter to the edge. Leave a slight depression in the center, as this makes the cake rise evenly

More cakes are spoiled in the baking than in any other way. The oven must be the *right* temperature and the only sure guide for this is a thermometer or oven regulator. For layer cake, bake in a hot oven (400° F.) about 20 minutes; for cup cakes, bake in a quick oven (425° F.) 15 to 20 minutes; for loaf cake, bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 60 minutes. Do not open the oven during the first quarter of the baking period.

You will know when the cake is done by the way it shrinks from the sides of the pan. Allow it to stand in the pan for a minute, then turn upside down on a wire cake rack and lift the pan off gently. Cool the cake quickly, and *ice it as soon as it is cool*. This keeps it moist.

If you will practice on the foundation recipe for Plain Cake until you can make it perfectly, you will have mastered a large subject, for by a few simple changes you can make a wide variety of other luscious cakes.



Cup cakes won second prize

Here's the loaf cake we liked

Plain Cake

(Foundation Recipe)

½ cup butter or other shortening	3 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup sugar	¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs	½ cup milk
1¾ cups flour	1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, creaming thoroughly together. Add beaten egg yolks and mix well. Mix and sift flour, baking powder, and salt and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Add vanilla and stiffly-beaten egg whites. Beat 1 to 3 minutes. Pour into 2 greased layer cake pans and bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

Almond Cake

Follow Foundation Recipe. Add ½ cup chopped blanched almonds. Substitute ½ teaspoon almond flavoring for ½ teaspoon vanilla. Bake in a greased loaf pan in a moderate oven (350° F.) 50 to 60 minutes.

Chocolate Layer Cake

Follow Foundation Recipe. Pour into 2 greased layer cake pans and bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. When cool, put layers together and cover top and sides with Creamy Chocolate Frosting.

Orange Squares

Follow Foundation Recipe. Bake in a greased square pan in a moderate oven (375° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. When cool cover top with Orange Icing and cut in squares.

Spiced Currant Cake

Follow Foundation Recipe. Add ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon clove, and ⅓ teaspoon ginger with the dry ingredients and ½ cup lightly-floured currants just before putting into the pan, and bake [*Turn to page 133*]

You think you can't drink coffee

BUT YOU CAN!

COFFEE is America's favorite drink. Nothing can take its place. Yet thousands of people constantly deny themselves the fragrant deliciousness of coffee, because they think it affects their nerves and keeps them awake.

They haven't discovered Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

Kaffee Hag Coffee cannot keep you awake or harm you in any way. It can't because 97% of the drug caffeine is extracted. But all the delicious flavor—the hearty cheer of the world's choicest coffee beans is retained. The blend is marvelous. It has been greatly improved by Kellogg in a modern new plant at Battle Creek. *And the price has been materially reduced.*

Drink this wonderful coffee tonight. It's real coffee. It cheers you and braces you up. But it will never harm you. Physicians recommend it. So much better than substitutes.

Sold at all grocers in vacuum-sealed tins.

Kellogg's

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The facade of Tejêro's salon on the fashionable thoroughfare Cortes Street, in Barcelona, Spain, is shown at the right. Tejêro's reputation as a skin specialist gives added weight to his endorsement of Palmolive Soap, which he considers the best and the simplest way to care for the skin at home.

"How dare you mistreat your complexion

when it is so easy to use this Palmolive daily care?"

asks TEJÊRO *of Barcelona, distinguished beauty specialist*

"Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day—and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty.

"If soap irritates your face that means that you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive... the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin."

Tejêro
BARCELONA

"IF soap irritates your face, that means you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive . . . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin." That is the expressed opinion of one of Spain's leading beauty advisers—Tejêro, of Barcelona—whose beauty salon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain.

23,720 experts will tell you this

Tejêro knows—as do the great experts all over the world—how much your skin needs soap and water. There are some accumulations in the pores that can only be reached by a penetrating, searching lather such as Palmolive gives.

And if these impurities are not routed out, they soon form into tiny, hard masses which develop into blackheads and pimples, causing enlarged pores and other blemishes to beauty.

"Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day," says Tejêro, "and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty. Massage a fine lather of Palmolive into the skin—so—rinse it off with refreshing clear water—to icy-cold temperature. A bit of my Epidermic Tejêro is then refreshing. If you do this you will have a complexion smooth and naturally fresh."

The choice of specialists

Palmolive is the choice of professional beauty experts because it is made of nature's finest cosmetic oils. Its color is that of the palm and olive oils alone. Their natural odor makes the addition of heavy perfumes unnecessary. Since the days of Cleopatra these vegetable oils have been considered best for facial care. Nothing has ever supplanted them.

Use Palmolive for face and bath. Try its effects for yourself. What a difference you'll find! Begin right away.

No product ever had such tremendous professional approval! 23,720 beauty shops advise Palmolive Soap!

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5214A

FIRST SIGNS OF THE NEW SEASON

by Eleanor Hegalley

LAST season, with the warm weather to look forward to, the most exciting fashion news concerned dresses; now, with the first French showing of autumn styles, the interest is shifted to include coats. Regardless of the seasons, Paris usually shows very new lines first in dresses, perhaps on the theory that if they look unfamiliar and startling, they will be worn indoors among friends. Later on, as soon as the new features are assured success, they appear in coats, to be worn outdoors among strangers.

So the new season's coats do many things characteristic of the new dresses. The distinction between serviceable or sports coats and coats for afternoon is more marked than ever, as illustrated by the models at the top of this page. Silhouettes are more varied, with fit and fulness skilfully introduced. Sleeves are more interesting, with trimmings or cut often widening the sleeve at the elbow or above it, giving the same effect as the popular short cape silhouette. New collars are elaborate enough to give more importance to necklines, belts are more in evidence, and there are even coats with boleros and bloused lines. Evening coats make an abrupt departure from the brief jackets of this summer and are long enough to repeat the graceful lines of very long evening gowns.

Many of the most successful dresses in the early autumn French collections show that Paris designers are continuing to create very new styles from very old ones. The loveliest of these models show the Greek influence in soft pleats and folds, graceful draped details, peplums, girdles, softly bloused waistlines. Another trend, also a reminiscent one, is toward 1880 silhouettes, little fitted bodices above a skirt fairly flat in front and very full at the back.

Boleros are still a favorite style feature as they are still the feature that makes the fitted waistline more becoming. But there are quite a number of important new variations. In daytime dresses they are apt to suggest bloused lines, either by their cut or by being actually caught in at the waist. In evening frocks they are frequently changed so much in appearance as to be almost unrecognizable as a bolero, resembling rather short wings that float gracefully above an extremely long skirt.

No. 6119. Typical of the new coats for practical wear is one cut on princess lines with a double breasted front closing and a narrow belt designed to mark the waistline.

No. 6247. A flattering type of coat has one of the new up-standing collars to frame the face, sleeves that widen towards the elbow and a circular flounce to add fulness.

For back views and yardage see page 130

6242 6236

PERFECT LINES IN AUTUMN TAILLEURS

For back views and yardage see page 130

No. 6242. A peplum smartly breaks the simple lines of a tailored frock. The lingerie collar is finished with two rounded tabs forming a petal jabot.

No. 6236. Flattering slenderness is produced in a princess frock by the cut of the skirt, joined to the top in a line that is low in back and high in front.

6232 6239 6229

DEPEND ON FRENCH INGENUITY OF CUT

For back views and yardage see page 130

No. 6232. Godets supply graceful fulness in a belted frock made with a contrasting vestee and sleeve bands. It is worn with a separate short bolero.

No. 6239. The normal waistline is suggested by groups of vertical tucks in a frock simply designed with a fitted bodice and a skirt that flares all round.

No. 6229. A separate bolero smartly completes a frock cut on slightly molded lines with two pleats in the front to give added fulness to the skirt.

FRENCH VIEWS OF DAYTIME SIMPLICITY

For back views and yardage see page 130

No. 6235. A girdle draped at one side of the waist accents the graceful lines of the flaring skirt which wraps around and falls in a long point at the side.

No. 6234. Princess lines are attractively varied by a bib collar shaped to repeat the lines of the skirt peplum which crosses over and curves up in the front.

No. 6241. A tailored frock with a fitted bodice and slightly flaring skirt adds the soft detail necessary to the new fashions in a jabot at one side of the neckline.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 126.

6240 6239

ARE CHARMINGLY VARIED AND INDIVIDUAL

For back views and yardage see page 130

No. 6240. A belt defines the waistline of a frock simply cut with a flaring skirt joined to the top in a pointed line. A jabot supplies a smart lingerie detail.

No. 6239. Vertical tucks suggest the waistline of a princess frock made with a separate bolero that closes by means of two ends tying in a knot at the neckline.

6233 6237 6246

THE NEW LIKING FOR CLASSIC LINES

For back views and yardage see page 130

No. 6233. Flattering slenderness is produced by a skirt wrapped around and draped at one side by a sash tied in a bow. The large collar forms a cape effect.

No. 6237. Drapery is cleverly combined with low-placed fulness in a frock which has a skirt with a pleated flounce, and a straight over-skirt draped at one side.

No. 6246. A frock open in the front to reveal a contrasting slip has a becoming draped waistline, formed by a sash cut in one with the yoke tying in a bow in front.

Small Fashions That Go Smartly Back To School

No. 6245. Short trousers attached to straps over the shoulders and a blouse scalloped at the front closing form an attractive suit for a small boy.

No. 6250. A French detail of a girl's frock is a separate front panel, stitched down over the yoke and collar, and falling loose over the skirt in front.

No. 6251. A knotted collar adds a note of contrast to a boy's suit, simply made with short trousers and a separate blouse trimmed with tucks in front.

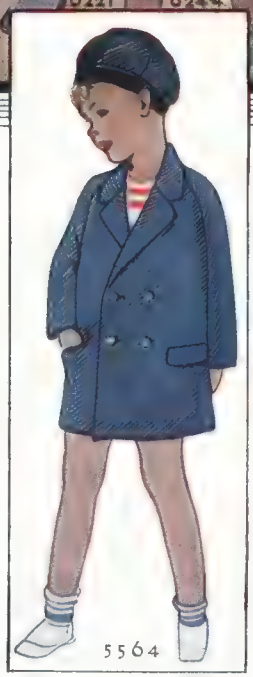
No. 6221. A shoulder cape divided in the centre back makes a coat simply cut on straight lines and belted at the waist smart as well as practical.

No. 6146. A little girl's suit has a separate tuck-in blouse, a skirt with inverted pleats front and back, and a jacket with a short shoulder cape.

No. 6244. A new diagonal neckline with a contrasting strap lends a note of originality to a boy's suit consisting of a separate blouse and short trousers.

No. 5567. A coat for a little girl, simply made with raglan sleeves, a double breasted front closing and patch pockets, is worn with a round hat.

No. 5564. The little boy's coat, cut slightly different from the little girl's but similar in style, has slot pockets and is worn with a smart matching cap.



For back views and yardage see page 130

OLD PRINTS IN THE NEW MANNER

by Elisabeth May Blondel

EXQUISITELY printed in the loveliest colors, and on a fine linen background, these quaint old time prints are the newest and most remarkable offering of McCall's Picture Department. The charm of these famous prints is enhanced by a bit of embroidery here and there. A skilled artist placed the delicate silk stitches that "touch up" the prints, and subtly accent their lovely colors. A color chart shows you just where to place each stitch. The old American scenes by Currier and Ives, now in such great demand, are 8 x 10½ inches. These look charming if framed with black mats. The flower prints (6¾ x 8¾ inches) will look well with green mats and frames. The Godey prints, of the same size as the flower prints, will be smart with narrow black frames. Hung one above the other between windows, or beside the dressing table, they are a smart and correct choice. Price, $1.00 each for linen picture with shaded embroidery silks in correct colors.

1804. Godey Ladies out for a stroll

1805. Godey Ladies in a flower garden

1809. An exquisitely colored old flower print

1808. Morning glories in a charmingly quaint arrangement

1806. A peaceful farm scene printed about sixty years ago by Currier and Ives. Could anything be more typically American? Such pictures are in great demand

1807. One of the famous old winter scenes printed by Currier and Ives, valuable now as a true picture of American home life of past days

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices listed above

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

A sprig of the Sapota tree, the beauty tree of ancient Mexico. Chewing gum from this tree, as brought to scientific perfection and delight in Wrigley's, helps keep lips young and pretty

K-53

OF course a garden party hat lends artistic fervor. But everybody knows that the real fascination of any charming woman centers in her possession of a pair of pretty lips. Keep lips young and you keep them pretty. And, one of the oldest and most inexpensive of Beauty Secrets for this is merely chewing gum from the Sapota tree, which is what you have in Wrigley's. Chew Wrigley's at least ten minutes a day. Note the added loveliness in texture and contour that gradually finds its alluring way to your lips. Try Double Mint—delicious peppermint flavor.

INEXPENSIVE SATISFYING

Clothes that touch Baby's Skin need Borax

YOUR clothes—baby's clothes—all the family wash—need the gentle purifying touch of BORAX.

To begin with Borax-softened water permits the soap itself to do 3 to 5 times more work. White clothes are actually whiter and colors look brighter. Then BORAX *deodorizes*. A final Borax-and-water rinse will sweeten and soften the clothes—and remove every tiny, irritating particle of the soap besides! Let 20 Mule Team give you this special freshness, softness and purity—so grateful to baby's tender skin—and yours as well.

Better Coffee—When BORAX washes the pot
Borax, you know, is an excellent, odorless deodorant. That's why a weekly "boiling out" with BORAX and water will keep your coffee pot absolutely fresh and give your coffee a chance to give you its finest flavor!
ONE POUND NET
20 MULE TEAM
PURE
BORAX

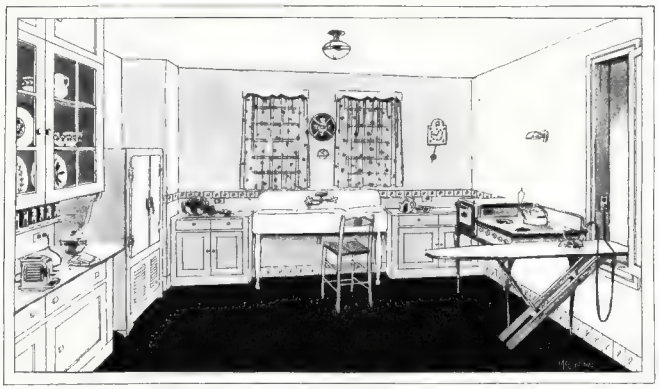
MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 525
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name_____

Address_____



Electricity lights and ventilates the modern kitchen, refrigerates the food, does the ironing

THE WHYS OF WIRING

By Janet Fox Wing

THE truly useful woman is the one who uses whatever modern resources she can muster to gain leisure for fuller living—more time for her family, for her community, for herself.

Chief among her resources is electricity. *Within the walls of her house lies the energy to do a large share of her work, and to add to the comfort and beauty of her home.*

Whether you are building a new house, rewiring, or bringing electricity into a house that is already built, it is economy to make your wiring-plan generous, so that you can add lamps or new electrical devices at any time without tinkering with the wiring system or stringing unsightly cords about the room.

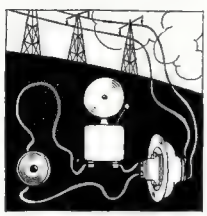
What is a good system? Let's go into the principles behind it, starting at the beginning—which means the circuits.

A circuit starts its loop of wire from a fuse in the fuse box, journeys through the house and completes its path at the opposite side of the same fuse. A circuit can carry only a certain amount of electric load. Overload it, and the fuse blows out. An old-fashioned lighting circuit will carry 660 watts. Modern house wiring allows the use of 1200 to 1800 watts at one time. A lamp socket is connected with the main circuit by wiring that *is not intended* for heavy service appliances.

Appliances that supply heat use more watts than those that supply power or light. The *wattage* is marked on most appliances. If *volts* and *amperes* are marked instead, you can easily find out the wattage by multiplying the number of volts by the number of amperes.

WHEN you consider that a percolator uses about 600 watts and a toaster about the same number, you can see why appliances used on a lighting circuit often cause trouble. The dining room really should have its own private circuit, and should be equipped with service outlets which permit the use of more than one appliance at a time.

If the electric power company allows a special rate for electric cooking, or water heating, or other heavy uses of current, you may need special circuits on their own meter. In many localities, however, one meter is used and the rate is "stepped" down according to the amount of electricity used.



DOES my house work for *me?* Or do I work for *it?* Here's a question for every homemaker to ask herself *now*, before she begins to settle her house for the winter.

It's a big subject, not to be answered in a moment. In fact, McCall's Magazine believes a series of articles is needed for its discussion. This first one explains how an adequately wired house saves time and strain. Next month we'll report the latest ideas about kitchen arrangement.

Not counting special circuits, two circuits are the least a house or even an apartment should have, and the number increases with the size of the house. One authority advises that every room in the house be served by two circuits. That doesn't mean that you'd have twice as many circuits as there are rooms, but simply that, of the total number of circuits, two should pass through each room. It is advisable to have the convenience outlets and the wall lighting outlets on separate circuits in the same room. If you take these precautions you aren't likely to be left in the dark if a fuse blows out.

In the average home the dining room, the kitchen, the living room, and possibly the bathroom are probably the only rooms that need the protection of two circuits. Besides this, the hall lights ought, if possible, to be on separate circuits from the lights of the adjoining rooms.

The board of fire underwriters in every city sets up certain rules for the safety of wiring. Even if you live in a community which is not governed by such rules, you would be wise to instruct your contractor to install wiring according to the National Electric Code. These rules, of course, consider *your* safety; you yourself will have to see to it that you have enough circuits and wall connections to set your electric servants to work for your convenience.

The electric league or the electric power company in your town is a good source of advice about an efficient system. Many local power companies have service departments which give such advice free of charge. Don't hesitate to ask for it. They will study your individual problems and help you work out the best plan for *your* house.

When the scheme for the wiring has been drawn up, and seems to tally with your ideas of what you want, the next step is to get an estimate of what the work will cost from an electrical contractor—or better yet, from several of them, just as you get bids from several building contractors before you build a house. Compare the bids carefully, considering both the quality of the materials specified and the reputation of the contractor.

If you find that the cost of the plan you'd like is too high, it is always possible to eliminate some lights or outlets. If you plan ambitiously at first and then lop things off, you are more likely to end up with a comfortable system than if you start with minimum requirements and then embroider them. If you are building a new house, three per cent of the building cost is a reasonable provision for wiring, outlets, and switches.

WELL-PLACED switches make a big difference in the convenience of your lighting. The ideal way to place them in the downstairs rooms is so that you can walk through the house throwing a path of light ahead of you, and yet put out the lights behind you without retracing your steps.

Such a system calls for various "3-way" switches. They are most useful at the top and bottom of stairs, but are a delightful convenience at other points.

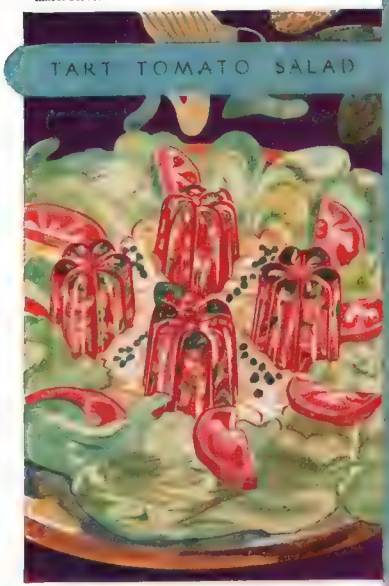
A type of switch that soon earns its keep at the foot of attic steps, or at the head of cellar steps, is one which has a little red pilot light which stays on as long as the light it controls is in use.

[*Continued on page 107*]

TART TOMATO SALAD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint stewed tomatoes, strained
1½ teaspoons lemon juice
Dash of salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ cup celery, diced
½ cup sweet pickles, or ripe cucumber pickles, diced

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling tomato juice. Add lemon juice, salt and Worcestershire sauce. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in celery and pickles. Turn into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 8.



MAGIC ICE

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
1 cup green Malaga or other grapes, halved and seeded

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in grapes. Chill until firm. Break with a spoon and pile lightly in sherbet glasses. The irregular mass looks like ice. Serves 6.

Like this? Simple, isn't it? The *free* booklet tells of 80 such desserts!

JELLIED PINEAPPLE RELISH SALAD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint boiling pineapple juice and water
1 tablespoon vinegar
3 slices canned pineapple, diced
1 cucumber, diced
½ cup stuffed olives, finely chopped
¾ cup sweet pickles, finely chopped

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling pineapple juice and water. Add vinegar. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in pineapple, cucumber, olives, and pickles. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 8.

PEAR WHIP

1 package Strawberry Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
1 cup pear pulp

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice-water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in pear pulp. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 6. (Canned or fresh pears may be used).

All measurements on this page are level

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Let JELL-O

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

put a *thrill* in your dinner, today!

Cost? Next to nothing at all!

"Just home folks" meals needn't be "same old thing!" No! For see what Jell-O can do!

Jell-O can make you a vegetable salad—Tart Tomato Salad—that is so gay and tempting, a smart New York tea room features it proudly in a menu *de luxe!* Yet it costs—just a few pennies a serving.

Jell-O can make you a fruit salad—Jellied Pineapple Relish Salad—that is so different, you'll take two tastes and decide—there *is* something new under the sun! Yet the cost—less than many an every-day dish!

Or . . . surprise the folks with a sweet . . . that looks like a million dollars, tastes like "company eats"—and costs a fraction of the cost of most desserts! Pear Whip is, as you see, a luscious thing! So, for that matter, is the easily made (and wonderfully economical) Magic Ice!

Do you like these thrills? Wait till you learn of 161 more! The new Jell-O booklet tells you of interesting new appetizers, entrées, relishes, salads,—yes, and hosts of desserts, many as inexpensive as the recipes given here! It's FREE. Write today.

For all these good things, use Jell-O—genuine Jell-O—none other. It comes in five pure-fruit flavors—each package sealed tight by a special process, so that its goodness arrives intact.

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In Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.

"So many intriguing ways of serving this most appetizing dish . . .

"Here's a happy thought for luncheon or supper," says Miss Gibson, of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, "that's sure to please your family or your guests. It's not only appetizing in appearance—it's full of flavor and nourishing goodness as well.

"And so simple to prepare—green-pepper cases heaped high with Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti. And the higher you heap them the more you'll please those you serve. For there never was quite such a delightfully tasty spaghetti as that which Heinz makes. And with reason!

"For Heinz begins at the beginning. The dry spaghetti itself is made in the Heinz plant from the very finest wheat—made with such care that even the air in the drying room is washed. Plump, luscious, vine-ripened tomatoes are simmered down to a thick red essence, then spiced, for the piquant tomato sauce. A special cheese is added for savor. And all this making and cooking and blending is done according to the recipe of a famous Italian chef, by Heinz chefs who themselves are masters of flavor.

ENJOY THESE RADIO TALKS . . . *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.*

"Let me give you the recipe: HEINZ *COOKED* SPAGHETTI *in Green-pepper Cases* . . . Wash six large green peppers, cut in half and remove seeds. Place peppers in boiling water, turn off heat and allow peppers to remain in water about five minutes to remove sting from peppers. Cool. Fill peppers with 1 medium can Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti, dust lightly with salt, cover with buttered crumbs. Place in casserole, add small amount of water and bake in a moderate oven until peppers are tender and crumbs are nicely browned."

©H. J. H. CO. '30

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

THE WHYS OF WIRING

[*Continued from page 104*]

Good wiring-plans allow for lights and comfort appliances

With this device to warn you, you can't forget to turn lights off. A radium screw placed in a switch plate is a decided help in locating the switch in the dark.

A novel feature which can be installed in a lighting system is a master switch placed in one of the bedrooms. At a touch, this switch turns on a light in every room of the house—or in all the halls—and locks them on so that they can only be turned off at the same switch. Burglars have no terrors for a home so equipped.

So much for switches—now for the lights!

Good lighting is a matter of health, as well as of comfort and good taste. Nearly every room should be wired for a central lighting fixture. Cover the hole with a plate, and paint or paper over it if you don't plan to use the central fixture yourself; but provide for the possibility that you may sell or rent and the next occupant may want central lighting. You may even want such a fixture yourself later on. If you do, the type of fixture which gives indirect light is coming to be considered the best arrangement for your eyes, as well as the most flattering to your furnishings. Wall brackets are decorative in the living room and dining room; and, when properly placed, they are highly useful in the kitchen, bedrooms and bathrooms.

Convenience outlets are the real key to the amount of pleasure and help you can get out of electricity. If there are enough of them, and they are well placed, you can change the position of your furniture at any time and still get light from portable lamps wherever you want it, and you can use electric appliances of any kind.

SINCE the cords for lamps and small appliances are usually six feet long, it is wise to have duplex outlets (which allow you to plug in two things at once and cost only a few cents more than single ones) at 12 foot intervals around the circumference of a room.

This general rule applies more practically to the living room, dining room and bedrooms than it does to the other parts of the house.

Let's consider some of the special places where an outlet is useful.

An outlet in the garage will be a delight to the family mechanic. It will feed a trouble light, a heater, or a battery charger.

In the laundry, a wall outlet connects the electric iron to its juice. A drop cord from the ceiling, which contains a convenience outlet, feeds the electric washing machine more conveniently than does a wall outlet. If you are lucky enough to have an electric ironer, it needs a special service outlet wired with heavy wire.

In the kitchen, an electric range or refrigerator will need its special outlet. A wall outlet above the work table will put various small appliances, like a toaster or percolator, to work.

IF your kitchen equipment includes, or is likely to include in the future, such devices as a ventilating fan, a dish washer, a clothes washer, or a radio loud speaker, they must be considered when you plan the number and placing of outlets.

In the dining room, there should be a floor outlet to connect with a special arrangement that screws into the under side of the table, so that you can plug in various appliances for table cookery.

Each bathroom deserves a duplex outlet so that a curling iron, a portable heater, or an immersion heater can be used.

If you can possibly help it, don't fail to have a bedside outlet in each bedroom. Aside from its usefulness for a bedside light, it may prove a marvelous help for a baby's bottle heater, a warming pad, or an under bed light in illness. An additional outlet is desirable for other purposes.

All through the house, the outlets should be so placed as to provide easy contact for the vacuum cleaner.

The traditional position for an outlet is on the baseboard. For most uses, however, they are more convenient higher up—about two feet from the floor. Outlet plates painted or stained to match the wall are desirable. Give a thought to what is really the best height for each outlet.

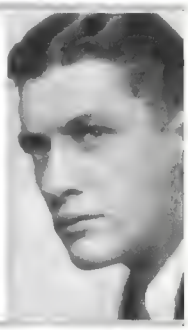
One more small convenience I must tell you about. A little transformer attached to your doorbell (its picture is on page 104) allows it to operate on house current instead of batteries.

As a final word . . . when you wire or rewire, do it up brown so that you won't have to think of it again for years to come.

Everybody's standby

Beauty. Eyebrows, eyelashes, and hands all give testimony if you use "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. There's nothing better to insure a well-groomed appearance. A little left on the eyelids overnight encourages the lashes to grow, and you can train the brows to a graceful arch with a small brush and a dab of Jelly. To soften and smooth rough, red hands, massage with "Vaseline" Jelly and wear old cotton or silk gloves overnight. Even one such treatment shows results.

Men's Uses. If you want to please your men folks, buy each one a jar or tube of "Vaseline" Jelly. Get them to try an application before the shaving lather. It prevents razor pull, gives a close, smooth shave.



First Aid. What price carelessness? Even the smallest bruise or abrasion may cause serious trouble if you give it a chance. Use "Vaseline" Jelly as a preventive on all minor injuries. Your doctor will approve this safe, healing treatment for minor cuts, scratches, burns and bumps. Use it promptly and generously, and if necessary cover with a light bandage so it won't rub off. Keep a supply on hand always.

Babies. There should be a tube of "Vaseline" Jelly on hand just for baby's use. Smear a little over his tender skin after his bath, to prevent chafing, and soothe red, inflamed buttocks with it when diapers are changed. Ward off snuffles by swabbing his nostrils gently every day with a bit of sterile cotton dipped in Jelly.

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"Vaseline" Preparations

It's Something Nobody Forgives . . . Anyone May Have It

Lurking in every breath you take is a condition that none of us can ignore in others. It is Bacterial-Mouth. You recognize it in dull, yellow teeth, decay and soft, receding gums. It is caused by germs that swarm into the mouth. These germs defy the ordinary toothpaste and destroy teeth and gums. By all means, use a dental cream that removes Bacterial-Mouth by killing the germs that cause it. KOLYNOS is that dental cream.

Now see how this new way

Whitens Teeth fully 3 shades in 3 days

IF you really want sound, sparkling white teeth and firm pink gums, you'll certainly try this Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.* Use it for just 3 days . . . Then note the result.

Teeth look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums feel firmer, they are healthier. And your mouth tingles with a refreshing, clean taste.

Kolynos cleans teeth and gums as they should be cleaned.

As soon as it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated, antiseptic dental cream gives you a pleasant surprise. It becomes an exhilarating FOAM that is full of life.

This FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny crevice, pit and fissure. It quickly kills the millions of germs that cause offensive Bacterial-Mouth—that lead to tooth decay, stain, ugly yellow and gum diseases. (Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 15 seconds.) Moreover, this FOAM keeps on working after you hang up your toothbrush. For 3 hours it continues to cleanse teeth and purify the mouth.

That is why teeth are so easily and so swiftly cleaned down to the beautiful, naked white enamel without injury.

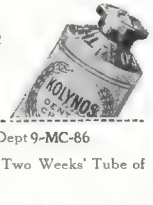
If you want whiter teeth free from decay, and firm pink gums—discard the dentifrice that does only half the job. Switch to Kolynos—it will win you in 3 days. Get a tube from any druggist—or mail coupon for a generous trial tube.

***Saves Teeth . . Saves Money!**

The unique action of Kolynos permits the Dry-Brush Technique advocated by leading dentists as the way . . . to use a dental cream full strength . . . to keep the brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. . . Use a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night . . . Kolynos lasts longer . . . Teeth look cleaner and whiter . . . Try this amazing Kolynos Technique.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

14-day tube FREE



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New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

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City ..... State .....

THE EGOIST

[*Continued from page 23*]

Piers opened the door to them. They came in, chattering and laughing, Terry and Sheila and Piers and Deirdre. Deirdre was beautiful. Her deep blue, heavy-lidded eyes rested upon you with a serene gaze that held an under-mockery, her lazy voice with its rich Irish warmth caressed and laughed at you. Her features were as clearly cut as an old cameo, her black hair had the true smoky-blue tint that only Irish hair has and her skin was as clear and as white as the petal of a camellia.

Sheila and Terry were very different. Brown-haired Sheila was quick and merry. Terry was dark-haired like his sister, but his eyes were black and his skin brown. He worked very hard at his painting and wasn't very successful. Joan loved him and loved his wife because they were brave and gay and kind. As she greeted them tonight she felt her kinship with these two and felt, as she had increasingly and disturbingly felt of late, the kinship between the other two—Piers and Deirdre. They were the beautiful ones—for Piers with his straight back, his smooth head and lean, clever face was as perfect a specimen as Deirdre. And they were the geniuses; they achieved almost without effort that for which the other three strived with prayer and fasting.

Supper was a success as Joan's parties always were. Piers was pleased tonight and in good spirits. The guests, who had come a long way by bus this chilly evening, did justice to the good fare. Warmed and cheered, their tongues loosened; Terry and Piers vying with each other, Sheila putting in her quick, amusing comments, Deirdre, whose slow and lazy voice was never unheeded, capping all that was said in her own inimitable way.

They had coffee afterward in the drawing-room. Joan sat on her small stool by the fire dispensing it, glancing up quickly at Piers as he tasted his. The talk went on, brilliant talk of the sort that Piers loved.

Joan didn't talk very much. It had been a hard day and the relaxing of the strain, the realization that all had gone well, was reacting upon her now.

So she sat on her stool, silent, wishing that she were not so silent. She caught Piers' eye upon her once or twice and knew that he was wishing, impatiently, the same thing. But she couldn't help it. She listened to everyone and that seemed to take all her time. The others did not always listen. She very often answered Piers. Piers was not so quick in speaking as Terry or Sheila and his stories were longer. Many of his best efforts were on the point of being lost when Joan came to the rescue.

He was utterly unconscious of this. He saw her sitting there, like a child, pouring out coffee, passing sweets, retrieving burnt cigarettes and tossing them into the fire and he thought, as he had thought a thousand times, sardonically: "The perfect housewife."

He turned to Deirdre. "Diana," he said, softly. She understood the allusion and smiled her slow, seductive smile.

IT WENT well, Piers."

Joan turned from the bed from which she had taken the cretonne cover.

"Yes, it did." Piers, still bemused by that smile of Deirdre's, spoke softly! Deirdre—Deirdre. That lazy grace, that beauty, that lovely repose—and that brilliant mind. What a woman—what a mate!

"The partridges were nice, Piers, weren't they?"

"God in heaven!" he burst out. "Can't you ever think of anything but food? Partridges! After such talk as we have had tonight your mind is still on the partridges. You are simply incorrigible!"

Yes, she had been incorrigible. Was he to be blamed? In the weeks that followed Piers often asked himself this question, invariably answering to his own complete satisfaction. He had owed it to his genius to escape.

Deirdre had seen it so plainly. She had been awfully nice about Joan. "Poor little thing—she's a dear child—but she's no wife for you, Piers. You'll never arrive if you stick to her."

IT HADN'T been easy to hurt Joan, it had been a damnable business. He never could quite forget the stricken look, the horrible way in which her whole body had seemed to shrink before his eyes when he told her that he was going to Deirdre. But she had got hold of herself and done what he asked, divorced him without protest. And he had gained his heart's desire, he had married Deirdre, had gone on an enchanted honeymoon to Capri.

And now they were back again, in Deirdre's studio—back in his real environment, among his own people. People who talked and thought of the things of the mind and spirit, ignoring the mundane affairs of life.

It was all very wonderful at first. They lay long mornings in bed, drowsy with happiness. No clicking heels beyond the door, no opening and shutting of doors, no smell of frying or clatter of dishes.

No—no, but presently a faint malaise attacked Piers. This was all very well of course during the first early weeks, but as time went on surely life ought to adjust itself. Dalliance was sweet, but sweetness can pall in time.

Well, he had decided, things must be changed. He'd have to train Deirdre as he had trained his midshipmen—as he had trained Joan. Joan had been a little casual at first, too, but he had broken her in without much trouble.

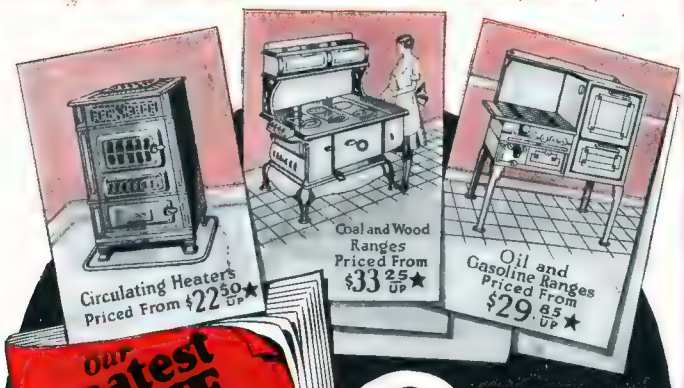
But to his confusion and amazement he found that Deirdre was untrainable. Smiling, slow-voiced, sweet-tempered, never ruffled, never nervous, she combated or, rather, eluded him. He felt sometimes that he was struggling with an eel—a beautiful and fascinating one, of course, but a very eel for all that. Deirdre, when inspiration was upon her, worked night and day at her wonderful plays, but she worked at nothing else.

She never cooked; at noon she ate—if she ate at all—a bit of bread, a raw egg, some lettuce; at night she liked to go to restaurants, the small intimate restaurants of Chelsea and Soho, for dinner. She liked dining at irregular hours, too, eight o'clock one night, ten o'clock another. Women, Piers found, can stand such erratic feeding; but what man's digestion will survive it?

And her studio—ye gods, her studio! Her bedroom—her kitchen! To be

[*Continued on page 110*]

OUR GREATEST STOVE OFFERS in 37 Years


Circulating Heaters Priced From $22.50 UP★
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Special new book of stoves FREE to readers of McCall's who send NOW. Explains why SEARS, ROEBUCK and CO. are offering this fall, most SENSATIONAL stove values in 37 YEARS! Tells WHY we do the biggest stove business in the world! . . . Offers you SAVINGS never before possible, ANYWHERE!

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Look at the fine modern heater shown above at right. How much would you pay elsewhere for one similar in QUALITY, in LOOKS and in HEATING CAPACITY? Try anywhere to match it for $75.00 more! YES—$75.00 more! This is but ONE of scores of stove bargains shown in FREE book.

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Here's the heater seventeen famous heating experts acclaimed as the greatest heating appliance ever developed. New harmonized beauty—graceful lines—scientific construction make this New Dauntless the heater sensation of the year. Heats the entire house, five to seven rooms, upstairs and down, even in below-zero weather. Extra strong, sturdy construction. Built for years of service. And—think of it—price now is only $77.85! You save $75! Read all about the New Dauntless, and all our other amazing stove values (greatest in 37 years) in Free Book. Send coupon below—Now!

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Her Hands *lovely as a bride's after 10 years' housekeeping*

1920

"..thanks to LUX in the dishpan," says Mrs. H. W. Simmonds

1930

Thousands of women who were brides ten years ago still have hands as lovely as on their wedding day—thanks to the magic of Lux!

THIS attractive young homemaker has done all her own work, having her hands in and out of the dishpan three times a day—for ten years. Yet they are soft and white and smooth as when she was married . . . "thanks to Lux."

"Washing dishes with Lux leaves my hands lovely looking"—Mrs. Simmonds says enthusiastically . . . "so smooth and white and dainty."

When our mothers did their own housework they thought they *had* to have red, rough, dishpan hands.

A Great Discovery

But modern young homemakers know better! They themselves discovered in using Lux for their silks and woolens that the gentle, bland Lux suds worked the same magic with their hands as with their fine fabrics.

Among thousands of young wives interviewed in 11 large cities, we found 96 out of every 100 using Lux—to keep their hands lovely . . . in spite of housekeeping cares.

FAMOUS beauty shops — 305 of them — *advise* Lux for the hands! "With all our experience, we actually cannot tell the difference," they say, "between the hands of the woman who has maids to do all her work and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in the dishpan."

They know that ordinary, coarse soaps leave hands red and rough while Lux suds protect and soothe the precious beauty oils of the skin . . . keeping busy hands smooth, white, adorably young looking. Yet Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

For lovely Hands . . Costs less than 1¢ a Day

THE EGOIST

[*Continued from page 108*]

sure, the big room where they entertained their friends looked well enough; Deirdre demanded, as he demanded, beautiful surroundings. But Piers knew the secrets, the dusty corners, the unwashed paint, the ashes hastily brushed beneath the grate instead of properly cleaned out.

She never put out his dressing gown at night and she hung it up—when she did hang it up—in a different place each day. She didn't—she wouldn't—wash out the bath tub, when she took her bath first.

She left her things all over the place. He found her hair brush one day on the studio table. *Her hair brush!* And when he brought it to her in the bedroom and held it out, speechless, she just took it and said: "Thanks, darling. I was looking for that."

It began to get on Piers' nerves. He told himself that he had not married her for her domestic qualities, he'd had enough of domestic qualities. But still, there ought to be a mean. The gatherings at Deirdre's studio were the sort of gatherings of which he had dreamed. Talk—ah, one got enough talk here! But—but—was it possible to get too much talk? Why was it that no one ever listened? They all spoke at once, crowding upon each other, drowning each other. Piers, deliberate in manner, had no chance at all.

He found himself unconsciously looking for Joan, the little eager face, the quick response or question that somehow always brought the wandering attention of others back to him again. And suddenly he thought: "She never failed any of us. It was her kindness, her interest that made us interesting."

THE thought of Joan, born in that moment, persisted. She had been a trial, certainly, but her qualities were not to be sneered at. She did make a man comfortable and a man, if he is to do good work, must be comfortable.

With Deirdre, discomfort increased, and it culminated one day, a rainy, foggy, chilly day when he came back from his own studio wet and cold and dispirited, to find Deirdre, as usual, putting on her hat to go out for dinner. The fire had gone out, the lamps were not lighted, save the one in Deirdre's bedroom, the fog had got into the house; the bathroom, when he went in there to wash his hands, showed a litter of wet towels and disordered mat and dark-rimmed tub, while the air was heavy with sickly, scented steam. She never *would* open the window.

It culminated then; he vented the pent-up indignation of months upon her. She answered sharply; he had never heard her speak sharply or even quickly before.

"I'm sick of it, Piers. What you want is not a wife, it's a housekeeper."

He met the charge unmoved.

"I do. I demand it. I demand a well-kept house, decent rooms, proper meals —*at home*—and at regular hours. I'm going to have them, Deirdre."

"You're welcome to them. But you won't get them with me. I'm finished, Piers. I've had all that I can stand. I thought I had married a fellow-artist and I've found a nagger and a bully."

"A—bully!"

"Yes. And a nagger, which is worse. I'm not Joan. You bullied her and trained her till she hadn't a thought or an idea or an impulse apart from your wants, your likes and dislikes. You caught her young, cowed her. You can't cow me. But you'll wear me down in time so I'm going to escape before it's too late."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm leaving you. Tonight. It's final, Piers. You can divorce me. I don't care what you do—so long as I don't have to do it beside you!"

"Deirdre! You *can't* leave me!"

"Can't I? You left your wife, Piers."

"Don't you love me any longer?"

"I'm not saying that. Perhaps I do love you, just as Joan did. But you are too much for me, too much for any woman. You want the artistic, what you call Bohemian, life and the conventional Victorian at the same time. Well, my dear, it can't be done. At least I can't do it—and Joan couldn't. She's done better without you."

She's done better without you. In the days that followed, the shattering days when he saw life as a ruined house about his feet, those words of Deirdre's were the first to pierce his benumbed consciousness. He became obsessed with the longing to see Joan; it seemed to him that if he could see her again he might be able to rest. And suddenly he made up his mind. He would go back to Joan, he would make it all up to her.

He had heard that she was living with Terry and Sheila Molloy. He had seen neither of those two since his marriage to Deirdre for they had taken Joan's side. They lived somewhere in Bloomsbury. He found out the address, a shabby, comfortable old house let out in tiny flats and studios. On a rainy afternoon he betook himself there.

He had not been sleeping well and there was about him the unkempt look of a man who is wearied to death. He walked a long time in the bitter rain, searching for the hidden square where the house stood. He was wet and cold when he finally found it. He saw Joan's name and opposite it a number. He climbed the stairs, rapped upon a green door. Joan opened it to him.

"Piers!"

She stared at him, holding the doorknob tight in one hand.

"May I come in? I—I was looking for Terry." He saw her hesitate; then the brown eyes softened. The old look, anxious, kind, maternal.

"Terry and Sheila are away for the week-end. But you are all wet, Piers. Come in for a moment; there's a lovely fire and the kettle is just on the boil."

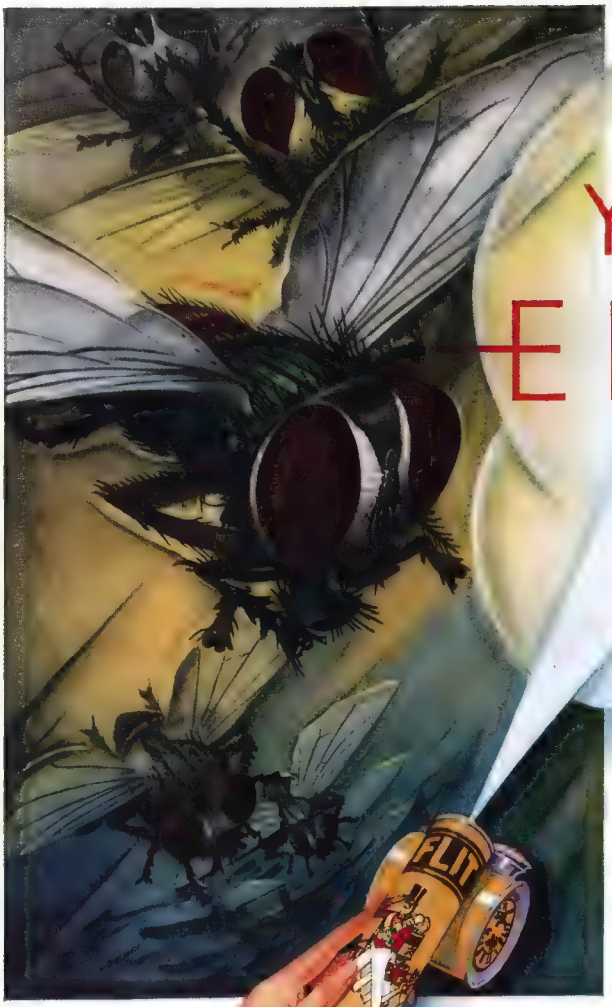
She could not have said anything at that moment that would have sounded to him so utterly heavenly. He followed her into the room.

WHAT a room! Shining floor, soft old rugs, chintz, books, flowers. A clear fire and a well-swept grate. Yet it was not quite like the room that he remembered at home. There was a touch of disorder, pleasant, easy disorder. Papers were strewn on one of the tables, some books were on the wide settee, a piece of knitting had fallen to the floor. Joan, too, was different. Fresh and sweet as ever, but the old anxious expression was gone, she was more poised, more careless and proportionately more charming.

"How is Deirdre?" she asked easily as she sat down opposite him and lifted the small brass kettle from the hob.

"She is—all right," he answered, heavily. He spoke in a tone which Joan knew well, to which she had always responded anxiously in the old days—his tragic tone, indicative of an oncoming mood. But Joan today did not

[*Continued on page 116*]



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says the U.S. Public Health Service

"Insects play a definite role in the transmission of disease," says the U. S. Public Health Service. "Of all the natural enemies of man, the fly is one of the worst. Instead of being harmless, one single fly may be responsible for the development of typhoid fever, and many other serious illnesses. Among these is summer complaint, which kills thousands of our children every year."

When your children go off to school you tell them "be careful crossing the street." They are in just as great danger right at your own dining room table—unless you keep flies and mosquitoes out of your house.

There's a sure, easy way to do it. Spray Flit, which is the world's largest selling insect-killer because it's so easy and so sure. Its clean-smelling, stainless vapor is harmless to humans but quick death to all insects.

YOUR BEST PROTECTION

FLIT kills sleep-destroying mosquitoes in bedrooms. It kills germ-laden flies in your kitchen and all over the house. It kills moths. It keeps insects off your porch at night. It lets you enjoy yourself outdoors. All over the world Flit is the most universally used protection against bothersome insects—because it does its job, and you can prove it. Buy the yellow can with the black band and the special Flit Sprayer this very day.

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING INSECT-KILLER

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

A color photograph

Read the meaning of the three DOLE grades

Each grade number stamped in the can top is dependable as the name DOLE itself. Knowing what each grade means will prove a convenient short cut for you.

DOLE 1 **Grade 1**

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

DOLE 2 **Grade 2**

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

DOLE 3 **Grade 3**

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

A name and a number will bring you this glorious fruit

Just at the point of golden ripeness—just when its flavor and fragrance are at their finest—that's when DOLE pineapple is picked and packed in the sunshine of far-off Hawaii.

To let you know at a glance exactly what grade you're buying, DOLE pineapple now has the name DOLE and beneath it a grade number, 1, or 2 or 3 clearly stamped on the top of the can. Read the grade descriptions in the column at the left. *Insist on seeing both name and number* when you next buy Hawaiian Pineapple. Be certain that you're getting before you open the can.

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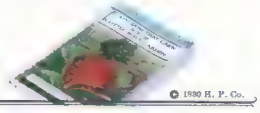

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M-90

It makes me feel awfully pleased with myself when my mother likes the girls I like

THE GIRLS WE'RE PROUD OF

By George Brent

WHEN I was asked to write this article, I thought it would be easy: there was just one type of girl to admire, and she was the kind I happen to like! Then I began to think of my friends and the kinds of girls they play around with, and I discovered I'd been given a pretty large order. Men—and boys—are proud of girls for all sorts of reasons. And yet—

Well, the other night I was dancing with a girl at the country club when suddenly, as we neared a corner, she stopped. "Do you mind waiting a minute?" she said. "There's Anne Burt sitting it out alone, Dick." She slipped her hand through the arm of a boy who was talking with two other fellows: "You come right over here and be introduced. It's a shame."

For a moment I was kind of sore at being left high and dry while my partner performed an act of courtesy which no one else had thought necessary. And then I began to feel a little proud that it *was my partner who* had gone to the rescue of a shy and rather forlorn girl. "I bet *girls* like her," I thought.

And here is a fundamental quality all men admire, I firmly believe—that a girl should be popular with girls of her own age, and be liked by older women. I know it makes me feel awfully pleased with my own good taste to have my mother or her friends say, "George, I like Alice Nearing *so* much. What an attractive girl she is!" And when I marry, I know it'll be a girl who is loved by her own kind, not one who has prided herself on having a lot of men buzzing around her all the time.

It seems to me a girl shows pretty poor judgment when she makes it evident that she is interested only in men. We've all known that kind—and perhaps spent a few weeks or months going around with her, to the amusement of our friends and the disgust of our family. Usually she dresses in the most extreme style and wears make-up that fairly screams at you. You see her hanging around the drug store in the small town or dining out each night with a different man in the city. For all her gayness and prettiness, there are painfully few men who really admire her or think of her as a friend.

I often wonder whether or not girls realize the wonderful power they possess. Nearly all boys are idealists about women when they start out in life. Nearly all of them are happiest with the girls they trust, the girls who unconsciously hold them up to the best that is in them. Time and again, close friends of mine—boys and more experienced men—have had their lives entirely changed by association with girls to whom they could give their complete admiration and respect.

And that brings me back to the beginning again. Ask a boy why he likes a girl and he'll probably give a perfectly obvious reason, such as: "Because she's pretty," or "that girl's got real brains," or "she's fascinating," or "she never grouches about little things," or "she's such a good sport and she loves outdoors," or—if he's very truthful—"because she takes an interest in *me*." But if you could probe still deeper, you'd dig up his admiration for those abiding qualities of heart and character which any girl—rich or poor, educated or uneducated—can have. . . . kindness, courage, tolerance, and humor.

I know that if I ever have a son I shan't rant at him about the way a girl dresses, or makes up her face (if they're still making them up twenty years hence), or even air my views about the girl who makes a habit of "necking." No, sir! With all the tact and subtlety I possess, I'll try to make him see that the girls he can be proud of are his best bet if he cares anything at all about his own happiness and his standing with his friends.

You can see her hanging around the drug store

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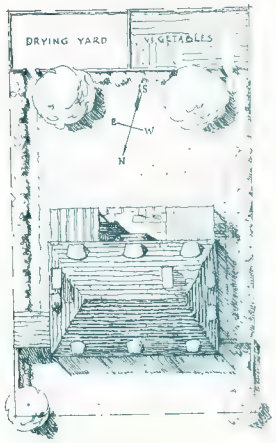
The typical French house wears its plainest clothes in front, and does its real dressing-up in back. Here, during mild weather, a broad, flagstoned terrace, shaded at both ends with gayly-striped awnings, adds a second living room to the house; while a garden and cool, green lawn create a sense of peaceful seclusion seldom found in a town lot



PLOT PLAN
LOT - 60' WIDE - 100' DEEP

A FRENCH HOUSE FOR AMERICA

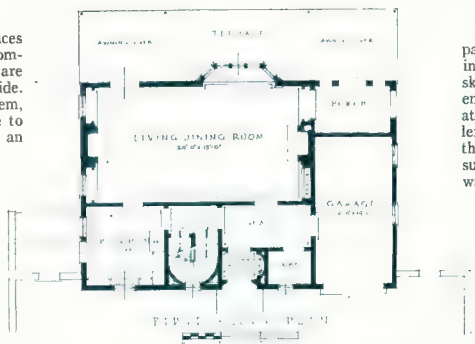
Designed by William Dewey Foster

A HINT of romance hovers about this French house with its air of dignified reserve, as if it were complacently reflecting on the days when members of the Court of France planned just such homes for themselves. Beautiful as those original houses were, we who are accustomed to the conveniences of modern living could hardly find in them enough compensation for the attendant discomforts. There are still many of them snuggled in the French countryside. Mr. Foster has studied them, photographed them, sketched their intimate details and so has been able to combine their ancient charm with *our* demands for an up-to-date home in 1930.

The result is a delightful blending of formality and simplicity. He has created a house which, behind the dignified front it presents to the street, offers the perfect setting for home life and hospitality. Screened from public view by a wall (see page 128), the garden can be an outdoor room of the home. Across the back of the house is a wide flagstoned terrace, covered at either end by a gay awning—just the place to serve tea on a summer afternoon, when the sun is shining on the flowers and on the smooth, green lawn, which is shaded by one or two trees, perhaps. The living room windows look out across the terrace to the lawn. The bedrooms, too, face gardenwards, and are away from the noise of the street.

Whether or not your fancy runs to the French or English type of house, or to our own Colonial, you will find that more and more, architects are considering the garden as an actual part of the house plan; this holds true for the smallest of cottages as well as for palatial estates. They are planning to have the garden enjoyed, either as an outdoor room as in this arrangement, or as a "view" for the rooms in which the family spends most of its time. Gone are the days when the front of the house was the only possible place for the "parlor." Now we prefer a cherry tree in bloom, with an ivied wall for a background, and *no* traffic.

In the newer suburbs, where motor highways come together in natural sweeping curves, you will often find irregular bits of land, wide and shallow. On just such a plot can this little French house be placed to best advantage. The house itself is broad, and although a sixty-foot lot could be used, or even a fifty-foot by eliminating the flanking side-walls, the effect is much better on a lot seventy-five feet wide.



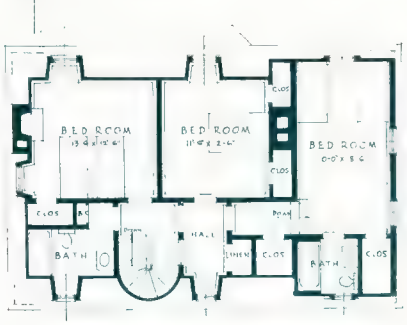
The French form and detail of this house plan are suited to our American materials and methods of construction. The walls are of frame covered with stucco on metal lath. The quoins (blocks in corner and front walls), divide the façade into panels, and are formed in the stucco itself.

The lattice work shown in the end panels (page 128) is used in a decorative way rather than as a support for trailing vines. This treatment conceals the garage doors which are never attractive features in themselves, and should always be kept closed when not in use. An open garage, from any aspect, is decidedly not a thing of beauty.

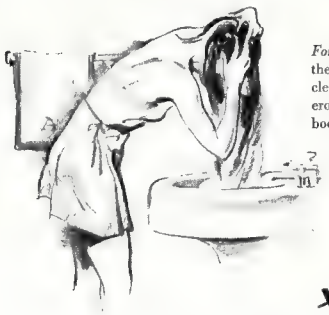
The space in front of the house is laid out in a dignified approach (see plot plan above) and graveled from lot line to lot line, permitting a car to swing in clear of the moving traffic, and drive right up to the entrance of the house.

Among other things that the early French architects passed on to us is the rule that the arrangement of the interior is just as important, and requires just as much skill, as the design of the exterior. In this house the entrance hall is small but attractive, with plain walls; at the right is the door to the garage. Turning to the left, one reaches the kitchen which is in the front, on the street. By this arrangement all of the garden exposure is left free for the living room. Gates in the garden wall lead to the kitchen porch and to the garden.

The bedroom windows are larger than those facing the street, and admit plenty of light and air. The middle room has a door of overlapping slats placed in line with the hall window for cross ventilation. [*Turn to page 128*]



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



For highlights in your hair, the chief requirement is cleanliness... frequent, generous shampoos. (See our booklet).

To help keep away wrinkles, and flabby flesh, scrub lustily with your wash cloth, make of your toweling an exercise.

For a new smart look to your clothes, put on *nothing* that isn't crisply clean.

What to do?

When elbows are dark and roughened, the remedy is simple: soap-scrub this unloveliness away.

What to do?

For a more beautiful complexion, try some of the many suggestions in our booklet, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

WHAT TO DO?

For better times, to look your best, just take a bath. Here's vigor, verve, vivacity; beauty, poise, and charm.

To have beautiful hands, never wash them casually. Scrub them well. Rinse them thoroughly. Dry them completely. (See booklet).

The way to loveliness is in this book

There IS a way to loveliness . . . a way that anyone may take. And its cost . . . only a little effort on your part . . . and an earnest wish that you may become a happier, more charming, and better liked person.

What is loveliness? Let's see if we can't list some of the precious ingredients. First, isn't loveliness a quality of "inner spirit," made up, in turn, of things like pride in self, and confidence? (Here, surely, is the truest source of poise and personality).

Next, isn't loveliness better health . . . disclosing itself in many ways, as in skin that is clear and tinted naturally, hair that has a luster, and eyes a sparkle. Third, loveliness undoubtedly is charm of dress . . . style, neatness, immaculacy. Loveliness is all and principally these things. Don't you agree?

Then possibly you will also hold with us that right in your own home, in your bath tub and basin, in your laundry bag and dresser drawer, are vast possibilities for you of greater loveliness.

But where to start! What precisely, to do! Isn't that the big problem? Feeling sure that it is, we urge you to send for "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test," a new and a different kind of beauty booklet. For here are easy instructions . . . and *a definite program to follow.* Mail the coupon promptly, for a free copy of this most unusual booklet.

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THE EGOIST

[*Continued from page 110*]

notice it. She made the tea, efficiently, poured his cup and her own, handed him a plate of hot buttered scones. Joan—Joan. The comfort of her! What a fool he had been. Ah, when he had her back again he would know how to appreciate her, to cherish her. *Joan.*

"And how are you getting on?" she asked him pleasantly. "Are you doing great things now that you are in your own environment?" There was not a trace of bitterness in her tone.

"I'm not doing very much," he said. "Tell me about yourself. You look very well, Joan—and happy."

"Oh—happy!" Again she laughed. "I am. Piers—you were right. It seemed —at the time—too terrible. I did not think I could go on living, but you were right. It was the only thing for both of us. You were too big, too wonderful for me and I—"

"What about you?" he said jealously.

"I'm living in Paradise. I'm glad to tell you this because I know how you felt, how you must have worried about me. But I'm so happy. I'm writing now —doing very well, too. Oh, Piers, how shocked you'd be if you could see the way I live. I don't worry about a single thing. I cook when I want to and if I don't want to I don't cook. And sometimes this room is tidy and sometimes it isn't—and nobody worries. But that's enough about that. I don't want to talk about all those things—pots and pans and rags and polish—I've escaped!" And once again her laugh, that new, fearless laugh, rang through the pleasant room. She began, rather quaintly, like a good hostess, to speak of other matters. Her voice was quick, interested. "Have you seen—have you heard—have you read—"

So this was Joan, freed of himself. This bright, glancing brain, this intelligent grasp, this charming poise.

"You've changed," he said suddenly.

"Me? Oh, no. Only I have time now to be myself."

"Are you going to marry again?"

He saw a look of sheer horror leap into the brown eyes.

"Marry again! Never!"

AND in the words, in the tone, the look in her eyes, he suddenly saw himself, realized what he had been, what he had done. It was a salutary but singularly uncomfortable moment. He rose from his chair, put out his hand.

"Well, I'll be getting along. Thank you, Joan. It was good of you to let me in."

"Oh, no," she said lightly. "I was glad to see you." But he saw that his coming had meant less than nothing to her. "You're sure your coat is quite dry, Piers?"

"Quite dry, Joan. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Out in the dim passage he paused a moment. He heard Joan's heels, her blessed little heels, click-click, on the polished floor. There was gayety in her very step. And then he heard her voice, singing. She had never sung in the old days since the first morning when he had explained to her that one of his pet aversions was a woman who sang about the house.

"Sometimes I'm happy—"

He turned away and went down the stairs and out into the rainy twilight.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 27*]

rare and exclusive category of true tragedy. Certainly the first act does.

After that something snaps because too many people die. The death of a single character can be heartbreaking. It is harder to weep for ten.

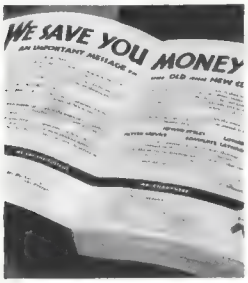
Much of the horror of the first act lies in the fact that we do not quite see No. 7 die. We watch him only as he shuffles unsteadily up to the door, bound for the room where execution waits for him. The big steel door opens. It clangs behind him. We all know what is in that room. We can only too readily imagine the last convulsion. The actor, safely at rest within his dressing room, moves us more than if he simulated the final throes in full view of the audience.

BUT most of all the factor which breaks down the nerve control of the audience is the sense of waiting for impending doom. We know that the hour of doom has been set for No. 7. We realize that his own feeble hope of a last minute reprieve from the Governor is ill-founded. Sooner or later the two attendants must come to lead him into the little room of finality. All the preliminary preparations have been completed. Why don't those guards come? What delays them? The agony in the heart of the condemned prisoner communicates itself to the audience. It seems an age before the escort comes to lead him down the long mile on his last march. And yet it is almost a relief to have the ordeal imminent. The waiting was much worse.

I trust that by now I may have established the idea that *The Last Mile* may not be accurately described as "theatrical entertainment." It shows us the last minutes of a man about to be electrocuted and then goes on to portray a revolt upon the part of the remaining inmates of the death house. It is life two stages beneath the lower depths. And all this is too real and convincing to be what might be called fun. Yet it has a curious fascination. The man in the orchestra may mop his brow and say, "This is terrible. I'm sorry I came." But he will not leave. The thing has got him. He is trapped as much as anybody in one of the steel-barred cells.

And here is the true secret of the play's great worth. It is the first vivid drama in which the man in an orchestra seat has been compelled to take over some comprehension of the convict, his psychology and his point of view. Prison reform has been handicapped by the popular impression that inmates were of a different breed, almost of another planet. *The Last Mile* shows the unbroken continuity in all human beings. These condemned unfortunates are different in circumstances but not in essential makeup.

It is a suitable penance that many thousands of us should troop to the theater and in a so-called "show" learn the truth about prisons and the men who are housed there. I don't see how anybody can come away without carrying along grave misgivings concerning capital punishment. Even graver misgivings, I think, about the whole prison theory. Surely the time has come when we should examine the validity of the notion that brutal men can be made less brutal if only we will treat them as caged beasts. There isn't any sense in that, which seems to be the reason why *The Last Mile* came to be written.



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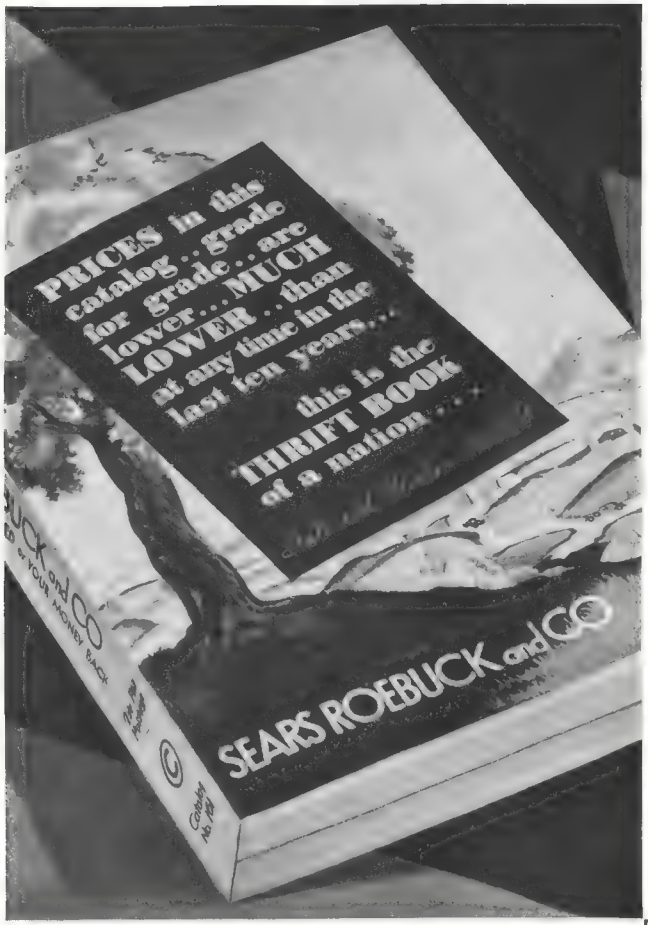
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For "Any Child of Any Age". Write us if your dealer cannot supply it.

E-Z Mills Inc.

57 WORTH ST. N.Y.C.

MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 32*]

look—done in beads. And this black satin with the white bertha—that's rich, honey. And here's a georgette coat that will go with anything—That's Gabreau with the hats. Put them down, Gabreau, and shut the door."

Juanita tried on the dresses, selecting the black satin and a small black cloche. Molly hung the other dresses in the armoire.

"We'll keep them," she explained in answer to Juanita's glance. "Once you get in the best houses—Here! I'd almost forgotten the pearls for your neck. And a bit of lipstick—just a bit. All right, honey. All set?"

Juanita followed her down the stair and to the little gate that opened on the patio of the Hotel Tijon, waiting a moment there while Molly went to her room and returned with the key. They crossed the worn flagstones to the veranda, entering a back hallway, and thence to the weathered marble lobby of the Tijon. Divitt, talking with a group of men, came toward them, and Molly disappeared.

"Good afternoon, señorita." Divitt spoke obsequiously and audibly. "Your car is here." And he bowed Juanita through the lobby and out the door to the long, blue limousine shining at the curb. Divitt spoke to the liveried chauffeur, and Juanita was moving through a lane of little shops, into Canal Street.

The car entered a wide street bordered with tall palm trees and houses set in flowered lawns. At her left were a park, fountains and flowers.

THEY entered the gateway of a columned house, passed up a drive between magnolia trees, stopped in the shelter of a porte cochère. The chauffeur alighted, touched the bell. Then he turned and looked at Juanita.

It was Umberto. Again the doubt and fear of her errand. To what place had Umberto brought her? . . . The door opened, and an old negro in a white coat spoke with Umberto. Mrs. Belaise was ill, he said. Mr. Stanard was at home. The dark, benign old face, the glimpse of a pleasant interior, reassured Juanita. Why should Umberto not have driven her? Had she not known that Divitt would see her safely guarded?

Umberto opened the door of the limousine and Juanita stepped out, following the old negro through a dim hall and presently into a great room, pale blue and rose color, with gilt-framed mirrors and lace-draped windows reaching to the floor.

The old butler was holding out a silver tray. Juanita took out one of the cards. "Be seated, Miss," he said.

Kirk upstairs studied the card Pompey had brought him. "Señorita Ysabel Flores." It was a name new to him. Yet as he went toward the lady in the drawing-room, he had a sense that they had met before.

"Mr. Stanard?" she asked, putting all doubts at rest. They had not met. It was just that first glimpse.

"I am sorry Mrs. Belaise is ill," Kirk said.

She asked, "Is it the necklace?"

"Chiefly that. Things upset her now."

The lady had opened her purse, was holding the necklace out to him.

"Señorita! . . . Where did you find it?" cried Kirk eagerly.

"On the sidewalk. I was passing in my car. I saw your card in the paper."

"When was this?" he asked.

"Last night—or rather early this morning—as I was returning to the Tijon."

So she was stopping at the Tijon.

"It must have been directly after we dropped it," he said. "I can't tell you what this means to her—the necklace and its associations . . . There is a reward, señorita. Please sit down."

The lady shook her head, gathering her dark, transparent wrap about her. "I do not wish the reward," she said.

"But surely, señorita, you have charities!"

"So must you," she said, "have charities. Give it to one for me."

She smiled, but it was apparent that she was perfectly sincere.

"Come and meet my grandmother," Kirk urged. "Let her have the happiness of thanking you. I'll go first and prepare her. Do sit down."

Nelly Belaise was beaming when Kirk came in with the beautiful señorita. There were traces of tears on her cheeks, and the necklace was clutched in her hand. "Kirk, draw the big chair up to the bed. Now tell us again, Señorita—Señorita—"

"Señorita Flores, Mother."

"Ah, yes. Kirk says you are from Seville. Tell us again, señorita, how you found the necklace."

Juanita repeated the account she had given Kirk.

"Suppose someone else had seen it!" cried Nelly. "Please, señorita, take some reward. I shall feel terribly if you won't take something."

"This is my reward," said the señorita; "seeing how happy you are."

"Perhaps Señorita Flores will put us under still further obligations. Perhaps she will let us see her often while she is in New Orleans." So adjudicated Kirk.

The señorita replied with true Spanish grace that such a course would give her happiness. She rose, a little frightened. Nelly Belaise took her hand, patted it softly.

"Kirk will have to do the calling, dear. I don't call any more. But I shall see a great deal of you if you are to be here through the spring . . . Never can I thank you enough."

Kirk went with Juanita down the stair. In the dusk of the hall he felt again the strange sense of having met her somewhere. He saw her to her car, and as she rode away she smiled. No, he had never seen her before. Always, when she smiled the illusion left him.

WHEN Conchita brought up Juanita's tray that evening, Molly came with her. There were two suppers and Conchita arranged them on the little marble-topped table. Divitt would not be home till nine o'clock, Molly said, so she was dining with Juanita.

"How'd everything go?" she asked. "Were they glad to get it back?"

Glad? Juanita was happy to describe that gladness.

"Did they invite you back?"

"Yes, and—" Juanita's face had lighted. Molly was so affable tonight, almost as if there were no surface at all. "They may come to see me. Mr. Stanard, that is. He may call. I couldn't tell him not to—"

[*Continued on page 120*]

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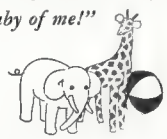

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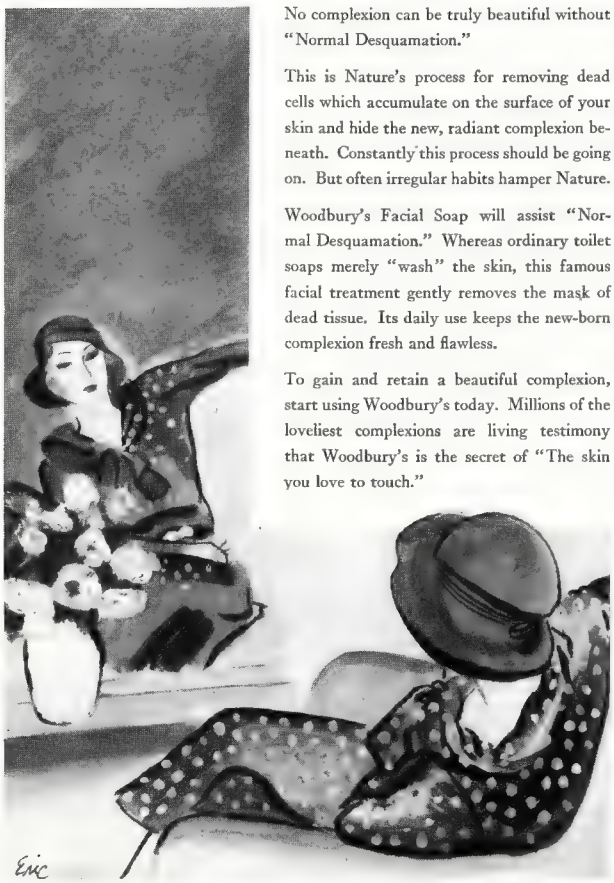

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MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 118*]

"Of course not." Molly looked thoughtful. "I think it can be arranged." Suddenly she said, "But don't fall in love, Juanita." Ye gods! Suppose Juanita should fall in love and want to get married! Odd Divitt hadn't foreseen such a possibility. "You aren't thinking of doing that, Juanita? You wouldn't want to get married?"

Juanita turned from her, whiteness dropping like a mask over her face. "You needn't be afraid."

"That's good." Molly rose. "You've got to dress for the parlors," she said. "Won't it be fun passing cigarettes to the old lady and knowing she don't know you?"

But, to Juanita's relief, Kirk and Mrs. Belaise were not there. Adrian Fouché arrived alone, having apparently decided that Ledbetter, despite certain Ottoman gifts, was not furthering his cause. He bought abundantly of cigarettes and Juanita responded by pinning a carnation in his buttonhole, conscious of Gabreau watching from the wall.

LOOKS like you didn't find out much," Divitt remarked, divesting himself of his dress suit and donning the rather modernistic pajamas Molly had decreed for him. "Naturally, she's not expected to discover the location of the safe on one visit, but we ought to get something out of her. All we know is, they've asked her back, want to see a lot of her. That's the biggest part of the business, but it's not all."

"You know well enough the girl don't talk much," Molly answered.

"I know well enough I can get on without her," Divitt answered, drawing on his slippers. Molly looked at him hopefully.

"You mean you don't intend to use Juanita?"

"Use her, of course. But differently."

Molly pondered this, spoke tremulously. "Divvy, we've got money. Let's go somewhere and start all over in something that's not dangerous."

"Many things are dangerous," remarked Divitt, knotting the green and yellow sash of his bathrobe. He went over to the bed where Molly had lain down again, patted her shoulder. "Go to sleep, kid. You're not going to have any more to do with this. As far as my getting into trouble is concerned—I won't. I'll smell it before it comes, and when it comes I'll be gone—you with me. Don't worry about me."

He opened a door beside the armoire, went up a narrow stair to his office. There he sat down at his disordered desk and wrote:

Marquesa Carlota de Luiz y Cabrera,
8 Michel Street,
New Orleans.
Dear Marquesa:

Will you kindly call at my office tomorrow—Thursday—night at nine o'clock?

Jason Divitt.

He opened the other door and dropped the letter down the mail chute of the Tijon Hotel.

Kirk Stanard telephoned the Tijon on Thursday afternoon, desiring to call on Señorita Flores. In touch presently with an agreeable female voice—not the señorita's—he was told that Señorita Flores would see him that evening. She would be in the Tijon patio. He need not be announced.

Night was settling when Kirk arrived. The Tijon patio was filled with dusk and a soft blossoming of lights in the tamarisk trees. Ah, yonder! Yonder at a far table, seeming almost a part of the dusk. Kirk could not mistake the dim figure. He crossed the patio quickly.

"Señorita! . . . I thought you had forgotten."

She smiled up at him, all in white, diaphanous stuff that fell away from her arms and about her feet. "I never forget," she answered. Kirk sat down on the bench beside her.

"You never forget, señorita! How good for your friends, and acquaintances! And then again—"

"It is not always an advantage," she admitted.

He looked at her, white and lovely in the shadow, wondered about her. Why was she here? Traveling; perhaps. Who was with her? What eyes were watching from the upper windows? She had called alone yesterday afternoon—perhaps had slipped away—yet one did not need to be preternaturally intuitive to sense, particularly here, that she was invisibly guarded, protected.

She turned slightly from him. "There is the music!" she said, as the band in the Tijon, silent since Kirk's arrival, began again. It was a string band—Mexicans—and the dusk was full of *La Paloma*. The señorita's eyes met Kirk's. They rose and began to dance. She was fragrant and soft in his arms, moving lightly, easily, at one with the music, at one with him, in and out of the moonlight . . . .

The music stopped and they went back to the bench. Kirk heard the old Cathedral clock striking nine. He wondered if she would let him stay a little longer, if she would perhaps dance with him again.

And as the last clock stroke died, a woman, entering the Tijon lobby went up the stair and knocked on the door of Divitt's office. She was dressed in black, with scarlet slippers and a lace mantilla about her hair.

The Marquesa Carlota de Luiz y Cabrera took the seat that Divitt motioned her to. "Well, Spike, I got your note," she said.

Divitt who had not sat down, opened the door and looked along the balcony. He closed the door, turned to the Marquesa. "Must I tell you again not to call me that?" he asked. "Do I call you 'Craps'?"

THE Marquesa shook her head, a head that would have been a fine iron-gray had it not been dyed to more than its pristine blackness. Her rouged face lit with a smile, a smile not without charm, not without irony.

"Excuse, Mister Divitt. I will remember. Your note say for me to come. I hope you are gon' pay me back the money I lose on your roulette wheel."

"It was not my fault that you came here to play roulette," said Divitt. "I hadn't even known you were in New Orleans."

[*Continued on page 122*]

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MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 120*]

"I didn' come to play roulette. No. I come to talk to you. When you see me you would not talk. You act then like you don' want know me. Oh, I onderstand— But when you will not talk, I go and play roulette, and I lose all the money I have save to take me back to Spain."

"I'll talk to you now," said Divitt. "What did you do after they raided us in Philadelphia?"

"You mean—"

"You know well enough what I mean. Soon as I knew what was up I gave you all the money and you went shinning up the fire escape. What did you do after that?"

"I come down," said the Marquesa, looking at the ceiling.

"So I gather. What then?"

"I get my clothes and go over to Jersey. I become a Gypsy and tell fortunes. I make money—enough to take me back to Spain."

Odd, that. She had been reading palms that first time he had seen her in the little back-street family hotel in Philadelphia. He had talked with her then, discovering that her powers of divination had not served to avert calamities in her own case. The small fortune she had brought to America was gone.

When he came to know her better and had given her a few substantial meals, his newly laid plans for their work together appealed to her. Stressing its possibilities of wealth, he had dwelt lightly on its dangers, yet he had learned in time that the Marquesa loved danger as well as money. It was of this trait he was thinking when he had written her last night to come.

The Marquesa leaned toward him. "You need me here?"

"This is ticklish business," said Divitt. "High society, and all that. You really are a marchioness? I'd like something solid in a rather shaky business, in case anyone undertook to look you up."

"Let them look," said Carlota, snapping her black eyes.

"All right; here's the dirt. I've got a girl from the Argentine. Came into my hands by accident . . . She got in some big trouble back home and she's hiding. I've tried to find out about her down there; but she's covered her trail in the Argentine as well as I could have done it myself. I know nothing about her except that she's too straight to do what we want, if she knows it.

"We got hold of a necklace the other night. One of the swell dames dropped it, more or less accidentally. I sent Juanita to return it, told her to refuse the reward. Had her give the name of Ysabel Flores, which I made up myself. Told her to say she was from Seville.

THAT necklace was the entering wedge. I know my New Orleans. They'll ask her to visit them in return for this courtesy—that is, if they're assured she's the real thing They'll introduce her into other wealthy homes. It's a gold mine.

"No doubt you're the real thing too, Marquesa, but you could never have done that. You are not young and beautiful. But here's where you come in. Juanita has paved the way, and you can follow—as her duenna. She thinks I need her in the parlors and that I also mean not to let her get away and squeal. She has no intention of getting away, though it won't hurt to let her know you've got an eye on her."

The Marquesa nodded. "I understand."

"But your main job," continued Divitt, "is to report to me all you see and hear as you go about with Juanita. All the things Juanita wouldn't and couldn't see and hear. Who's got the rocks and where they keep 'em . . . I'll have you talk with my man, Umberto. But first, tonight, I'll have you meet Juanita. Her name is Ysabel, remember, though I suppose if you slipped and called her Juanita it wouldn't matter much. But, of course, no intimation that she's ever seen the inside of this place. She's masked, by the way. You're both from Seville, you understand, stopping at the Tijon—traveling, I should say. Ysabel's first glimpse of the big world. You'll carry the money. I don't want Ysabel to have money."

The Marquesa nodded. "And you'll pay me? I don't work for jus' my clothes and room at the hotel?"

"I'll pay you well," replied Divitt. "And according to what you are worth to me. You know that I keep my word."

"I know," the Marquesa said ungrudgingly.

"And you," added Divitt. "I know a thing or two about you."

"I keep my word, Mister Divitt."

JUANITA dressed alone that night with hands that trembled slightly. Kirk had stayed past his allotted time, had delayed in the patio saying good night. He had left her finally, having won her half promise to go with him to the Comus ball . . . The Comus ball! Would Divitt allow that?

Kirk Stanard would not be in the parlors tonight. He was driving Mrs. Belaise and the faithful Lorena to their place in Biloxi-by-the-Sea.

Dave Ledbetter was the first person she saw as she entered the parlors. He sat with a gayly dressed crowd at one of the card tables. Juanita had made the circuit of the room when Ledbetter spied her and rose, calling in unintelligible jargon.

Molly was not observing her, Divitt was absent. Only Gabreau was watching, and Gabreau would not tell. She slipped the red ribbon over her head, laid the tray on a vacant table and went softly out the side door. Her one idea was to escape from Ledbetter.

The court was empty and she started toward the stair.

Suddenly someone was beside her. Someone with hot, horrible breath was breathing jargon into her ear. Juanita found herself caught and held.

"Let me go!" she commanded breathlessly, and for an instant it seemed as if she would be obeyed, perhaps from sheer astonishment. Then her veil was adroitly thrown aside and Ledbetter's kiss smeared her face.

Juanita pressed back his face with her hands. "Pig!" she cried, striking his face with her fists. "Hideous pig!"

Ledbetter released her as if she had burned him. Juanita flew to the stair. At its top she turned to see Gabreau's squat shape dawning in the parlor door.

[*Continued on page 126*]

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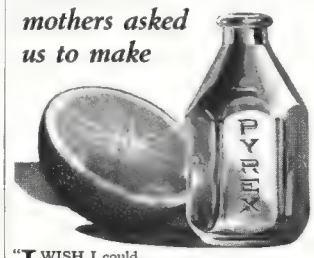

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School should be a glorious adventure for every child

WITHIN A CHILD'S MIND

What happens when he goes to school?

By Lila Kline and Elizabeth Dexter

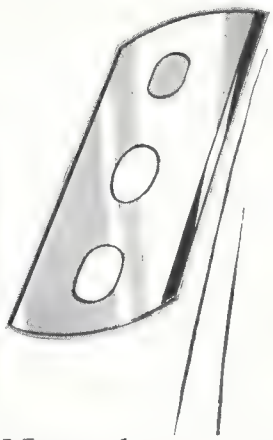
WE ARE learning that education cannot be handed out in equal portions to everyone; neither can it be made of the same ingredients. Even among tiny boys and girls, what is one child's meat may be another child's poison. There are ten-year-olds who are able to do the work of twelve-year-olds, while others of the same age cannot keep up with the class no matter how hard they try. The mind of a child is a complicated and delicate instrument, and the only way to understand it is to know something about his past experiences and his relationships with his family and playmates.

Starting to school marks the child's first break from the protection of home and the ties of mother; his first real venture on his own. It is an adventure which a normal child looks forward to from the time he begins to toddle to the window to watch the other children going by in twos and threes. If his early training has been wise and his teacher is intelligent, he will take to the new life like a duck to water. But if he has been unduly babied at home, if he has lived very much with older people and had no playmates his own age, then he is likely to be a misfit. To receive only one-thirtieth or -fortieth of the teacher's attention will make him unhappy and resentful.

Tommy was such a case. On his first day in school, he screamed and howled, and during the succeeding days, he pulled the hair of the other children and snatched away their crayons and papers. His teacher could not control him and he was sent home. His parents were alarmed and went to consult a doctor who is a specialist in child guidance. It was found that the only standard Tommy knew was love of attention. He had expected from his teacher the same sort of love and devotion he received from his mother. If he could have had all of her attention, he would have been angelic.

Further investigation revealed that Tommy's parents had made him the center of their lives. During his first year, he was a happy, good-natured baby, then he became fretful and demanded constant attention. When he was learning to walk, his mother was so afraid he would fall and hurt himself that she made him aware of the dangers rather than the joys of this new experience. Whenever he refused to eat, she was in a panic and coaxed and wheedled him. He liked being the center of the universe for his parents, and he fought and quarreled with any child who came near him. So his mother kept him with her, saying to herself that he was always good when alone with her.

But Tommy's parents realized their mistake, and they immediately began to try the new methods suggested by the specialist. They encouraged the little boy to dress himself, ceased coaxing him to eat, allowed him to choose between eating his vegetable and passing up the dessert. One child at a time was invited to the house, and his mother planned games so they would play happily. She gave him small errands which required the assistance of his playmate, such as carrying down a card table from upstairs. The parents took up the so-



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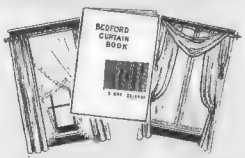

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cial life they had dropped after Tommy's birth, and made every effort to lead a life apart from him. And Tommy is now getting along splendidly in school, making lots of friends, and looking forward to the things he'll learn in the next grade.

It is impossible for a teacher to tell at once how much of a child's failure is due to his emotional conflicts. Emotional conflicts mean that the child's personal problems—his relations and feelings toward his family, playmates, and teachers—absorb his attention so that all his energy is directed to his own feelings.

SUCH conflicts are present in the moody child, the unmanageable child, the day-dreamer, and the truant. But with the aid of modern physical and mental tests, it has frequently been found that a child who was considered dull is really unusually bright; the work may have been so easy that it did not intrigue him; or he may have been near-sighted, or slightly hard of hearing, or not properly nourished, or worried and disturbed by conditions at home.

Teachers are beginning to realize that when Johnny sits and gazes out of the window, it may be because he is trying to prove himself to the other boys by figuring out how he can make the baseball team. And when you come to think of it in relation to Johnny's future, it *is* vastly more important that he should learn how to gain the confidence and respect of his fellows than that he should get a perfect mark in history.

When Jimmie shows off in school, *he* may be trying to make up for a loss of self-respect. He may want everyone to think that he is as important and clever as his older brother who is getting better marks and more favorable attention. Little Mary may not be studying because she feels lost and bewildered away from the love and protection which she had always known at home.

What parents and teachers sometimes forget is that a child's whole future may be imperiled if he fails to secure the expression and the recognition he craves.

Mothers and fathers should feel satisfied when their children are happy in school, whether or not they are choosing the careers their parents would have preferred. It is infinitely important that a child should realize his own ambitions and satisfy his inner cravings, even if it means stopping school at sixteen to become a carpenter or lumberman, rather than going on to be the minister or lawyer his parents planned.

Of course, if the sixteen-year-old quits school and goes off to a lumber camp as a flight from an unpleasant school situation, it is a cause for alarm and investigation. For the struggles at school, both on the playgrounds and in the classroom, are preparing him for later life, and if he runs away, the feeling of failure may never leave him. Every effort should therefore be made to remedy any situation which causes a child to display danger signals. There may be some difficulty connected with his life at school, or the trouble may lie entirely in the home. In any case, it should be traced down to its source.

It is difficult to break away from old habits of thinking, and most of us were brought up in the belief that lessons ought to be hard work. Modern methods of teaching work just the other way. A child's interest and enthusiasm must be kept alive; and, in addition, it is possible to make his early instruction much broader than it once was. In fact, subjects which were once saved for high school and college can be started in the primary grades.

As a child learns to draw and build and cook and sew, for instance, his eager mind can easily absorb the fundamental laws of mathematics and physics. Biology and botany can be started young—if children show a particular interest in insects, animals, and flowers. History, properly presented, becomes as fascinating as any tale of adventure. A child will learn to love good literature if he hears good literature. There are classic tales and beautiful poems with a marching rhythm and a simplicity of expression which appeal even to the youngest children.

THE important thing for every parent to remember is: a child is an individual, entitled to develop and express his own personality. Education should guide him in his gropings for himself. Too frequently it has stunted and thwarted his growth. A better understanding of children and an increasingly elastic system of education are necessary if schools are to help our children develop their natural capacities for happiness and success.

Eleanor R. Campbell

There's some good reason why he's slower than the others

Make-Up Magic

Is This the Beauty Secret of the Screen Stars?... Can Every Woman Double Her Beauty with Make-Up?

Read the Answer by Hollywood's Make-Up Genius... Max Factor

JOAN CRAWFORD
M-G-M Star, adores her color harmony tone in lipstick created by Max Factor.

"WHAT we have discovered in pictures about beauty, about make-up, about cosmetics... every woman should know. True! Make-up is magic... but the wand of make-up is not so mysterious that every woman cannot wave it over herself and produce in her own likeness the vision of beauty she has always dreamed of." Then Max Factor, creator of make-up for famous screen stars, told me the secret of make-up which every woman wants to know.

If you would double your beauty... listen! In Hollywood, screen stars are using a new kind of make-up for social and everyday wear. It is based on cosmetic color harmony—conceded to be the greatest beauty discovery of the age. And Max Factor perfected it, based on his twenty years make-up experience in pictures. Color harmonies in powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials that produce the most exquisite, lifelike effect imaginable, blending in perfect harmony with complexion colorings and personalities.

Each star has her own individual color harmony, too... just the exact shade in each cosmetic to blend into a make-up ensemble exactly suited to her individual self.

Discover the Secret Yourself... Free

And now you, and every woman, may have your own color harmony make-up... suggested by Max Factor to accentuate the allure of natural beauty. A priceless gift... for you will discover the way to a new beauty, a new fascination which heretofore has been held within the glamorous world called Hollywood. Fill in chart below and mail today.

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"Cosmetics of the Stars"... HOLLYWOOD

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Dear Sir: Send me a copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*; personal complexion analysis, and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling

COMPLEXION	COLOR OF EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR OF LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR OF HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive	Answer with check mark	

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TIME TO GO-
but still time to use MUM

Those times when you must be ready in a jiffy! Just time to slip on your dress. Not a moment more to spare—yet you must not chance perspiration offense.

Then's when you're most grateful for Mum!

In no more time than it takes to powder your nose, your underarm toilet is made with Mum. One dab of snowy cream under each arm and you're safe. Slip into your dress, and step forth—with assurance. For Mum doesn't have to dry. It is soothing—not irritating—to the skin. And just as harmless to the daintiest fabric; Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy.

This likable and usable deodorant has removed the last excuse for offending. It offers you permanent protection, for its daily use can do no harm.

Mum does not arrest the action of the pores. It just neutralizes the odor completely.

Why chance embarrassment—ever—when you can always have absolute protection in this delightful form? Dip a finger-tip in Mum, dab it on the under-arm—or any part of the body—and it will neutralize every bit of unpleasant odor. Not the slightest suggestion of any odor can possibly penetrate that protecting film of Mum. *You are safe for hours.*

Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table and make its use a daily habit, morning and night. If you travel carry Mum with you. Many women keep it in the purse, just to be ready for any emergency. Be sure to investigate the important special use explained in the directions:

Spread a little Mum on the sanitary napkin and you will be serenely sure of yourself; confident of perfect daintiness at all times.

All toilet-goods counters, 35c and 60c.

MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 122*]

Divitt came with the Marquesa Cabrera down the stair of the Hotel Tijon and through the gate of its patio into the parlors. Molly in her cage became alert. Divitt, glancing at her, looked about for Juanita. Juanita was not there, nor was Gabreau.

DIVITT, furious, went over to Molly. Molly knew nothing. Yes Juanita must be gone; there was her tray. Gabreau—Gabreau was there a minute ago. Molly's eyes were on the Marquesa. Divitt turned abruptly, bidding the Marquesa follow him.

He found Gabreau at the top of the stair outside Juanita's door. "What do you mean leaving the wheel when I'm not there?" he demanded.

"I jus' come," Gabreau answered. "She—" pointing to Juanita's door—"go out because Ledbetter yell at her. He foller her. I come out, and both gone."

"Get back," said Divitt. "I'll take care of this."

Gabreau went reluctantly down the stair and Divitt knocked on Juanita's door.

"It's Divitt," he said after a silence.

The door opened and in the dark he heard Juanita's anklets cross the room. She lit the lamp and turned, trembling and furious, about to speak, halting at the sight of the Marquesa. Divitt closed the door behind them.

"I hear Ledbetter has annoyed you again," he said, and as Juanita preserved an unmoving silence, he added. "Marquesa Cabrera, this is Juanita—or, as you will know her hereafter, Señorita Ysabel Flores . . . You may speak quite freely before the Marquesa, Juanita."

The Marquesa herself began to speak freely—a light, liquid patter of Spanish, at which Juanita, who had acknowledged the introduction by what was no more than an upward movement of the chin, gave her her full stormy eyes, eyes that grew milder as she replied in the soft music the Marquesa had used.

But, looking at Divitt, Juanita's face clouded again.

"May I see you alone?" she said to him, withdrawing her hand from the Marquesa's.

Divitt rose and with a certain formality, opened the door. "Pardon us, Marquesa . . . Just a moment . . . on the balcony."

A touch of ceremony characterized the Marquesa's withdrawal. She bowed to Juanita, to Divitt, and then graciously took her leave.

"I prefer her to go, myself," Divitt explained when he had shut the door, "for as a matter of fact she knows nothing. You may speak freely to her about your work in the parlors, but that is all. You came from Argentine, are in my house by accident. I like you and your work and I want you to have pleasures that belong to youth. That's all she's been told. She herself has just come from Spain—no great fortune, but a marchioness and a worthy companion for Señorita Flores."

"Thank you," said Juanita. "You are thoughtful, but if I am to be insulted and my veil torn off—"

"Your veil? Where?"

"In the court. Mr. Ledbetter followed me into the court. New Orleans is a long way from the Argentine, as you told me once, but it is not so far from the *Vieux Carré*. If my veil is to be torn off—"

"It is dark in the court," said Divitt. "And Ledbetter will not be admitted hereafter. I shall instruct Gabreau. Moreover, you are not to be in the parlors every night now. You'll be out with the Marquesa. I'll get someone else. Is that all?"

"That is all," said Juanita. "Except—I appreciate—you are very kind."

"Not at all," Divitt answered, opening the door. "I like your work, as I say. You have brought many new people to the place. You will come back all the fresher and better. I shall expect that, remember . . . All right, Marquesa. Thank you for waiting. Come down and meet my wife."

KIRK STANARD called for Juanita at the Tijon the night of the Comus ball, waiting in the parlor of the Marquesa de Cabrera's suite. Kirk was glad to meet this member of the señorita's entourage, glad to have an answer to some of the questions that had formed in his mind. He listened to the Marquesa until the door opened again and Juanita appeared lovely in yellow *tulle*, carrying his roses.

"You understand our Mardi Gras dances," Kirk explained, as they rode toward the uptown theater where the ball was to be held. "The Mystic Krewe of Comus is masked and in costume. The master of ceremonies calls out your name and you step upon the floor. At supper we unmask . . . You never went to a ball like that, Señorita Flores?"

The señorita never had.

At the theater Kirk took them to their seats in what was the parquet

[*Continued on page 129*]

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns, If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson Street, Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., Spring and Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can., 204 Gt. Portland St., London, England.

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5567	2-8	35	6233	12-20	65	6243	14-16, 36-46	...35
6119	14-16, 36-42	...50	6234	14-18, 36-42	...50	6244	1-6	35
6146	4-14	35	6235	14-18, 36-42	...50	6245	1-6	35
6221	4-14	35	6236	14-18, 36-42	...45	6246	14-18, 36-46	...50
6226	2-6	35	6237	14-18, 36-42	...50	6247	14-16, 36-42	...50
6228	14-18, 36-46	..35	6238	14-18, 36-42	...65	6248	26-36	35
6229	14-18, 36-42	...45	6239	14-18, 36-42	...50	6249	14-16, 36-42	...35
6230	12-16, 36-42	...45	6240	14-18, 36-46	..50	6250	2-8	35
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Miss Nixon is just another of the Hollywood stars who have found that Kissproof alone combines immediate with lasting charm, subtle sophistication with natural beauty.

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PLAIN JANE

JANE RALEIGH stood at her wardrobe door trying to decide what to wear. She looked at one dress after the other and finally burst out with "Oh, what difference does it make what I wear. The other girls are all so pretty no one looks at me anyway."

That afternoon as she sat at the bridge table, it suddenly occurred to her that these other girls whom she had always considered so attractive had few claims to real beauty. Some of them were not even pretty, when you stopped to analyze their features, but they were well-groomed, their hands were white and looked well-cared-for, their hair was soft and glistening with health, their skin was smooth and they knew how to apply just the right amount of make-up.

Once more at home, Jane studied herself in the mirror. "My features aren't ugly," she thought, "and if my hair was shampooed and waved becomingly it might be really pretty. My face *is* plain, but perhaps the proper kind of skin treatment and a little make-up cleverly applied would help. My hands are ugly, but a good manicure and some soothing lotion would do no harm."

The next time the bridge club met, Jane felt the other girls looking at her in a puzzled way. It finally became embarrassing until one of the girls blurted out, "Jane, we can't stand it another minute. You look so pretty we can hardly believe you are our Plain-Jane Raleigh." Jane laughed happily. "I am, though," she said, "and a little book proved to me that there's a silver lining behind many a plain, drab cloud."

Unfortunately, we can't all be beautiful, but we *can* learn to make the most of our appearance. Excellent cosmetics and other beauty aids are available to all of us and every woman can give herself some kind of daily beauty treatment. In *An Outline of Beauty*, prepared by McCall's beauty advisor, we discuss with you frankly that most important subject to women—beauty and personal charm. Send for your copy today and enclose twenty-five cents in stamps.

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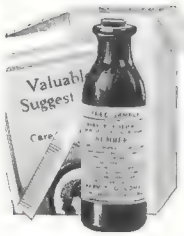

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IODIZED TO PREVENT GOITER...ALSO PLAIN

A FRENCH HOUSE FOR AMERICA

[*Continued from page 114*]

Front view: Garage and dwelling are housed under the same roof

The living room, unusually spacious, has the luxury of a fireplace at each end. To the right of one fireplace is a recess for books; a small porch which might be used as a sun room, opens off at the left. A French door and a bay window give a view of the garden.

To make up for the absence of a dining room, a decorative screen can be placed across the center of the room while meals are being prepared. You could divide this room into two rooms, by placing a wall and door midway.

A broad flagstone terrace, level with the ground, extends across the rear of the house. It should be covered at each end with attractive awnings, shutting out the strong sunlight and protecting from the rain. In winter the awnings should be rolled up or removed, letting in floods of sunshine.

A laundry could be arranged in the cellar. But if the bulk of the laundry work is done outside, one of the small portable washers will efficiently take care of table linen, personal clothing, and towels. Also, the service porch could be enclosed and equipped for laundry work, giving a first story laundry, which is to be desired when a woman does her own housework.

It is estimated that the cost of building this home, based upon an average of fifty cents a cubic foot, would be $15,000 (including garage). To check this cost, have your local contractors study the working set of blue prints and specifications, and make bids.

AS A CHANGE FROM POTATOES

[*Continued from page 35*]

Add cheese and stir until melted. Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain well and add cheese sauce. Pour into a greased square pan. Chill. Cut in squares. Beat egg slightly and add 2 tablespoons water. Dip squares in the egg, then in crumbs and fry in deep hot fat (375° to 390° F.) until brown. Serve with roast veal.

Spinach Dumplings

1 egg
¼ cup water
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
2 cups hot finely-chopped spinach

Beat egg until very light. Add water and mix well. Add flour, salt, and baking powder and mix thoroughly. Roll dough thin and cut in squares. Place a tablespoon of well-seasoned spinach in center, fold dough over, pinching edges together. Drop in boiling salted water with 1 onion sliced, cover, and cook 15 minutes. Serve with roast pork and scalloped tomatoes.

Vegetable Fritters

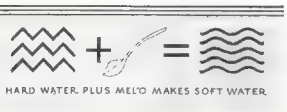
2 eggs
½ cup milk
¾ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
3½ teaspoons baking powder
1¾ cups flour
½ cup cooked peas
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
2 tablespoons melted shortening
½ cup cooked corn

Beat eggs and add milk. Mix and sift dry ingredients; add beaten eggs and milk. Beat thoroughly. Add peas, corn, parsley, and shortening and mix well. Drop by tablespoons into deep hot fat (360° to 370° F.) and cook until a delicate brown. Drain and serve hot with cheese sauce. These are good with roast chicken and strawberry jam.

JUST A COTTAGE SMALL

BUT its garden is riotous with colorful flowers and shrubs and it has all the beauty of an imposing estate—and even more charm. Send for *Beautifying The Home Plot* and get helpful advice on *your* garden problems. The price is twenty-five cents and stamps are acceptable.

The SERVICE EDITOR, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.



A greasy ring around the dishpan means a greasy film on dishes

THAT *ring* tells the tale! It means *hard water*—water filled with harsh alkalis. Those alkalis combine with soap and grease to form a scum that clings to dishes like grim death.

But you can wash your dishes in *soft water*. Add one or two tablespoonfuls of Melo to a dishpan full of the *hardest* water. Instantly it is softened. Then watch the suds pile up—thick and lasting—with less soap. Every trace of grease is cut away. Rinsing is swift and thorough. When you dry your dishes they will *glisten* spotlessly. And there will be no greasy ring around the pan.

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**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint" —a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 126*]

circle of the house. The parquet itself had been cleared for the dancers.

"The high-sign, Marquesa," he said, as he left them. "Like this."

But there were so many waving their hands, making high-signs. The Krewe of Comus, appearing, a straggling bright army of Pierrots and Harlequins, beasts and matadors and devils, goblins and Indians and cowboys, with a sultan or two, and many monks and pirates followed their queen with the ladies of her court, marched mystically about the ballroom, then broke ranks in the opening dance. The house murmured excitedly as the queen, white and splendid, ascended the stage with her ladies-in-waiting and sat upon the throne.

INTO a circle of light stepped a silver knight, blew a blast on his trumpet.

"The Marquesa de Cabrera!" he called.

The Marquesa gripped her fan, then she rose and moved across the floor. A masked black devil stood beside the silver knight. He bowed low, received the Marquesa in his arms. They moved out upon the floor.

"Miss Bettina Byrnes!"

A slip of a girl in blue met a grinning Cheshire cat with a bell around his neck. They rollicked off.

"Mrs. Dick Preston!"

Slender in white lace, sleepy eyes, and a red, wind-blown bob. A tall Pierrot bowed.

"Señorita Ysabel Flores!"

The name had come in a pause in the music which had not been loud. It had begun again when Juanita appeared on the floor. A whisper went through the galleries, through the parquet circle. "Who is she?" "Came with Kirk Stanard" . . . "Visiting here with the Marquesa de Cabrera."

Juanita was dancing with a black and orange Harlequin.

"Of course, I know you," she was saying.

"Naturally. You knew I'd grab the first dance."

"I know your voice," said Juanita. "I know your dancing."

Kirk wondered why the confession should make him so completely happy. "You could not disguise yourself from me, either," he answered. "No matter what you wore, I'd know you."

"How is Mrs. Belaise?" Juanita asked.

"Bored with Biloxi. She never goes there till the Carnival is over—always comes to Comus. She wants you to visit her in Biloxi, by the way. You and the Marquesa. Will you do it?"

"I'd love to."

"It will help us keep her there, and it's a part of the coast you probably wouldn't see otherwise," offering every reason for her going except the one closest his heart. This was the slack season in the cotton world. What would prevent his visiting in Biloxi, too—at intervals? "The Marquesa will let you, I know. I'll speak to her tonight, and we'll set the time."

Juanita danced with the pirate, with a goblin in red, with a matador and an Indian, a clown and a sultan. Then Kirk came for his second dance and to take her to supper.

"How's it all going?" he asked while they one-stepped to a thing stormy with brasses. "Do you like the Comus boys?"

"They're gorgeous."

"Too bad they've got to take these nice faces off. That pirate, for instance, with the furious black whiskers, is a mild blond, really, with a dimple in his

[*Continued on page 130*]

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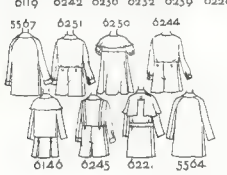

No. 6119. Size 36, 4½ yards 39-inch or 3⅛ yards 54-inch, lining, 2½ yards 39-inch. Wiath, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 6247. Size 36 requires 5 yards 39-inch material or 3½ yards 54-inch, lining, 3¾ yards 39-inch.

No. 6242. Size 36, 4½ yards 35-inch material or 3⅛ yards 54-inch, contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

No. 6236. Size 36, skirt cut crosswise, 3¾ yards 39-inch material, contrasting, ⅝ yard 39-inch. Width, about 3 yards.

No. 6232. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 39-inch material or 2⅞ yards 54-inch, contrasting, ½ yard 35-inch. Width, about 2⅜ yards.

No. 6239. Size 36, skirt cut crosswise, 4⅜ yards 35-inch or cut bias, 3½ yards 39-inch, neckfold, ⅜ yard 39-inch. Width at lower edge, about 3 yards.

No. 6229. Size 36, 4¼ yards 39-inch or 3 yards 54-inch, contrasting, ⅝ yard 35-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

No. 6235. Size 36, 5½ yards 35-inch or 5¼ yards 39-inch, left skirt front facing, 1 yard 35 or 39-inch.

No. 6234. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 35-inch material or 3¾ yards 39-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

No. 6241. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch material or 2½ yards 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2⅛ yards.

No. 6240. Size 36, 3⅛ yards 39-inch or 2½ yards 54-inch, jabot, ¼ yard 35 or 39-inch. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

No. 6239. Size 36, skirt cut bias, 4⅜ yards 39-inch material, neckfold, ⅜ yard 35 or 39-inch. Width, about 3 yards.

No. 6233. Size 16 requires 5 yards 35-inch material, 4½ yards 39-inch or 3⅜ yards 54-inch.

No. 6237. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 39-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 3⅛ yards.

No. 6246. Size 36, skirt cut crosswise, 5 yards 35-inch or 4⅜ yards 39-inch, slip cut crosswise, 1½ yards 39-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 6238. Size 36, skirt front cut crosswise, 6⅛ yards 35-inch or 5⅜ yards 39-inch, yoke, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 6251. Size 4, 1¾ yards 35-inch material or 1⅝ yards 39-inch, collar ½ yard 32 or 39-inch.

No. 6245. Size 2, blouse, 1¼ yards 35-inch or 1 yard 39-inch, trousers, ⅞ yard 27-inch or ¾ yard 32 or 39-inch.

No. 6250. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 35-inch material or 2⅜ yards 39-inch.

No. 6146. Size 12, blouse, 1⅝ yards 35-inch or 1½ yards 39-inch, jacket, skirt, 3¼ yards 39-inch or 2¼ yards 54-inch.

No. 5567. Size 4, 2¼ yards 36-inch material, 2 yards 39-inch or 1½ yards 54-inch, lining, 1⅛ yards 39-inch.

No. 6221. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 35-inch, 2⅛ yards 39-inch or 1⅜ yards 54-inch, lining, 1⅛ yards 39-inch.

No. 6244. Size 4, requires 1¾ yards 35-inch material or 1½ yards 39-inch, neckfold, ⅛ yard 35 or 39-inch.

No. 5564. Size 4, 2 yards 39-inch material, or 1½ yards 54-inch, lining, 1⅛ yards 39-inch, cap lining, ⅜ yard 32-inch.

MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 129*]

chin. You'll have to get acquainted all over again at supper."

"That's sad," said Juanita, her eyes following the pirate. "Suppose I'd fallen in love with his whiskers?"

"Then there'd be a pirate missing, dimple and all . . . I'm not feeling particularly merciful toward my fellow Comuses right now. Too many of them, whiskered and otherwise, have fallen in love themselves. If you knew how they've pushed and elbowed for dances with you—and tried to beat me out of the ones I've got myself . . . Yes, Biloxi . . . I know now why Biloxi was created. I thought I knew before, but I know better now. I'm going to take you to Biloxi out of their reach. The Marquesa has said it will be lovely . . . Don't tell me you'd rather stay here and have pirates and devils pulling at you."

"They haven't pulled."

"Well, they will. And there's so many of 'em. I think just one Harlequin pulling all by himself will be more peaceful, don't you?"

"Do Harlequins pull?"

"I imagine so. Given provocation, I believe they do."

"Tell me this," said Juanita.

"Anything," Kirk answered, holding her close.

"Tell me why so many are dressed as pirates and devils."

"I don't know, Señorita. I can only tell you that in my budding youth I always came to Comus as a devil—preferably red. The lady in my family deplored this habit—she hates monotony—and I branched off to Neptune, and once I was a lion with a roar and a tail. But I never felt so free and easy—*so chic*—as when I was a devil . . . Does what we really are crop out at a time like this?"

"More likely it's what we are not," she said.

THE music stopped with a shower of chimes. The exits on one side the theater swung open upon a long high-ceiled room, draped and garlanded and set with many flower-decked tables. The march to supper began to form, a bit impatient of the *charge d'affaires* who moved here and there, gravely expounding the evening's laws of precedence. "Come join the bread line!" someone called as the pageant followed its queen into the dining room.

At Kirk's table, on Juanita's right, sat the black Mephisto with the Marquesa. Here, too, were the Cheshire cat and the whiskered pirate. Juanita and the Marquesa were introduced to their ladies, Bettina Byrnes and Doreen Larkin. The *charge d'affaires* at the queen's table rose from his seat, blew a blast on his trumpet. The Krewe of Comus unmasked, laughed into their ladies' eyes. There were cries of, "So it was you!" "I knew it all the time!"

Juanita looked at the pirate, at the dimple in his chin; at the Cheshire cat, grave and strange without his grin and big yellow eyes, at the black Mephisto on her right . . .

She turned abruptly to Kirk who was presenting the cat and the Pirate. "Mr. Cranshaw . . . Mr. Stevens . . . And the devil's real name is Mr. Fouché. Never forget that, ladies."

Bettina Byrnes on Kirk's left began to talk to him, and at Adrian's murmur Juanita met his eyes again. Adrian's eyes held something of his own surprise. He was not accustomed to strange ladies turning immediately away when he unmasked. Señorita Flores had seemed actually disappointed in his face . . .

"Señorita," he murmured.

[*Continued in* OCTOBER McCALL'S]

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You will never again be afflicted with corns or sore toes if you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! Their soothing, healing medication ends pain *in one minute*. Their cushioning feature *removes the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes. Once gone, corns *never come back* if you apply Zino-pads at the first sign of irritation from new or tight footwear.

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Sizes for CORNS, CORNS BETWEEN TOES—CALLOUSES—BUNIONS

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Cameo Publishers, 2015 E. 65th St., Dept. C-9, Cleveland

WORDS AND MUSIC

[*Continued from page 27*]

Orchestra did not play in Europe was American music. I think this was a mistake. In the first place, it would have been tactful toward us poor Americans, whose orchestra, after all, it is. In the second place, it would have been only just. If the programs had comprised nothing but undisputed masterpieces, the exclusion of Americans would have been all too understandable. But they did not. To say that MacDowell, Chadwick, Foote, and Carpenter, for instance, have written music as good as such gaudy rubbish as Tommasini's *Carnival of Venice* variations—which Mr. Toscanini conducted *con amore*—is to pay them no compliment.

Not that I share the quivering indignation of a number of Americans who wrote furiously to the newspapers, denouncing Mr. Toscanini's contempt of our native art. Mr. Toscanini is a great artist; and if he did not include any American music on his European Philharmonic programs, it must have been for the sole reason that he knew no American music that he considered worth playing.

AND what of the tour? Was it a success? Success is an inadequate word to describe the hysterical enthusiasm that the orchestra inspired everywhere it went.

Typical are the remarks of Henry Prunières, the famous French critic, who was invited by the "New York Times" to record, freely and frankly, his impressions. Here is, in part, what he wrote to the "Times":

"I have never heard anything comparable to the two concerts of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, both from the point of view of purely physical sonority and from the point of view of technical execution and interpretation.

"This orchestra may be compared with the Vienna Philharmonic in delicacy and finesse, to the Berlin organization in incisiveness of attack and brilliance of the tutti passages, and to the best Parisian orchestras in the quality of the wood winds . . . . Indubitably Arturo Toscanini is the greatest conductor of our time . . . Many music lovers declared that they had not the heart to hear the works on the program given again, preferring to retain for life the impression which they had received that evening!"

One interesting aftermath of the trip is the fact that it may not be the only one. It is more than possible that the Philharmonic-Symphony will play a return engagement next year; and judging from certain vague rumors, coupled with the way Philadelphians and Bostonians are murmuring, "Wait till they hear Stokowski!" "Wait till they hear Kussevitzky!", it is possible that two other American orchestras may follow suit.

Needless to say, the success of such a tour is very pleasant to read about. But it is something beyond that. America already possesses Europe's envy—which is no enviable possession for any nation. Such an achievement as the Philharmonic-Symphony will gain us her respect, and in a quarter where we have enjoyed very little. We have been thought of, on the Continent, as lavish but utterly indiscriminating patrons of art. This great orchestra is tangible evidence that we have not only the money to buy the best, but the taste to recognize and develop it. We might, indeed, ourselves be heartened by this fact. For a nation that can recognize and encourage great art is on the threshold of producing it.

Simple Now To Rid Arms and Legs of Hair

Without Fostering Bristly Re-Growth

Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms, hair-free as a child's.

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

244

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Kathryn Murray's 5-Minute-a-Day Facial Exercises, by strengthening flabby, drooping muscles, quickly banish crow's-feet, double chin, sagging cheeks, sallow complexion, etc., and restore in a safe, natural way the bloom and animation of youth. No massage no lotions —no straps, no skill required. Results guaranteed 15 years of successful use. Book *free!* Mailed in plain envelope. Write today.

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Mrs. Finch of Virginia made $575. Mrs. Miller of New York made $450. This is what they say: "Everybody thinks they are wonderful." "I found your assortment the most attractive on the market." "Could easily be sold for $2.00 a box." "Your Christmas Box Assortment sold like hot cakes."

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"Merely write your name and address clearly on the coupon below and mail it to The R.T. French Company.

"Won't you do that for me—TODAY?"

French's Bird Seed is a *better* mixture of choice seed. It is scientifically blended, checked by laboratory tests for absolute purity and *Air-Washed* to remove dirt and chaff.

And, as an extra treat for your canary—a French's Bird Biscuit FREE in every package of French's Bird Seed. Ask your dealer. Or, send 15¢ (the retail price everywhere) and his name for full-size package.

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☐ Introductory Package FRENCH'S BIRD SEED [Enclosed is 15¢ in stamps]

Name.....

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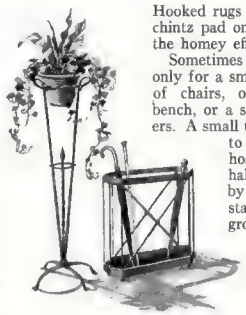
INSIDE YOUR FRONT DOOR

[*Continued from page 42*]



delightful way of appearing at home in almost any setting, and is an excellent variation of the usual console. A background of yellow paper, with a sketchy modern design in coral and green, shows a mahogany lowboy to advantage, and the color note can be carried out with a green rug. Two amusing china cats might supplant the more usual candlesticks. A bowl of flowers would add a gracious touch, and wall brackets with plain parchment shades would be well suited to the classic lines of the mirror.

An ideal grouping for a small hall (page 42) is the unusual metal console and mirror, with pots of hanging ivy. It takes but little space, and the effect is not too heavy. In a modern arrangement such as this, tile and Jaspé linoleums are excellent. Something new are linoleums of plain ground color, inlaid with a colorful design—a shield, a many-pointed star, a ship, leaping gazelles, or geometrical motifs, to suit your fancy.

A little wooden settee would be a practical selection for a long narrow hall (page 42), and would look especially well against a scenic or chintz wall paper. The pattern used has delicate coloring, ranging through green and yellow, and is open enough to give pleasant vistas and a sense of space. Hooked rugs cover the floor, and a chintz pad on the bench completes the homey effect.

Sometimes there may be room only for a small console and a pair of chairs, or perhaps a narrow bench, or a shallow chest of drawers. A small upholstered chair adds to the little hall's air of hospitality; in a large hall, a love seat, flanked by floor lamps or plant stands, gives an effective grouping.

Even a single mirror over a console or chest makes a valuable contribution to the life and interest of the hall, and in some cases mirrors have been used to line a dark, narrow hall; or alternate panels of mirrors and scenic wall paper around the entire room make it seem twice its real size.

Hanging pots of ivy, vases of green laurel leaves, or floral bouquets make a hall more homelike. Umbrella stands have suffered a poor reputation but now really attractive ones in wrought iron and pottery can be bought.

Tall grandfather and quaint little grandmother clocks have always been considered hall pieces. Banjo clocks fill empty wall spaces attractively and for that matter any small clock, supported by a wall bracket, will speed the family toward engagements on time—especially if it happens to be electrically controlled.

If pictures are necessary, etchings or hunting prints are in good taste.

BEAUTY TREATMENTS FOR RADIATORS

[*Continued from page 78*]

into the room instead of being allowed to rise over the curtains.

Because these points are important, practically all commercial enclosures are made to order, and they can be bought in wood, metal, or wood and metal combinations. If wooden, they should be made of 5-ply well-seasoned wood to prevent warping. The metal ones, of course, will withstand any heat, and can be obtained in wood finishes or flat tints to match the woodwork. All styles, from the most simple—which are suitable for almost any room—to those with elaborate frames and grills in French, English, Spanish, or modern designs are on the market.

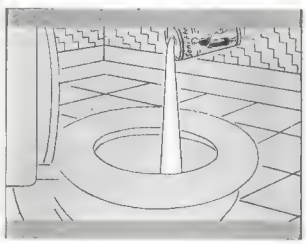
The price is determined by the size, style, finish, the material used, and the type of grill. The metal enclosures with wood finishes are slightly higher than the flat finishes. The quick drying lacquered ones cost less than the baked enamel, as the latter is a much longer process. A whole day must elapse between each of the four to eight coats of enamel. There is also a difference in the metal. A good grade of furniture steel is used as a rule, though the more expensive models have tubular construction. Prices for these range from about $20 up, though shields for small bedroom and bathroom radiators can be purchased for less than $5. These do not conceal the radiator but they do protect the draperies, have humidifying pans, and offer a table surface. In all cases be sure that you have competent agents make the installation.

For the new house, radiators can now be installed inside the walls or at least flush with them. The new cast-iron radiators of the latter type (see No. 2, page 78) fit under the window; and are narrower than the old style. Through the device of a wide window sill they appear to be flush with the wall. They are either hung on brackets or come as an integral part of a new type of steel window frame. These radiators have broad-faced sections which form a practically continuous surface toward the room. The side toward the wall is of an open construction which offers a large surface for the circulation of air. The heated air escapes either through perforations in the window sill or through grills in front. This type heats by both radiation from the front and by air currents from the back.

Among the new developments are radiators of non-ferous metals, such as brass or aluminum alloys. In this type radiated heat is practically dispensed with. The radiators come in small units and have a unique fin-type construction which offers a large heated surface to the air, reducing the size of radiator needed. This makes it feasible to install them inside the wall with an opening below and a grill above for the passage of air (see No. 3, page 78). Sometimes they are in the risers of the stairway. However, the best position is in the wall beneath or near the windows. In this location the heat is thrown into the room on an effective level, and the unit presents a neat and inconspicuous front. A radiator of open fin-type construction, which comes equipped with an enclosure, is new and will, no doubt, be even more effective than the enclosures over the traditional coil radiator.

Our Service Editor will gladly send you a list of very valuable references on the most efficient methods.

Scrubbing is so unnecessary



THAT hated task—scrubbing a toilet bowl—need never be performed in your home again! There is a modern way—quick, easy and far more sanitary.

Merely sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow the directions on the can and flush. Watch the results. The bowl is snow-white. All incrustations are swept away. All odors vanish. All germs are killed. Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, is cleansed and purified.

Try Sani-Flush tomorrow. Sold by grocery, drug and hardware stores everywhere in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of* MELO *—a fine water softener.*)

Sani-Flush

CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

NEW DEWDROP CHAIN. One of our handsomest necklaces. Direction sheet just off press. A 2c stamp brings it with directions for our new ROSEBUD and DIAMOND POINT NECKLACES. Both popular in a large variety of colors. Our 40-page illustrated catalog for 10c. Allen's Boston Bead Store, 8 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

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Moore
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will teach you the easy way to hang up framed pictures. Won't mar walls. New Window-front packets show our four sizes. All dealers.
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NEW easy method. In a few short weeks, right at home through the Woman's Institute, you can learn how to make all your own clothes in the very latest style for a half or a third of what they now cost you.

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Please send me—*Free*—the 24-page Fall issue of FASHION SERVICE and your Booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes." Also full details of your home-study course in the subject checked below:
☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address.....

MANY CAKES FROM ONE RECIPE

[*Continued from page 93*]

in a greased loaf pan in a moderate oven (350° F.) 50 to 60 minutes.

Fancy Cup Cakes

Follow Foundation Recipe. Bake in greased cup cake pans in a quick oven (425° F.) 20 minutes. Cover tops with Boiled Frosting and decorate with chocolate shot or nut meats.

Coconut Cakes

Follow Foundation Recipe. Bake in a greased shallow pan in a moderate oven (375° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Cut in small fancy shapes and cover top and sides with Boiled Frosting. Dip in coconut.

Pineapple Upside Down Cake

Follow Foundation Recipe. Place rings of pineapple in the bottom of a square pan and fill holes with chopped nuts and fruits. Sprinkle with ½ cup brown sugar. Pour cake batter over fruit. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Turn out upside down on a large plate.

Coffee Cake

Follow the Foundation Recipe. Pour into 2 greased layer cake pans. Mix ¼ cup butter with ½ cup brown sugar and ¾ cup flour and mix well. Sprinkle on top of cake and dust with cinnamon. Dot with bits of butter and bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

Marble Cake

Follow the Foundation Recipe. Separate batter in 2 equal parts. Melt 1 square unsweetened chocolate with ¼ cup milk and add to ½ the batter. Put batter into a greased tube pan, using a spoonful of the chocolate mixture and one of the white until all is used. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 50 minutes.

Lady Baltimore Cake

Follow the Foundation Recipe. Bake in 2 greased layer cake pans in a hot oven (400° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Put layers together and cover cake with Lady Baltimore Frosting.

Devil's Food Cake

Follow Foundation Recipe. Separate egg yolks from whites and reserve whites to use for frosting. Substitute 1 teaspoon soda for the baking powder. Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate with ½ cup milk and add to cake batter. Bake in a shallow pan in a moderate oven (375° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Ice it with Boiled Frosting, flavored with peppermint. Cover frosting with a thin coat of melted chocolate. Cut in squares.

Raisin Cake

Follow Foundation Recipe. Add ½ cup raisins mixed with a little of the flour before putting in the pan. Bake in greased loaf pan in a moderate oven (350° F.) 50 to 60 minutes.

Creamy Chocolate Frosting

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
¾ cup confectioners' sugar
¾ cup milk
½ tablespoon cornstarch
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Cut chocolate in small pieces and add milk. Cook over a low flame until thick. Add cornstarch, mixed with the sugar, and cook until thick again, stirring constantly. Cool and add salt and vanilla.

Orange Frosting

2 cups confectioners' sugar
2 tablespoons butter
Grated rind 1 orange
Orange juice

Cream butter, add a little of the sugar, and cream well together. Add orange rind and the rest of the sugar gradually, with enough of the juice to make it the right consistency to spread. Beat until smooth.

Boiled Frosting

1 cup sugar
1/3 cup water
1½ teaspoons vinegar
¾ teaspoon vanilla
or
Few drops peppermint
2 egg whites

Cook sugar, water, and vinegar together, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil without stirring until the syrup spins a thread when dropped from the tip of a spoon (234° F.). Pour slowly over the stiffly-beaten egg whites and beat constantly until the mixture holds its shape. Add vanilla or peppermint, as desired.

Lady Baltimore Frosting

Follow recipe for Boiled Frosting. Add ⅜ cup chopped raisins, ⅜ cup chopped nuts, ⅜ cup chopped figs, 3 tablespoons chopped candied cherries, and 1 tablespoon chopped citron.

WASTE
and
WANT

A WELL-KNOWN New York banker says, "When you take *Waste* into your home, *Want* comes as an uninvited guest." That's very true, but how often do we have *Waste* in our homes without knowing it? That's why the Budget system of planning your income is so assuring. You always know just exactly how much money you are spending and for what purpose. Send for your copy of *The Family Budget* today and keep *Waste* out of your household. (Price twenty cents in stamps.)

The Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio

Do Quilting SMOCKING *or* MONOGRAMS on your own Sewing Machine

8 Times Faster than by Hand!

Yes, you can now do all kinds of colorful decorative stitching right at home on your own sewing machine. Such smart and lovely effects and all so easily and quickly done. No special attachment needed.

This fascinating new craft is made possible by TRIMSTITCH, the new decorative thread created by J. & P. Coats in beautiful, clear, Boilfast colors, especially for sewing machine use. Just use a spool of TRIMSTITCH for the upper thread, use the coarsest machine needle, and sew! You can stitch quilt blocks; smock little girls' dresses; decorate towels, napkins, luncheon sets; make initials and monograms; finish collars and cuffs; apply bias bindings—actually in one-eighth the usual time.

FREE! 19 suggested designs with directions

Send the coupon below for free folder telling all about TRIMSTITCH—the new craft—and containing 19 suggested designs with step-by-step instructions. You can get J. & P. Coats TRIMSTITCH at your favorite notion counter only 5 cents a spool.

And Remember — for your sewing—colored threads that match and wash perfectly!

J. & P. Coats or Clark's O.N.T. Boilfast mercerized threads, for all medium and sturdy weight fabrics. In all staple and fashionable colors.

Clark's O. N. T. Sheer Fabric Thread made especially fine for stitching voile, chiffon, georgette, crepe de Chine and other sheer and light-weight fabrics. Boilfast, mercerized, in all fashionable colors.

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Dept. 12-W, 881 Broadway, New York

Please send me free descriptive folder containing 19 suggested designs with instructions for TRIMSTITCH.

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J. & P. COATS AND CLARK'S O.N.T.
THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

This NEW CREAM Banishes Freckles Overnight

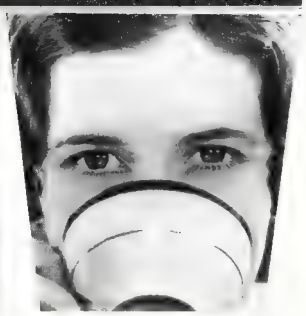
—and lightens skin 4 or 5 shades

At last science has provided woman with a safe, sure cream that will banish freckles, remove pimples and blackheads and lighten skin 4 or 5 shades—almost overnight.

This wonderful cream is Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—a genuine bleach that will not harm the most delicate skin but will actually bleach it 4 or 5 shades in two or three treatments.

The delightful Golden Peacock treatment takes but three minutes. Simply rub a thin film of this magic cream on your face before you retire. In the morning you will be surprised at the happy change. Freckles will have faded. Tan muddiness is going. Pimples have been whisked away and your face is lighter—shades lighter. The rosy bloom of youth is returning and you are lovely again. A few more simple treatments and you will be a new woman. We put a positive money-back guarantee in every box. Buy a jar at your favorite toiletry counter today—let its magic work start tonight. Be lovelier tomorrow.

GOLDEN PEACOCK
BLEACH CREME



IT KEEPS EYES
CLEAR

There's no excuse for dull, bloodshot eyes when a few drops of *Murine* each day will keep them clear and bright. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that makes eyes look dull, and speedily ends any bloodshot condition resulting from late hours, overuse, crying or prolonged exposure to the elements.

This soothing, cooling lotion is entirely free from belladonna and other harmful ingredients. 60c at drug and toilet counters.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

YOURS WITH A PUNCH

[*Continued from page 17*]

"Oh, hello," I said, as politely as possible.

"Well?" he said, waiting. "Don't you know anything about manners?"

"Manners?" I exclaimed haughtily; "you couldn't teach me anything about manners."

"Well, haven't you ever heard about a college?"

"Well," I sneered, "you have never been to one."

"Well, who said I had? Didn't you ever hear about cutting in? Didn't you ever hear about a place called Yale or Princeton or Oxford? That's the only way they dance there, you simp!"

Before I could stop him he had taken Bernice's arm and danced away with her. It was no use trying to argue.

When Bernice and he came back after the music stopped, I walked right up. "LeRoy," I said, "I've had all this I'm going to stand, do you hear me? When I ask a girl for a dance—"

"All right," he told me, "if you don't like it you know what you can do! I'll step outside with you any time you want to."

The music started at that moment, so I said to Bernice, "Come on, let's dance again. I don't want anything to do with such a person."

And can you imagine it, Professor, she said to me, "I wouldn't think, Virgie, that you'd let him get away with all that. If I'd been you I'd have given him a good rap on the beak!"

"It is better, Bernice," I said, "just to ignore anybody like that. He is the sort of low, ignorant person nobody would want his wife, sister or sweetheart to associate with—"

"Oh, ping pong!" she exclaimed. "If you want to know it, I've already given him a date for next Saturday night."

She did not pay any more attention to me and let LeRoy take her home. Thus you can plainly comprehend why I am interested in your course in the manly art of self-defense in ten easy lessons.

It must be remembered in considering my problem that LeRoy weighs about 126 lbs. while I only weigh 117. But after I read in your advertisement about how J. G. Arnold, of Seattle, Wash., gained 11 pounds in two weeks, I thought I would write and tell you everything.

Please reply as soon as possible and send me literature as described in coupon.

Very truly yours,
Virgil Throop

Dept. 221B, 117 Eighth Ave., New York
Monday, June 8

Mr. Virgil Throop, Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sir:

An ounce of action is worth a pound of promise.

Be alive!

Be a MAN!

The moment you answered my advertisement you took a step in the right direction. Do not delay further. All you have to do is subscribe at once for my course in self-defense and muscle-building, ten lessons so easy that they are only fun.

Look at it this way. Nobody loves a sissy. Women choose real HE-MEN. And no matter how puny and delicate you are, I can make a MAN out of you. Just let me try it. At the end of the course your wife or sweetheart will say, "Why, how you have changed!"

She won't even know you!

Fill out the enclosed agreement and let her know that you are a MAN she can depend upon to protect her. Remember, self-defense is a science and not mere luck—I am offering its secrets to you at OUR SPECIALLY REDUCED PRICE, THREE DOLLARS DOWN AND NINE DOLLARS MORE IN TWO WEEKS IF SATISFIED.

When are you going to say yes?

Yours for power,
Prof. Samson Brawnheart

In Reply Please Refer to File No. 901

Dept. 221B, 117 Eighth Ave., New York
Friday, June 12

Mr. Virgil Throop, Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sir:

You are not the MAN I thought you were!

After writing for information about my course in muscle-building and self-defense, ten easy lessons, you haven't given me a chance to prove what I can do. Only today I was wondering why you did not want STRENGTH. And to show you I am sincere and on the level, I am willing to send the first two lessons ON APPROVAL if you will fill out the enclosed form IMMEDIATELY. How's that? Could anything be more fair?

I am a man of action, not of words. *This is positively my very last appeal.*

Yours with a punch,
Prof. Samson Brawnheart

In Reply Please Refer to File No. 902.

9 North Magnolia St., Terre Haute, Ind.
Monday, June 14

Prof. Samson Brawnheart, 117 Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.

Dear Professor:

In reply I am referring to File No. 901 and also No. 902, as you asked me to do in your letters.

RECOGNITION

BY PAULA LECLER

I have warmed my hands at others' fires,
I have walked alone
Where bleak winds blow and sedges sigh
And tall trees moan.

I have stood outside, forlorn of heart
In the cold and rain
And watched the gleam of a lighted lamp
Through a window pane.

And now that I come on a lonely love
In a simple man,
I do not despise it as others would—
Or others can.

No doubt you think I am awfully slow in answering but it is like this—that big bully, LeRoy Johnson, is getting to be more than anybody can stand and somebody is going to poke him in the eye before long. I am enclosing money order for $3 and signed agreement and would like to start as soon as possible. Will send remainder of money for lessons in two weeks.

Sunday afternoon, which was yesterday, I called on Bernice.

"Bernice," I said, "you are not mad at me, are you?"

"Why should I be mad at you?" she asked.

"If you are not mad at me," I continued, "I wish you wouldn't go out with that LeRoy Johnson any more. He is not the equal of a girl like you who anybody would be proud to claim as wife, sister or sweetheart."

Just then LeRoy came up the walk. As I told you before, he weighs 126 lbs. and in other respects is tall, slim, with slick hair, dressed like a sheik, while I always try to dress like a young business man. "How do you do," I said to him in a formal way. "Miss Schultz is occupied this afternoon by a previous engagement."

"Haw, haw!" he said with a guffaw. "What you mean is that she's going to be occupied when she gets out to Luna Park and dances with me." He turned to Bernice. "Slip on the old dancing shoes, dearie. Let's give the boy-friend here the gate and—"

"Say!" I cried, leaping to my feet. "What do you mean? You know I had an engagement—"

"Yes, and you know what you can do about it," he sneered. "Come on, Bernice. Let's go."

I looked at Bernice, but she only said in sort of a sad way, "You'll have to fight your own battles, Virgie. Me, I always go with the man that's able to drag me, that's all."

For her sake I thought I had better not cause any more trouble, and besides it must be remembered that LeRoy is bigger and I did not know but what something embarrassing might happen. So I held my temper and merely said in a dignified way: "All right. All right," I said. "I can act like a gentleman, LeRoy, even if you are not capable of acting that way. But we will see about this later."

Trusting you will send lessons at earliest convenience, now that I have explained how much I need them, I am,

Very truly yours,
Virgil Throop

Dept. 221B, 117 Eighth Ave., New York
Wednesday, June 30

Mr. Virgil Throop, Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sir:

No doubt you have overlooked the payment of $9.00 due me according to the terms of the contract you signed for my course in self-defense and muscle-building. If you will remember, you were to remit this sum at the end of two weeks, if pleased with the lessons. Since I haven't heard from you I am sure you are perfectly satisfied, as thousands of others have been, and I've all the confidence in the world that you'll remit soon.

Write and tell me about the new POWER you have found, and please do not forget the trifling sum due me.

Very sincerely yours,
Prof. Samson Brawnheart

In Reply Please Refer to File No. 903.

TERRE HAUTE JULS

PROF SAMSON BRAWNHEART
DEPT 221B
117 8TH AVE
NEW YORK

RUSH NEXT LESSON URGENT AM SENDING LETTER EXPLANATION WITH REMITTANCE
VIRGIL THROOP

9 North Magnolia St., Terre Haute, Ind.
Thursday, July 8th

Prof. Samson Brawnheart, 117 Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.

Dear Professor:

When I tell you of all that has happened during the last three weeks you will understand why I have been a little bit slow.

I started the lessons and would have kept on faithfully if it had not been for good fortune, which so often proves to be fickle as you will soon see. Little did I realize this truth, for I was so happy to think that Bernice was mad at LeRoy Johnson and I would no longer be annoyed by him.

For the next two weeks I was really not myself or responsible for my actions, I was so happy. And thus you can see why I forgot all about my lessons and thought I would no longer need them. It seemed like a dream and I cannot tell you what a jolt I got when I saw Bernice come back from lunch with LeRoy Johnson one day.

"We made up," she explained that evening. "I just got tired of being mad. It wasn't fun any longer."

I went out and the first thing I did was to send that telegram to you, because I know LeRoy has a date with Bernice for next Sat. night to go to Luna Park and I am going to avenge all past insults then, even if I am a little nervous. So please send lessons soon. In reply, am referring to File No. 903 and will write soon and tell you what happened.

Very truly yours,
Virgil Throop

9 North Magnolia St., Terre Haute, Ind.
Wed., July 14th

Prof. Samson Brawnheart, 117 Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.

Dear Professor:

Now I am afraid that instead of LeRoy Johnson being the big bully I have become one myself and am not ashamed of it. And although Bernice and her father are mad at me I do not care.

First I want to tell you that the two lessons came O. K. and I practiced them all week, especially the *Countering with Right to Jaw.* [*Turn to page* 136]

"Many Men are Failures because of *INTESTINAL FATIGUE*"

declares Italy's great Physician-Statesman

GRANDE UFFICIALE Professore Dottore Raffaele Paolucci, of Rome . . . Director of the Lanciano Hospital, medical teacher, statesman . . . is one of the most commanding figures in European medical and political life. He is known the world over for his daring War exploit, when almost single-handed he mined and sank the flagship of the Austrian fleet.

EVERY man carries memories of the dreams he had when he was a boy. Ambitious dreams. Dreams of achievement . . . happiness . . . success.

Why, in so many cases, haven't these boyhood dreams come true?

Here is what a famous European physician has to say . . . Dr. Raffaele Paolucci, a noted clinic head and vice-president of the Italian Chamber of Deputies . . . a man who has made his mark in *two* great fields of work.

"Frequently," Dr. Paolucci says, "a doctor comes upon really strong personalities who have been unsuccessful because of the effects of constipation—'intestinal fatigue.'

"How can this condition be corrected? Not by purgatives and laxative pills," he explains. "A more sensible way is to use yeast.

"Fresh yeast," he declares, "has the power to strengthen 'tired' intestines, restoring their activity so that poisons no longer form. Appetite and digestion improve . . . the individual's whole appearance freshens."

Is this the way you feel? Intestinal poisons may be the cause, physicians explain. Correct this trouble with yeast.

Think of it—just a simple fresh food that brings really natural relief from the commonest of all health faults . . . that tones up your whole system . . . helps you regain mental alertness, energy, "pep"!

Try it! Each cake of *Fleischmann's* Yeast, you know, is rich in *three* vitamins, B, G and D. Eat it before or between meals and at bedtime. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

What Noted Hospital Heads say:—

DR. PONTOPPIDAN, of Copenhagen's Municipal Hospital, says, "I have had excellent results from fresh yeast for run-down conditions caused by constipation."

DR. JOHAN ALMKVIST, head of Stockholm's great St. Göran Hospital, says, "By keeping the intestines clean, fresh yeast helps keep the system free of poisons."

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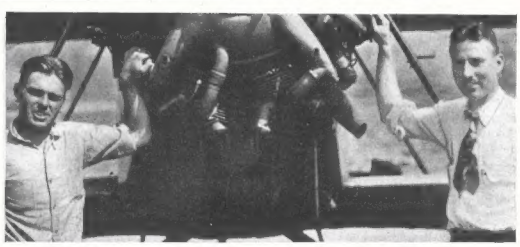
"I felt groggy from constipation," *writes* George F. Sullivan *of Mattapan, Mass.* "Fleischmann's Yeast cleared out my system and brought back appetite and sleep."

Thousands eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—plain or in water (hot or cold). Eat it any way you like.



Pilots of the famous Spokane "Sun God," *A. E. Walker* and *Nick B. Mamer*, who established a unique transcontinental air record, write: "For some time before our flight we ate Fleischmann's Yeast, on the advice of dietitians. It kept our systems 'regular' and in tip-top condition."

YOURS WITH A PUNCH

[*Continued from page 134*]

Saturday evening I went out to Luna Park as soon as I could and waited in the dance hall for two hours without results.

At eleven o'clock I knew it was no more use and so took a street car to Elm St., where the Schultzes live. There I waited for Bernice and LeRoy in front of the house. And sure enough, it was only five minutes. I was so excited that my heart seemed to choke me.

Knowing that I might falter if I waited, I made a ferocious leap at him. And if it had not been for that porch chair, the outcome would have been different. It tipped over with a loud crash when I hit it with my knee, and then I forgot all the science you had taught me and I began wrestling with the big bully. We fell down on the floor with a thump which could have been heard clear to Chicago, and Bernice screamed. At this moment the upstairs window flew open and August Schultz yelled down:

"Vass iss diss? Fightings and scrappings on my porch—vee shall see!"

When we heard him coming downstairs there was only one thing to do and we did it—LeRoy running in one direction and I in the other.

And so you can see, Professor, that I am already beginning to get results from my training even though I have only got through the 4th lesson. It is true that my weight has only increased one-half pound and my chest expansion is the same, but I have the Confidence Which Inspires.

As far as Bernice is concerned, things have not been so fortunate. Monday noon in the lobby of the store I met her for the first time since the dramatic occasion.

"I'll never have anything to do with you," she said. "I'm mad, I am!" And with that she left.

You can see how tense the situation has become now, Professor, and I wish you would send the fifth lesson as soon as possible. I am going out to Luna Park every time I get a chance and if I find LeRoy Johnson with Bernice—well, I do not want to boast but will tell you about it later.

Very truly yours,
Virgil Throop

9 North Magnolia St., Terre Haute, Ind.
Sun., July 18th

Prof. Samson Brawnheart, 117 Eighth Ave.
New York City

Dear Professor:

Well it has all happened now and I wonder if maybe I could get a refund on the remaining five lessons which I have not used? I do not need them any longer, and besides have lost my job and my girl, so could use the money. Please reply as soon as convenient.

It was like this: After that dramatic incident on the Schultz' porch I got to the point where I feared neither man nor devil. And that in many ways was my downfall.

Confidence is all right, but the trouble was I got too much. Next day at the store I watched my chance when we were not busy and sauntered over to Bernice's counter. "Bernice," I said, "I want to know when you're going to have another date with LeRoy, because when you are, I'm going to take you away from him by force, do you hear me?"

"Well, if you want to know it, I'm going to Luna Park with him Saturday evening and—"

She stopped, for just at that moment Mr. Vaney, the floorwalker, came up behind us. "Miss Schultz," he said in a sarcastic way, "there's a customer who has been waiting five minutes. Are you on duty or not!"

This was more than my hot blood could stand.

"Vaney," I cried, "Miss Schultz is a friend of mine and you're not going to insult her in my presence. And if you don't like it, you know what you can do!"

The coward, he was afraid to take me up or to say a word. Instead, he went straight to the office with a complaint and it was not ½ hr. until the general manager paid me and told me I was no longer needed in the organization.

The rest of the week I practiced the Fifth Lesson, *Body Punishment*, up in my room. The time passed slowly, for I was only waiting for Saturday night.

When it finally came, after what seemed to be years, I was one of the first to arrive at Luna Park. I had to wait two hours before I found Bernice and my intended victim in the Crystal Palace dance hall.

Like a bulldog I stayed there two more hours until he was ready to take Bernice home, and then I followed them across the park. Near the west gate is sort of a dark place and it was there I confronted him. "Pardon me," I said in an icy way, "I am taking Miss Schultz home and you can just run along if you don't want to get hurt."

As to how the actual encounter began I do not quite remember, the excitement was so great. The first thing I knew, he raised one hand and I thought he was going to strike me. With a great effort of will I remembered the instructions of *Lesson One* and assumed the proper position for self-defense.

And here, Professor, I have a great deal of fault to find with your course. To this day I believe that if I had not taken time for the correct position he would not have had an opportunity to hit me in the eye as he did.

Just what happened I do not know. The first thing I knew, I was on the ground in a very awkward and embarrassing position and could not seem to see very well.

I finally found my way home, and here I am still up in my room as I write this letter. My eye is almost as black as ever and my lip a little bit swollen yet, so I do not care to go out among people I know.

As far as Bernice is concerned, she disappeared when I was on the ground and I suppose she is ashamed of me and never wants to see me again.

You've got to admit yourself, Professor, that the situation is about as gloomy as it could be. There is very little left in life to hope for, and it would be a great favor to me if you could refund the money for the five lessons or ½ course which I have not used. Hoping to have a reply from you soon, I am,

Very truly yours,
Virgil Throop

Dept. 221B, 117 Eighth Ave., New York
July 20

Mr. Virgil Throop, Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of July 18th, we wish to remind you that according to the agreement you signed when subscribing for the course, no refund is allowed for lessons not completed.

Very truly yours,
L. S. Cummings,
For Samson Brawnheart, Inc.

9 North Magnolia St., Terre Haute, Ind.
Sat., July 24th

Prof. Samson Brawnheart, 117 Eighth Ave.
New York City

Dear Professor:

After reading your last letter I was afraid you might have taken offense at something I wrote, so I am hastening to tell you that the situation has become much changed this week and if you do not feel you can refund my money it is all right with me.

Well, as the old saying goes, every cloud has a silver lining and it certainly turned out that way with me. It seems strange that only a few days ago I was sitting alone in my room thinking about how Fate had toyed with me, and at that very minute Mrs. Keefe knocked at the door. "Lady down in the hall to see you," she said.

Hurriedly I put talcum powder over my black eye and went downstairs. And before I hardly had time to see who it was, Bernice threw her arms around me and gave me a big hug.

"You funny bunny!" she said. "Where have you been keeping yourself? I've looked for you ever since that night."

Really, Professor, I was so happy I could not say a word. For the first time in my life I kissed her, and she seemed to like it. "You great, burly brute!" she whispered, half-laughing and half-crying. "When you're not fighting, you're making love to some girl."

"But listen," I said, "I got to apologize because I got licked—"

"Licked?" she said. "Ye-ah? Not if you like me, big boy? Why, I didn't ever fall for you until I saw you on the ground that night. I'm that way."

Then she told me how she had gone to Mr. Vaney and explained that the trouble in the store was not all my fault, and could I get my old job back? And the manager said yes I could, if I did not fight and brawl all the time.

That is about all, Professor, except that I want you to know I do not have any hard feelings on account of my last letter, and feel I owe a great deal to you. You can write up something for your advertisements under my name, if you want to, something like this—"Virgil Throop. of Terre Haute, Ind., says: 'I owe my marriage and my job to your lessons in the manly art of self-defense.'"

But you could probably word it a lot better than I could. You see what I mean, and I'll look for it in print. The reason I know I am going to be married soon is because I told Bernice I was going to subscribe for a course in how to learn French easily in six weeks, and she said no. "No," she said, "we're going to need every cent to pay the installments on our furniture."

Thanking you for all past favors, Professor, I wish to remain,

Yours very truly,
Virgil Throop.

P.S. Forgot to tell you that Leroy Johnson and I are friends. Have learned that he is not the big bully that I thought he was and have invited him to the wedding. Just the same, I will not need the other five lessons, because Bernice told me I had to quit fighting and brawling. And I think she is right, don't you?

ORIGINAL FICTION MODELS TO BE DISPLAYED IN OCTOBER

First we will show you something as old-fashioned as mutton-leg sleeves, yet as fresh and fetching as off-the-face hats,

LOVE IS SO WONDERFUL

Elizabeth Corbett's artfully designed story of a young woman in love—and her three aunts. Next for your delectation

PRECIOUS WOMEN

cut from the golden cloth of romance, trimmed with glamour and fashioned by Helen Topping Miller, who wrote that poignantly beautiful McCall story: *Lady Alone*. And then for a more meditative mood

CANDLELIGHT

A homespun tale by Margaret Weymouth Jackson. Suggested for an October evening when there's a tang of frost in the air, followed by

ALL AMERICAN

Which, like a sports frock, is jaunty, brief, colorful and effective; and, true to form, originates in Paris! By Phyllis Duganne

These and many more fascinating features will appear in

OCTOBER McCALL'S

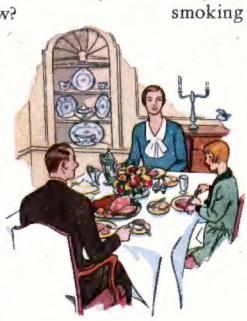
"How could you ever improve the flavor of

STAR HAM?" *people ask.*

We tell them it is all due to the new *"double-f"* process, which produces Fixed★ Flavor, *changeless as the fixed stars*

PEOPLE who have enjoyed Armour's Star Ham for years are skeptical when they hear that this choice dish tastes even better than ever. Star Ham was *already* the mildest, tenderest, tastiest ham a person ever put in his mouth, they insist. Have we really improved it . . . and, if so, how?

Well, it was like this. Star Ham *was* good, we admit. But we felt that if it were possible to improve it still further—to "gold-plate the limousine," as some one said—it would be worth while. So we set to work, reviewing and revising our entire method of smoked-meat procedure. Thus came into being, the "double-f" process.



The details are Armour's own, but we can tell you that they have to do with the selection of the stock, the ingredients of the curing "pickle," the duration and temperature of the clock-guarded smoking process which drives that deep-woods tang into the very fiber of the meat . . . things that any good cook will appreciate from her own experience in striving for a masterpiece.

We found, in all this research and experimentation, the one way to insure *uniformity* of texture, tenderness, and taste—Fixed★ Flavor. This "double-f" process is the property of Armour and Company. But the results are *yours*. We tried the new Star Ham on our family of 60,000 workers. "Great!" they said. "Didn't think it was possible." Food-specialists, chefs, housewives said the same thing.

Try some of this marvelous ham tomorrow. You'll find it economical to buy the whole piece. The free book, "60 Ways to Serve Ham," will show you how to make it attractive and "new" for each meal, until there is nothing left but pleasant memories. Be sure to specify Star Ham at your dealer's. In the meantime, mail the coupon for the free book. It is interestingly written and contains unusual recipes.

★ ★ ★

Tune-in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 8:30 eastern standard time, over any of 36 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company. Armour and Company, Chicago.

A brand-new ham flavor—delivered to you in a bright, new wrapper

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

with the Fixed★ Flavor

Dept. E-9, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

Name_____

Address_____

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Tender gums . . . "pink tooth brush"?

High time to switch to Ipana

THOUSANDS of tubes of tooth paste are bought simply because their users haven't thought about the subject for years. They overlook the sound progress, the new ideas that have so radically changed old methods and old formulas.

Before Ipana came along a tooth paste compounded to care for the gums was a rarity. Today, one that doesn't, does only half its work.

Thousands of dentists urge massage with Ipana for the care of the gums. Millions of people have found that Ipana guards their gums—wards off "pink tooth brush"—while it keeps their teeth sparkling white, their mouths clean, sweet and refreshed!

Gum troubles arise from soft food and subnormal chewing. Circulation lags and weak spots develop in the gum walls. "Pink tooth brush" tells of possible danger from more serious troubles.

But with Ipana and a light massage it's simple to restore to your gums the needed stimulation. You revive the flagging circulation, you strengthen the depleted tissues, you build resistance to disease and infection. For Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic that tones and invigorates the gums.

Ipana is the finest tooth paste your money can buy. It is scientific in formula, modern in conception. Ipana is not a cheap tooth paste. *But a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is never an expensive luxury.*

So get a tube of Ipana at the nearest drug store, and in one month let it show you how it improves the health of your gums and the brilliance of your teeth!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-90
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....